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Kohl

TRAVELS IN SCOTLAND.

BY

J. G. KOHL,

AUTHOR OF TRAVELS IN IRELAND, ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WITH NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR,

IN CORRECTION OR ELUCIDATION OF MR. KOHL'S OBSERVATIONS.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

The object of the translator of the following pages has been, to present the public with a faithful transcript of Mr. Kohl's recent and interesting work on Scotland. Not a single passage has been omitted; and in this anxiety to render his original faithfully, he may, in some instances, have sacrificed elegance of expression to accuracy of detail. To those, however, who are more fastidious about having a full translation than mere style, this may appear of minor importance.

Without entering critically upon the consideration of what a translation ought to be, it will be admitted, that the translator ought, at least, to say what his author has said, as nearly as the nature of two different languages will admit, and give the facts his author has given without alteration or curtailment.

To a certain extent the public is at the mercy of a translator and publisher jointly, there being, in the majority of cases, no ready means of detecting either abridgments or omissions. Relying upon the faith of a publisher, a translation is usually considered as *complete*, unless clear intimation to the contrary be given.

The translator thinks it necessary to say this much, because former works of this celebrated traveller have appeared in a very abridged and mutilated form. A translation of the present work has also recently been published, to which this remark more particularly applies. It bears no intimation, either on the title-page or in a preface, of the fact, that Mr. Kohl's volumes, containing 467 pages (equivalent to about 240 pages of the present edition) have been condensed into a hundred pages of the *Foreign*

Library; and that, not altogether through the better economy of English typography, but through the omission of entire pages of the original. COMPLETE, indeed, stands boldly on the title-page, but the substantive qualified, is left in ingenious doubt. A *complete translation*, however, it certainly cannot mean.

Thus an injustice is done to Mr. Kohl as a writer, and a fraud —a literary fraud at least—committed upon the public, who purchase the work believing it to be a transcript of what the author has written.

The value of the writings of a foreign traveller in our own country depends, among other things, on his bringing under our notice facts and circumstances which have escaped us by their very proximity. Familiar places and events, even, acquire, from his remarks, a fresh interest; and things which we have been in the habit of heedlessly disregarding, come before us with a startling significancy.

Mr. Kohl's writings possess this merit. His remarks upon our institutions, our manners, our social condition, and modes of thinking and acting, place all these before us in a light we have not been accustomed to regard them in. We behold our social features in another mirror. Defects and blemishes we were not aware of having, become apparent; and merits we have hitherto been unconscious of possessing, are made manifest. We perceive how matters on which we pride ourselves strike a stranger, and how social advantages, of which we may think lightly, call forth his admiration. The foreigner who does this for us, ought surely to have a full and fair hearing, neither of which he has in a stunted and crippled translation. For such, no justification can be easily found; as both the author and the reader are unfairly treated,—the author by the partial statement of his case; the reader by being deprived of the full benefit of his observations. It may be, that a translator fancies that his author dwells too long on trite and familiar subjects; but of this the public should be allowed to judge. Or it may be, that a publisher is unwilling to hazard an expensive publication on a subject of doubtful interest, and resolves upon an abridgment; but this he should at least have

the candour to state. To act, however, on the feeling of security derived from an extensive ignorance of a foreign language, on the part of the public, and to pass off a *partial* as an *entire* work, or at all events to allow the public to suppose the work is *complete*, may by some minds be regarded as a clever business transaction; but it is one, certainly, that cannot be placed among the amenities of literature.

London, July, 1844.

*** A few notes will be found scattered throughout the work, in correction or elucidation of some of Mr. Kohl's statements. These are distinguished from our author's notes by the addition of TRANSLATOR, and for their accuracy the latter is, of course, alone responsible.

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AUTHOR S PREFACE.

AMONG the countries and people of Europe there are several kingdoms and nations, which, though small in themselves, enjoy a great and far-spread fame.

Like Switzerland and Holland, Scotland belongs to this class of nations. It is scarcely so great in extent as a Scandinavian or Russian province, and barely contained a million of inhabitants at any period previous to the 18th century.* At every epoch of history we find individual cities enclosing more inhabitants within their walls.

Even at the present day, when population so rapidly increases, the whole number of the people of Scotland—including with lowlanders and highlanders the inhabitants of the Orkney and Shetland isles—does not greatly exceed the population of Grosvenor-square, Fleet-street, Smithfield Market, and the remaining streets and squares that one may observe at a glance from the dome of St. Paul's.†

Nevertheless, how wide the fame and influence of this nation! How celebrated its scenery! How numerous the poets, the metaphysicians, the warriors, the kings, the statesmen, it has produced, from the days when the heroes of Ossian set limits to the empire of Rome, down to those of Robert Bruce and our Schiller's fair and illustrious Queen of Scotland, and from then down to the present time!

* In 1707, the population was 1,050,000.

† London has about 2 millions, and Scotland about 2½ millions of inhabitants.

Even in these our own days, Scotland has again become the object of admiration, and attracts all eyes towards her. Since her union with England, she has entered with such energy and zeal on the road to wealth and improvement, which that event opened up to her, that, in many branches of the arts of peace, she now vies with that rival with whom for centuries she had contended in sanguinary warfare. Her cities compete, in commerce and activity, with the cities of England: and her influence is powerful in the British colonies. A proportionally greater part of the clear thinking heads and literary talent of Great Britain is derived from Scotland. Popular education attains here higher perfection than it does in England. In agriculture and horticulture the farmers of Scotland stand pre-eminent as instructors. And the face of the country improves daily in beauty and adornment under the hands of its inhabitants, who plant the wilds, cultivate the waste places, and fill the valleys with gardens and palaces.

A journey through such a country cannot fail to possess great interest. And though it was only a short and hurried visit which was permitted me in the autumn of 1842, I venture in the following pages to trace my recollections of it, and to commend them to my readers.

Dresden, January, 1844.

TRAVELS IN SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I

THE CLYDE.

COTTON LORDS—GEOLOGICAL STRUCTURE OF SCOTLAND—LIGHTING OF THE COASTS—LIGHTHOUSES OF SCOTLAND—FIRST SIGHT OF THE COUNTRY—DUNBARTON—HENRY BELL'S MONUMENT—IMPROVEMENT OF THE CLYDE—BUOYS—RIVER-MARKS—BIGGINS—PARCHES—DECLINE OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

SOME Scottish gentlemen in the linen line, some in the silk line, a few cotton-spinners, cotton-weavers, cotton-bleachers, and one who, upon my asking him, told me he was in the "woollen line,"—("I usually class the whole under the common name of *cotton-lords*," an Irish episcopal clergyman once said to me)—these were my fellow-passengers in the first cabin of a powerful storm-rocked steamer, passing from Belfast to Glasgow, towards the latter end of October. Poor Irish, passing over to the manufacturing towns of Scotland, there to seek the food and labour they could not find in their own native Paradise, and clad in rags and clouded with sorrow, occupied the second cabin; while the rest of the vessel was crammed with live and dead stock, poultry, turkeys, pigs, and oxen, which we mortals so happily prize when recovered from the woes and wretchedness of sea-sickness.

We steered NNE.; for this north-north-east, or north-east, is the direction in which one coming from the west approaches the interior of Scotland, whether it be by the Frith of Clyde to Greenock and Glasgow, or by Loch Fine to Inverary; or by Loch Linnhe towards Fort-William. In the same manner all the long friths stretch from south-west to north-east, and those on the east coast—such as the Frith of Forth, the Frith of Tay, and the Moray Frith,—penetrate inwards from north-east to north-west. The entire face of the country may be regarded as rent and divided in the direction indicated. Its promontories, and even its hills, its dales, and most of its lakes, stretch in the same direction as its gulfs and bays, from north-east to south-west. Indeed, should one inquire geologically into the internal structure of the

country, he would find, that all the various strata of which it is composed run chiefly in this way, not parallel to its greatest length from south-east to north-west, but right across from south-west to north-east. With this geological and geographical arrangement runs doubtless a moral and political parallel: the political subdivisions of Scotland, its races of people, languages, and manners, all stretch at their greatest length from south-west to north-east.

The friendly lighthouses on Copeland Island, on the Maiden Rocks, Corsewell Point, the coast of Scotland, the Mull of Cantire, the island of Pladda, and on the island of Little Cambray, shone out from east, west, north, and south, and guided us unerringly upon our way. We would gladly have approached a little nearer to behold what the light on the island of Pladda illumines, for this light lies near the coasts of the great Isle of Arran, which is a perfect treasure to the artist and geologist, as it presents the most remarkable and manifold formations in the world, and is that point in Scotland within whose limits may be found, from the oldest to the most recent formations, whatever can prove interesting to the geologist, lying one over the other, as within a book of small compass but great lore.

By the light of the island of Pladda we reach the still waters of the Frith of Clyde, and by aid of the light on Cambray the inner and narrower parts of its channel, which is also illuminated by the lights of Inoland and Greenock. On this one night of our voyage we saw not less than nine lights; and it may be questioned whether a better and more abundant illumination can anywhere be found upon so short an extent of sea. Scotland has now 27 lighthouses, all of which, without exception, have been built since the year 1810, the greater part from the foundation; and subsequent times must date their present utility from that year. Several of the highest order have been built since the year 1820. One cannot sufficiently admire the novelty of these establishments while sailing along the lengthy coasts. The most celebrated and expensive lighthouses are those situated on the Bell Rock, and on the Isle of May, opposite the Frith of Forth and the Frith of Tay. The erection of these two remarkable edifices cost nearly as much as all the others taken together, namely £132,000, whilst the rest cost only £150,000. The whole annual expense of the lighthouses in Scotland amounts to about £15,000. As the value of the cargo of many vessels by far exceeds this sum, were the 27 lighthouses to be the salvation of only one or two ships annually, the outlay would be well bestowed. But it is probable their utility is to be estimated much higher, and it appears inconceiv-

able why capital so well applied, has not long ago been devoted with greater readiness to the erection of lighthouses.

Next morning, when that magnificent lighting up of the coasts began which mariners prefer to all lighthouses—I mean the sun—we found ourselves directly opposite the town of Greenock, and to the right and left lay the unopened pages of a new country. The very first lines we read therein were so wonderfully beautiful, that we almost began to regret we had studied so long in Ireland, not to have been sooner present to read them.

To our right, shone the snowy summits of the Scottish highlands, rising one over the other; and to the left stretched away that district, with its ever verdant plains, from which the young Prince of Wales derives one of his lofty titles, namely, the Barony of Renfrew. Behind us, in the frith, arose islands which we had passed in the gale of the preceding night; and before us the waters were cleaved northwards and southwestwards into several arms, Loch Long, Loch Goil, and the River Clyde. At Greenock we lose the salt-water, and the gulf is here called a river instead of a frith. The river at first has the breadth of a bay of from two to three miles wide, but gradually narrows to a mile and a half wide, and at length, at Glasgow becomes as narrow as the Seine at Paris, perhaps even narrower.

The trip along this stream, from Greenock to Glasgow, is one of the finest that can be conceived, and there is no doubt that it would become one of the most celebrated and frequented of rivers, were it not situated in Scotland, a country so remote from the central points of European society. It is a pity that a country so charming as Scotland should not be favoured with a finer climate. A land with such manifold and interesting external objects, and with such a delightful proximity to the sea, is not twice to be met with, and deserves to be situated under the parallel of the Happy Islands. How beautifully would then its deep-flowing friths and tides have served for cooling and refreshment.

One of the prettiest spots on the river is Dunbarton, and its old castle, situated upon a high imposing rock. It guards the outlet of the waters of Loch Lomond, which here flow into the Clyde. But Dunbarton Castle is not the only one whose pedestal is laved by the broad waters of the stream: Newark Castle and Dunglass Castle are likewise interesting objects. Monuments are also to be met with on the rocks and shores of the river, such as the extremely picturesque one of Henry Bell, the celebrated engineer. Henry Bell was the first who launched a steamer on the waters of the Clyde, and the Clyde was the first river in the old hemisphere that bore a steamer. Indeed, as Scottish writers inform us, mor-

than twelve steamboats plied upon the Clyde before the fish in the Thames were disturbed by a single paddle-wheel. In 1835, there were no fewer than 67 steamers entering and leaving the Clyde.

It may well be said that art and nature, antiquity and the modern, here unite, beautifying and adorning all things. The old castles lie on the north or highland side; and towns, such as Greenock, Port-Glasgow, Erskine, Renfrew, and Paisley, lie for the most part on the south or lowland side.

Wonderful are the means which, in modern times, have been adopted here, for improving the navigation of the river. Twenty-five years ago, vessels drawing more than four feet of water could only reach the neighbourhood of Glasgow by the help of the tide. But by means of dredging-machines, of which there are now six actively employed, — by straightening, deepening, and blasting (with two large diving bells, which are occasionally used for operating on rocks under water;)—and by the erection of jetties and moles, the stream at length has been so far deepened that vessels drawing from sixteen to seventeen feet, at least, can reach Glasgow at high water. One place only, hitherto irremediable, was pointed out to me, where the current at the time threw up unconquerable masses of sand. The captain of the steamer informed us, that the river had been brought into its present improved state by an annual expenditure of £50,000. In the year 1841, the river-dues levied on the shipping amounted to £46,000. Probably by means of this sum the interest on the first outlay of capital is met.

The channel of the stream is indicated by means of "buoys," as they are called. In England, these buoys are large, hollow, iron pyramids, which are anchored, and float on the water, and with their black and red painted ends rise and dip in the green billows. But besides the buoys, there are a great many other arrangements in the river, as, for example, a succession of small milestones erected on rocks and sandbanks, like those upon a highway, indicating the distance from Glasgow; and farther, a series of "Biggins"* as they are termed, in which night-lights are kindled, in order that vessels may not mistake their very difficult and intricate course. "In times of old," in place of all these excellent arrangements, they had what are called "Parches."† These were large heaps of stones, on the tops of which were strong poles, surmounted by a basket, barrel, or similar signals.

* *Scottice*—a small building or erection of any kind.—TRANSLATOR.

† More properly "perches,"—the word being corrupted by the peculiar pronunciation.—TRANS.

These parches, which are now quite useless, may, however, still be seen; and these "times of old," it is said, extend scarcely a short ten years back. The progress and improvements in river-navigation are still so recent here, and have been so short a time in activity, that one may infer the farther improvements which the future will develope. It is worthy of remark, however, that one branch of shipping here, as in some parts of England, has passed its zenith, namely, river steamboats. In 1842, the number of river steamboats plying upon the Clyde had reached its climax; but since then the number has been reduced through the victorious competition of railway conveyance. Railways on the banks of rivers everywhere carry off the palm of victory from the smooth kingdom of Neptune.

The farther we advanced into the interior of the country, the more foggy became the atmosphere; and by the time we reached Glasgow all that remained of the sun was a mere blood-red spot in the heavens. Probably there are countries in the world where one has never had an opportunity of beholding the sun's disc in such a condition, and consequently to their inhabitants the sight of such a Scottish sun must be an unheard-of phenomenon.

The smoke of Glasgow, arising from its numerous chemical works, is particularly offensive and injurious. I was informed that on this account it was necessary to remove the botanic gardens out of the neighbourhood of the city; and that, for the same reason, the observatory must also shortly be removed.

CHAPTER II.

GLASGOW.

TENNANT'S STALK—WAREHOUSE OF MESSRS. CAMPBELL—TARTANS—SIGNIFICATION OF CLAN COLOURS—CLAN TARTANS—FANCY TARTANS—MORAVIAN POINT—HOW GLASGOW HAS BECOME RICH—THE NECROPOLIS OF GLASGOW—THE CATHEDRAL—BUILDINGS IN THE GRECIAN STYLE—GROWTH OF GLASGOW—GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH—IRISH IN GLASGOW—GLASGOW ON SATURDAY AND ON SUNDAY—PRESBYTERIAN PREACHERS—THE UNIVERSITY—THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM—JAMES WATT AND HIS STATUE IN THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM—THE "PRINCIPALS"—THE LORD RECTOR—A "CHANGING BODY"—GLASGUANA OR GLASGUENSIS—COLLEGE DISCIPLINE—THE PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY—OLD AND NEW CHAIRS—PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE OF IRELAND—THE WEST END "MONEYED PEOPLE"—PORT DUNDAS—GLEN-MORE-NA-ALBIN.

The first we saw of Glasgow was an immense chimney, which rose over the city and its fog like the minster spire over Strasburg,

or that of St. Stephen's over Vienna. This chimney is the loftiest in Britain, and is a truly wonderful erection. I was told its height was 450 feet. As this, however, appeared to me improbable, I determined to satisfy myself of the fact on the spot, and my first walk in Glasgow was to "Tennant's Stalk," as the Glasgow people call it. Tennant is the proprietor of the largest chemical works in the city, and indeed of any in the kingdom. Vitriol, soda, and several other chemicals, are manufactured here; and as the many noxious vapours that arise from the works were not in the first instance carried high enough into the air, the proprietor, in order to avoid differences with his neighbours, resolved on the erection of this colossal chimney, whose like is not to be found in the world.* The entire chemical establishment of Mr. Tennant occupies a considerable space, and from each of the fires in the various departments an under-ground vent runs towards the great chimney. These various vents, or canals, unite in others a little larger under the base of the chimney, into which they empty themselves, and in this way the smoke of all the fires is carried off by one chimney. The workmen informed me that when it is necessary to stoop down to perform any repairs in these vents, if the doors should happen to be partially open, they sometimes find the draught so powerful, that they require all their strength to prevent themselves being drawn in. On the spot, I was told, that the height is 435 feet. The chimney is in the form of a lofty round pillar, tapering gradually upwards. Its base occupies a very considerable space. The walls of the inner cylinder are thick at the bottom, and gradually become thinner upwards, until at length they are only about sixteen inches thick. It is, besides, supported by a second wall, which embraces it like a sheath, until it reaches about the middle of the column. The whole structure is strengthened and supported by arches in the interior. Here and there, in England, there are some factories which have a similar contrivance for carrying off the smoke of various fires by a common chimney. How beneficial it would be, if, in future, such arrangements could be extended to entire cities. The smoke of all the houses in a city might then be conveyed, by subter-

* The smoke emitted from this chimney, being now frequently carried far above the disturbing under-currents of air, travels for many miles from its source in a continuous and unbroken stream, the pungent odours of which sometimes rudely obtrude themselves upon the olfactory nerve of the enthusiastic Glasgow cockney, while swelling with big aspirations to liberty, &c., on the summit of Ben Lomond, and thus, alas! cruelly dragging back his thoughts to asthmatic counting-houses, late hours, and commercial bondage. TRANS.

ranean channels, to a gigantic chimney in the neighbourhood, and there carried off. Such chimneys might be converted into graceful and ornamental architectural monuments. The numerous ugly little chimney stalks in a city would disappear; and, as the whole would be placed under the inspection of the magistracy, many of the causes of fire and annoyances from smoke would thus be prevented.

For the extent and number of its chemical works Glasgow is distinguished above the other manufacturing towns of Great Britain. It possesses, however, several other branches of manufacture. That I might see all, or at least a part of these, I visited the largest warehouse in the city, that of the brothers Campbell, who employ at least 200 shopmen in their establishment. Their shop and warehouse are the most interesting things of the kind. (The largest shop in Paris can boast only of employing about 100 shopmen.)

Nothing attracted me more than the checked stuffs known in Scotland by the name of "Tartans." We know in what great esteem these Scottish tartans, with their variegated and singular admixture of colours, are held all over Europe; but we seldom guess the signification these small, fine streaks of colour had, and in a great measure still have, among the people of Scotland. Chequered dresses appear at all times to have been customary among people of Celtic origin, and the mixture of colours decided the particular sept or clan. At least, we find a passage in Cæsar, in which he speaks apparently of such a kind of cloth.* Like the system of clanship, the clannish dress has also been preserved longer in Scotland than in any other Celtic country. Every clan had and has its own proper tartan, in which usually, everywhere, a ground colour predominates, and through which are drawn stripes of other colours. The breadth as well as the arrangement of the stripes, and the depths and shades of colours, have been unchangeably fixed from the earliest times. And what is equally interesting in the web is, that every thread runs, even now, as it ran centuries ago; and that no doubt the people attached to each colour a certain signification, or at least it would happen, through custom, that this or that mixture of colours should be interwoven with their entire patriotism and existence as a clan. Cases have been related to me, where Scotsmen, at the bare sight of the tartan of their clan, have been seized with a strong home-sickness. And in what manner was not Burns af-

* It may be observed here, that the people who inhabit many of the valleys of the Tyrol weave a kind of chequered cloth, although it is not used for clothing in the way it is in Scotland.

fected in vision at the sight of the variegated colours of the dress of his "Bonnie Jean"—of whom he sings:*

"Down flow'd her robe o' tartan sheen," &c.
Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold mingling, threw
A lustre grand:
And seem'd to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land."

The poet, then, fancies he recognizes, in the tartan of his beloved, a map of Scotland, with her streams and woods, her dales and bays, gardens and fields, and carries this picture out. At that time there were only such tartans as were determined by the different clans, and which none wore but those who belonged to a clan. But now a multitude of others, of a new pattern, have been invented, and hence they speak of "clan tartans" and "fancy tartans." By the first is understood the old historical, unalterable raiment; by the latter, the modern, invented by the manufacturer, and usually named in honour of some distinguished individual.

Some clan tartans are very simple; the Rob Roy, for instance, which has become so famous through Sir Walter Scott. This consists merely in the crossing of two stripes of colours (red and black) of an equal breadth, which regularly interchange. Others are more complicated; the Royal Clan Stuart, for example, in which, indeed, scarlet is the predominating colour, but in which also yellow, black, blue, white, and green run through one another in a manner not so easy to describe. It is worthy of remark, that in almost every tartan a red occurs. In those shown to me, that of Clan M'Neil alone had no trace of red. After red, the leading colour seems to be green; and there are tartans almost entirely green, such as that of Clan Argyle. Of the Duke of Argyll, mentioned in Sir W. Scott's "Heart of Mid-Lothian," it is related, that he once, in London, observed the green tartan of his clan with peculiar affection and longings after his native land. Many of the tartans are almost entirely white; that of Clan Clunie M'Pherson, for example. But it is to be remarked, that there is not a single distasteful pattern; and, on the whole, one may readily conceive how attached the children of a clan would become to their own colours. At the present day, however, these patterns have no longer their full significancy.

There are no longer any clans, strictly speaking, so that no clan

* The Vision—Duan first.

has any longer an exclusive right to this or that pattern, and one may buy Murray tartan, Rob Roy tartan, or Stuart tartan, without any fear of thereby drawing down upon himself the wrath of the wild children of the mountain. But as there is still a certain not entirely vanished shadow of clanship, so there are still districts in which the ancient tartans have a preference; and on festive occasions, such as the recent visit of the Queen, every one wears the tartan worn by his fathers.

The fancy tartans most famed are those of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, Lady Napier, and Lady Eglinton. The two last are the latest inventions of the sort. Most of these tartans are made in the large factories of Scotland. But there are still districts in Scotland where the people manufacture their chequered clothing in their own looms.

Besides the tartans, the great "sewed muslin" department in the establishment of the Messrs. Campbell laid claim to my attention. Here many young women were employed in the embroidery of caps, baby-linen, and other articles of dress. This species of embroidery is called "Moravian Point," and is probably a branch of industry introduced from Germany. They have even discovered how to stamp the pattern of the embroidery upon the muslin on which it is stitched, and thus the work is facilitated in an extraordinary degree. In this way, with the aid of about 150 young women, they can bring to market monthly from 1,500 to 2,000 splendidly embroidered children's caps. A great part of these, as well as a considerable quantity of baby-linen, goes constantly from hence to London, where humanity is as intent on its own multiplication, as it is here in the fabrication of embroidery.

The Messrs. Campbell, to whom this establishment belongs, began business with a capital of £100, and are now among the richest people in Glasgow. One of them, Sir James Campbell, is at present Lord Provost of the city. Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland," assures us that the sales of this house in one year only, 1834, amounted to £433,021, a return from a retail* business of this kind not perhaps to be equalled in the world; and which almost reaches the returns of the largest wholesale businesses on the Continent. These gentlemen possibly may have acquired their wealth by laborious exertions,† but these are not

* Our traveller is here at fault: the amount stated has reference to the entire wholesale and retail business of Messrs. J. and W. Campbell and Co. In 1836, that amount was increased to upwards of £600,000.—Trans.

† The prosperity of J. and W. C. and Co. is the result of unwearied energy, coupled with their wide-spread liberality and honesty of purpose.—Trans.

always requisite to become rich in Glasgow, as this will sometimes result from a lucky incident or a transient smile of fortune. Owing to the activity of the circulation in Great Britain, and the extent of the markets, which are all open, every invention soon becomes known, and, when fortunate, yields quick and precious fruit; which is impossible in other places where the markets are more restricted. A case was related to me of a gentleman who manufactured handkerchiefs, whose colours and patterns came so much into fashion in England, and found at the same time such extraordinary favour among the 100 millions of English colonists, that in a short time he became a rich man.* Other manufacturers, naturally enough, endeavoured to produce handkerchiefs similar to those so much in request; and in this, after a time and after several fruitless attempts, they were successful; but, in the meanwhile, the original inventor had realized his profits. In such a country as this, that is literally the case which Goethe, in "Faust," would have us to understand, that there are, without doubt, heaps of gold lying ready coined, waiting only for an expert hand to pick it up and put it in his pocket. All the wisdom of Solomon, then, a man may dispense with, and from one single practical idea—if two, so much the better—obtain that abundance, on whose attainment thousands of persons vainly squander hundreds of thousands of good endeavours. Nay, hundreds of such opportunities may probably lie at my feet, and, if I could only perceive them, would raise me to the position of a *millionaire*. Others may find them, and live joyfully therewith for a time; but then must go the way I was going while cherishing these thoughts—viz., to the churchyard. However, it was only towards the churchyard of Glasgow that I was walking,—a cemetery rich in monuments, and one of the most charming places of the kind Europe has to show.

It is called the Necropolis, and may be placed by the side of "*Père la Chaise*," if not in point of the number of monuments, yet as regards their grouping, and its entire situation. It is a pretty hill, which, like the surrounding hollows and dales, is covered with trees and graves, and delightful walks between. The summit of the hill is crowned with an excellent monument to John Knox, the great reformer of Scotland, whose labours had to withstand a double attack, first from Catholicism, then from Episcopacy, which at one time threatened to become the established religion of the land, until after two sanguinary revolutions, when Knox's reformed church was acknowledged as the established church in Scotland. The Glasgow necropolis is of quite recent

* Our traveller here doubtless alludes to Mr. Monteith, whose celebrated Turkey-red handkerchiefs were so much in use a few years ago.—TRANS.

origin, for it was only in 1831 that the ground was prepared for the reception of the dead. As I subsequently learned, the object of its projectors was to imitate the *Père la Chaise* at Paris. The cemetery of Liverpool is also of recent origin; and it would be easy to cite a number of similar burial-places for the dead in England, which all date from modern times.

In the vicinity of the necropolis stands the cathedral of Glasgow, one of the oldest and most interesting buildings in the city. It possesses the finest crypt in Great Britain. I regret I could not obtain a sight of it, on account of the repairs that were in progress —adding another to the hundreds and hundreds of Gothic churches of Europe under repair and restoration in the year 1842. Ten years more, and Gothic Europe will stand around us as it stood in the 14th and 15th centuries. Throughout the whole of Scotland, as in England, Belgium, Germany, France, and other countries, I observed this spirit for Gothic restorations stirring; the taste for Gothic restoration and for Grecian imitation I must place together. For in Glasgow again, as in other British cities, there are numbers of buildings erected in the Grecian style, with an incredible abundance of Corinthian, Ionic, and Doric columns, filling us with surprise and astonishment. The Hunterian Museum, the Exchange, the Town-hall, are all built in the Grecian style. The Exchange creates the greatest astonishment, by the extraordinary richness of its columns. In this respect it is as Grecian as even Grecian structures themselves. This imitation of Grecian structures, too, is general throughout Europe, from the Exchange in St. Petersburgh to the museum in Berlin, from the Glypothec in Munich to the Magdalen church and the Bourse in Paris, and hence to the Exchanges in England and Scotland. It is really remarkable that we are so active in Gothic and Hellenic forms, and that generally, when we would erect something of a distinguished kind, we seize upon one or the other of these styles. Some centuries hence it will be remarked of us that the 18th and 19th centuries were not in a position to bring forth anything new in the style of buildings. Is it then quite impossible to dispense with Grecian pillars, Byzantine cupolas, and Gothic towers and arches? May not other forms and figures, not yet beheld by any eye, spring out of the human brain? The Greeks, in their days, could not form any idea of a Gothic tower, or of the beauty of a Gothic cathedral. It is certainly strange that we can find none of our architects endowed with so great an imagination that one could place before him the problem of erecting a structure in a style entirely new, but not less graceful and classic.

The necropolis and the cathedral are situated at the end of

the longest street in Glasgow, the High-street, in whose neighbourhood are several other traces of the earliest parts of Glasgow. Still these traces are only few—quite the reverse of Edinburgh, whose High-street runs through the midst of the greater part of the old city, which still stands as it did centuries ago. For Glasgow, in the course of a century, has been raised from almost nothing to be one of the most extensive cities in Europe, and ranges in this respect with Dublin, Berlin, St. Petersburgh, and other modern northern cities. At the time of the Union, and for a century previous, Glasgow was a name almost entirely unknown in Europe, and had a population of about 12,000 persons only. Since then, its population has been increased to almost four and twenty times as much. In 1837, according to Chambers, it was 240,000; and as it increases at the rate of 7,000 annually, its population at the present time (1844) may be taken at 289,000 souls. The "Virginia Lords," as those merchants were called who carried on a trade with Virginia and the American colonies in tobacco, were the first who brought wealth and numbers to the city. But it was the "Cotton Lords," more particularly, who afterwards added considerably to the population by the proportionally more rapid increase of their business. Land-lords (landowners?) Glasgow has never had much within its walls. These have chiefly had their residences in the cities on the eastern parts of the country, more especially Edinburgh. Edinburgh brings together all who are distinguished in Scotland by education, talents, or exalted rank. Glasgow, on the contrary, is occupied chiefly by merchants and manufacturers, some of whom have returned their incomes at £30,000 and £40,000, on occasion of the levying of the new Income Tax. The city privileges of Edinburgh date from the earliest times, and it was the only place in Scotland, before the passing of the Reform Bill, that returned a member to parliament for itself. Glasgow, previous to the Reform Bill, shared that right along with several other places. Hence Glasgow has always been favourable to whiggism, reform, and improvement;—Edinburgh not always so. Paisley is the seat of Scottish radicalism; the Highland counties are the head-quarters of toryism.

In 1834, of the 134 cotton factories in Scotland, 100 belonged to Glasgow alone, and there are here not less than 15,000 power-looms. The number of Irish to be found in the city amounts at least to 30,000. The greatest part of this Irish population I saw one evening on my way along the High-street, at the Cross, and along the Saltmarket and the Trongate, to my own house. It was Saturday, a day on which the whole poor Irish population are

always out till midnight, in the towns of Britain. In the streets in the neighbourhood of the Cross, the crowds were especially great. Here they are either standing in groups or walking up and down. "Every Saturday, they go backwards and forwards here," my guide told me. At that time most of the works in Glasgow were working only half time, and it was reckoned that in Paisley nd Glasgow together there were more than 12,000 persons without work or food. The sight of such a mass of people, among whom were whole families of beggars, going up and down singing their miseries, whilst thers were begging their bread at the corner of every street, yielded altogether a most melancholy impression. Particularly distressed-looking beings, composed of young, strong, and well-clad individuals, were posted in the kennels, near the pavements—the usual position of English beggars—and stiff and dumb, like figures of wax, held their hats before them begging. When we asked them, how it was they could beg, they answered—"We have clothes, sir, which no one will buy, but we have neither work nor bread."

A greater contrast between the appearance of the streets on Saturday evening and Sunday morning, cannot well be afforded. On Saturday, the wealthy keep at home, and leave the poor to go abroad; on Sunday, the wealthy fill the streets, and the poor have entirely disappeared. The former day is for bread and labour-longing people; the latter, for "church-going people." Sunday, it is well known, is far more strictly kept in Scotland than in England; and though Sunday in London, as contrasted with that day in Paris, and throughout the Continent generally, has a very strict appearance, yet, in relation to Glasgow and Edinburgh, London must be looked down upon as a perfect Sodom and Gomorrah.* All day long on Sunday, in Glasgow, one only hears

* It would probably tend in no slight degree to the better observance of the Sabbath in Glasgow, were those sinks of iniquity, the low taverns and whisky shops, compelled to abstain from business on that day. The authorities possess sufficient power and influence to prevent the traffic of steamboats on the Clyde, and the travelling of coaches, on Sundays; and surely, if there exists any necessity for the prohibition of those comparatively rational and harmless sources of recreation, it is still more indispensable that the morals of the youth of Glasgow should be protected from the contamination to which they are liable from frequenting public-houses on the Sabbath. How many countless thousands are here first initiated in that debasing vice, which is too often only the prelude to a life of dissipation, of misery, and of crime! Had Mr. Kohl visited on a Sunday afternoon the locality through which he passed on Saturday evening, he would have formed a very different, but much more correct, estimate of the mode in which the Sabbath is observed by a large section of the population of Glasgow.—TRANS.

and sees the footsteps of ladies and gentlemen walking in crowds to some one church or another. I visited several churches in the course of the day, but I must confess I gained but little edification from the discourses of the preachers, although several, especially one, was recommended to me. There is a certain apostolical vehemence, a certain exaggeration and oriental mode of expression, in the sermons of these Presbyterian divines, that stands in strong contradiction to the simplicity of their external worship, and, generally speaking, to their whole mode of life. They all preach in the style and manner of our own Krummacher of Elberfeld, whose writings have perhaps a greater popularity there than in other parts of Germany. But for that very reason all their oratory has something so stereotyped about it, that we cannot feel the same impression and conviction, as if it came warm and lively from the zeal of a glowing heart. It is the same vehement Calvinistic spirit which Knox planted in Scotland, and breathed into his countrymen, that still animates her preachers. Indeed, John Knox must have been an extraordinary man to inoculate a whole people in this lasting manner with his own mind and spirit, and that too, in a certain degree, in opposition to the will and natural genius of the people. For, from home, the cool, calculating, intelligent northern nature of Scotsmen appears to be little susceptible of religious fanaticism,—a thing which we rather expect to find in the fiery character of Spaniards, Arabians, and nations of hot-blooded temperaments.

The University of Glasgow is not so famous among us as that of Edinburgh, although the former is much older, having been founded in 1450, while the latter dates from 1582. But Edinburgh, as the residence of all that is brilliant and distinguished in the country, is naturally more frequently visited by the stranger; and then, the foreign student is frightened back from Glasgow by certain ancient regulations, which do not exist in Edinburgh. For instance, all the students in Glasgow must wear a certain uniform, not required in the Edinburgh University, which resembles our colleges more than any other university in Britain. Our cloisters are scarcely so hoary, time-honoured, and gloomy as are the external buildings of the University of Glasgow. Indeed, our Austrian convents on the Danube are distinguished by a certain secular and pompous appearance, compared with these English collegiate buildings, which are built in a plain style, of a dark, gray stone, and are separated from the rest of the world by walls and doors, and neat, quiet, retreating courts. Only in that part where the Hunterian Museum is preserved, has the modern Grecian style insinuated itself into the college buildings. The fine mu-

seum of natural history was commenced by the celebrated anatomist, Hunter (by whom it was presented to the college), and is particularly distinguished by the excellence of his anatomical preparations. Besides these, the other objects of natural history are of the choicest specimens, and are arranged in excellent order. Next to the British Museum, and the Edinburgh Museum, which hold the first rank in the natural history collections in Britain, the Hunterian Museum is certainly to be placed. It ranges with the museum at Manchester, and surpasses those of York and Oxford, in the richness as well as the arrangement of its specimens.

The University of Glasgow is justly proud of its celebrated engineer, James Watt, and has erected a statue to his memory in the Hunterian Museum. One recognises him at a glance, in the hall of the museum. Here are also preserved some little machines which he constructed. It is well known that young Watt was originally in the pay of the University, as its instrument maker; and here his merits were first recognised, and assistance rendered him. Watt is properly to be regarded as the inventor of the steam-engine; for although steam-engines existed before his time, yet by the improvements he introduced (such as the condensor), he rendered them capable of being applied to all those purposes of life in which we subsequently find them. Watt seems to have been born to be the inventor of the steam-engine, and almost from his youth appears to have brooded upon the idea. Arago, in his biography of Watt, relates, that while still a boy, he was once reproved by his aunt in the following terms:—"Shame upon you, James, to be sitting there, so lazy and dreamy. I believe that all this time you don't know what you have been about. Do you know that you have been doing nothing but watching the steam of the kettle? Always taking off the lid and putting it on again; then holding it to the spout, and watching the steam change to water, and trickle down in drops. Mind me! Don't lose yourself in fancies, but busy yourself about something ordinary and useful!" May we not believe that at this time the idea of the steam-engine was lying in the head of the little Watt like an undeveloped embryo?

As the magistrates of the various British cities have various titles, sometimes that of Mayor, sometimes of Lord Mayor (as in London, Dublin, York, &c.); sometimes of Provost and Lord Provost (as in Glasgow, Aberdeen, &c.); sometimes of Sovereign (as in Belfast, &c.); so the head or Rector of the different British Universities has various titles. In Dublin, for instance, he is called "Provost;" in Glasgow, "Principal." Over this Principal, however, there is a Lord Rector, who is usually one of the

great men of the kingdom. This Lord Rector is elected by all the professors and students, and consequently must be rather a popular individual. It is worthy of remark that Sir Robert Peel, a Tory, was for two years Lord Rector of Glasgow College; and now a decided Whig, the Marquis of Breadalbane, has been chosen. It is a question whether there are any other British universities who have placed liberal and enlightened individuals at their head. The opposition to the Tory government is very extensive in Scotland, and the Tories are so much disheartened in Edinburgh, that they did not venture to put forward a single candidate at the last parliamentary election. The universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and others, are, it is well known, purely Tory; but that of Glasgow is what the English call "a changing body." This probably arises from the influence the students here have in their elections.

It may be remarked, that while the number of students in the other universities of Great Britain is always greatly increasing, the "Universitas Glasguana," or "Glasguensis"—(it is disputed how it should be written)—in the number of its students is constantly on the decrease. Between 1820 and 1826, there were nearly 1,600 students; now there are only about 1,000, among whom, as at Edinburgh, are to be found many from the British colonies. At the universities of Oxford and Cambridge all the students must be members of the Established Church, or be excluded, by reason of which fewer young men from the dissenting colonies enter them, than enter the Scottish universities. The faculty of medicine entices most foreign students on this account, and the discipline, besides, in this faculty is particularly mild. It has often been remarked, that the freedom-loving youth of the British nation tacitly subject themselves to that strict discipline from which our youth would rebel. Such a power as that held by the censor, for example, who is appointed under every professor here, no one would dare to exercise in our auditories. It is the duty of this censor to watch over the conduct of the students during the lecture, and to note all improper and inattentive behaviour. One very common piece of misconduct, to which he has to attend, is that wide-spread passion in all English schools which considers the writing-desks capital material for the practice of sculpture and all manner of carving. I found large boards affixed in the college of Glasgow, with notices threatening artists of this description with severe punishment. It is a remarkable phenomenon for the psychologist, that our wild unruly students, who would not suffer themselves to be so bridled, are often afterwards transformed into quiet, obedient citizens; while these overlooked an

schoolboy-treated British youths so frequently grow up stubborn and powerful opposition men.

By "Humanity," is understood here, as was formerly among us, philology—but philology as confined chiefly to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, more particularly the latter; the former being less zealously cultivated in Britain than in Germany. A professor of "Humanity" is a teacher of Latin. In the middle ages, when Latin was the herald of all the muses, such a title was quite proper; but now all such antiquated titles should be suffered to expire among the learned, as have the old feudal titles among the noble. The new light of humanity, which has arisen on the people of Europe, through the zealous and industrious study of nature, has broken slowly but surely in upon the old Latin humanity. First, in modern times, a professor of natural history was appointed. First, since 1818, has there been a professor of chemistry. Until then there was merely one lecturer in Glasgow on this extremely important branch of knowledge. There are several other new professorial chairs. The "old chairs" have several immunities, such as free apartments within the college, and the like. The new chairs, of which about nine have been erected since 1806, carry on a war with the old, with the view of being placed on the same footing in respect to free apartments, and to having a voice in the internal management of the college, which they have not hitherto had. Probably the new professors will soon be placed in the same position as the old. Certain ancient prejudices and restrictions, resulting from national feelings, are still in operation here. In general, Scotsmen only are permitted to be the teachers of Scotsmen. Hutchinson was the first Irishman so permitted; and there is at present one or two teachers from Ireland in the college. This is remarkable; for I do not believe that we, in Germany, are aware that the different subjects of the kingdom of Great Britain are accustomed to make such distinctions among one another. There were, however, always as many Irish students at the university of Glasgow as Irish labourers in its "dying and colouring works." These Irish students were mostly from the north of Ireland, and were Presbyterians, who came over to Scotland for the sake of its education, just as Irish Catholics formerly went to France and Spain. Since, however, the education of the Irish Catholics has been in a great measure confined to Ireland, by the establishment of Maynooth College, in 1785; so also, since 1810, the "home education" of the Presbyterians in Ireland has been provided for, by the establishment of the Belfast Institution, or Presbyterian College of Ireland. Indeed, it even now happens that here and there a

Presbyterian goes over from Scotland to Ireland to receive his education.

Most of the new houses in Glasgow, the Exchange, the Western Club—a distinguished building—several banks, also a joint-stock bank in course of being erected, and innumerable, indeed almost all the private houses, are built of a sandstone found in the neighbourhood of the city. This sandstone, while new, has a very beautiful appearance. But it has some faults. First, there are many veins and streaks in it, (originating from the presence of iron), which disappear on free exposure to the air, and then some places become softer and peel of. There are many fine buildings, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, which are quite disfigured on this account.

The finest private houses in Glasgow are in the western part of the city,—the "West End," to which the opulent and "moneyed people" retire. It is here just as in London. In Edinburgh also, and in several English towns, there is a fashionable West End, which is not merely to carry out something in imitation of London, but is really the western part of the town. I should like to know how to explain this phenomenon. Perhaps the smoke, in conjunction with the prevailing winds, may be the cause. As most of the winds in England blow from the west, so the west end of English cities must be the clearest and least smoky, rendering the locality of course more sought after, more expensive, and therefore more fashionable.

Not far from the west end of the city, I visited that part of Glasgow called Port-Dundas, where an arm of the great canal which unites the Clyde and the Forth passes. One has to ascend to this canal, as it stretches along the high borders of Clydesdale; and on this account, one may see from a considerable distance, the masts of ships over-topping, like steeples, the houses of the suburbs. It looks like the world turned upside down, to perceive thus elevated what we are generally accustomed to look for only on the deep. Upon this canal there are small boats, drawn by horses, called "swift boats." But then, also, vessels of from 100 to 200 tons burthen can ply upon it; for, at high water, the average depth is from eight to nine feet.* In Ireland, all the canals branch out from one place,—Dublin; while in Scotland, several distinct canals intersect the country in various places, more particularly two: first, this one between the Forth and the Clyde;

* The canal system of Scotland is very different from that of Ireland, the broken and precipitous nature of the country necessarily requiring the frequent employment of locks, by which means ascents and descents, above and below the original levels, are ingeniously and with great facility accomplished.

then that in the north, in the great Glen-more-nan-Albin, through which the great Caledonian canal runs. This canal is 115 feet broad, and from fifteen to sixteen feet deep—a gigantic work, and a true linking together of two seas, for the largest sea vessels can without any ceremony enter from one sea, sail right through the interior of the country, and again enter the sea on the other side of the island.

CHAPTER III.

FROM GLASGOW TO EDINBURGH.

THE SECRETS OF GLASGOW—THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY OF SCOTLAND—"BERLIN BY NIGHT"—DARK JOURNEY.

The great "Dying and colouring works," (which are among the interesting objects the stranger in Glasgow would wish to see,) are a great "secret," and I had no hopes it would be disclosed to me. Besides, it was now Sunday, which made many other things secret and inaccessible. I determined, therefore, to leave this city of secrets the same day, and towards evening took my departure for Edinburgh by the railway. But on the railway, again, all was wrapt in secrecy; for the night was pitch dark, except in the small comfortable apartment of our carriage, which was brightly lighted up after the agreeable and laudable manner of English railroads; so that, if not *in natura*, we could at least study the map of the country through which we were passing.

This is the most fertile, level, populous, and best cultivated part of Scotland, the proper Scottish midland and central district of the Lowlands. The counties which cluster around the Forth and Clyde,—viz. Ayr, Renfrew, Dunbarton, Stirling, Fife, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, comprise the whole of the midland plains; while their extremities stretch away northwards to the Highlands, and southwards to the hilly borders of the country. These beautiful counties have a population twenty to thirty times greater than many of the uncultivated upland counties. In the shires of Renfrew, Lanark, Edinburgh, Fife, Linlithgow, and Stirling, for instance, there are from one to four acres for every individual of the population; while in the counties of Argyle, Inverness, Ross, and Selkirk there are from 20 to 34 acres for every soul that inhabits them. Indeed, in the northern counties of Scotland, as in Sutherlandshire, which has a thinner population than the Orkneys, there are upwards of 43 acres for every soul.

On these level plains of Scotland, that barely comprise 60

German square miles,* almost the entire history of the country is centred. All the celebrated places in Scotland are here to be found, close to one another: the ancient royal residences of Perth, Stirling, and Edinburgh; the most important and largest towns in the kingdom, Glasgow, Paisley, Edinburgh, Dundee;—the famous battle-fields of Stirling, Falkirk, Bannockburn, &c., on which the fate of Scotland was so often decided;—all lie in close proximity. Here, in this confined locality, all that distinguishes and characterises Scotland was formed. Here her Anglo-Saxon tongue was fashioned, hemmed in by the Celtic of the Highlands. Here that reformation first took firm footing which the rest of the country was soon to embrace. Here, after the union of the two great kingdoms, the wonderful creations of English industry were first introduced. And here, from sea to sea, run the best Scottish roads and highways, above all, that ancient water thoroughfare, the Forth and Clyde canal; and, lastly, making the plentiful more abundant, the great new railway, direct from Glasgow to Edinburgh, and from each city throwing out branches and ramifying over the country.

The Berliners, who, it is well known, are a witty people, have a humorous sketch of their city as it appears by night, when its lights and lamps are out. This picture is nothing more than a patch, black as pitch, placed within a square frame. The whole country through which we were so rapidly carried resembled most disagreeably this "Berlin by night." For the weather throughout was so bad, and the darkness so intense, that I could see nothing of the parts of Lanarkshire and Stirlingshire through which we travelled; nor of West-Lothian, which we cut in two, nor of Mid-Lothian, through which we enter Edinburgh,—nothing could be distinguished. And, though I followed with the sharpest glances the finger of my travelling companion, a patriotic Scotsman, who wished to point out all in his native country that was new to me,—sometimes to the right, to the large and populous villages near Falkirk; sometimes to the left, to the old castle of Linlithgow, in which Mary Stuart was born, only a few hundred paces from us; then again to the right, to the country seat of some gentleman in that direction,—I still encountered the same obstacle, an impenetrable blackness of darkness.

* 240 English square miles.

CHAPTER IV.

EDINBURGH.

THE MINIBUS—EDINBURGH—THE ATHENS OF THE NORTH—SITUATION OF EDINBURGH—THE CASTLE HILL—OLD TOWN AND NEW TOWN—HIGH STREET AND GEORGE STREET—SALISBURY CRAGS AND ARTHUR'S SEAT—THE CALTON HILL—PLAN OF EDINBURGH—PICTORIAL SITE OF THE CITY—"AULD REEKY"—EDINBURGH BY NIGHT—POVERTY IN EDINBURGH—THE CLOSES—IMPURITY OF THE CLOSES—DANGER OF THE CLOSES—ATTEMPTS TO IMPROVE THE CLOSES—THE WEALTHY AND THE CLOSES—THE IRISH IN EDINBURGH—THE REGALIA AND ITS FATE—ENGLISH CASTLES—"LOBSTERS"—EDINBURGH ADVOCATES—ADVOCATES' LIBRARY—READING ROOM—AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA—THE "OLD TOLBOOTH"—MESSRS. CHAMBERS' ESTABLISHMENT—A MILLION OF FACTS—JOHN KNOX AND HIS HOUSE—HOLYROOD-HOUSE—ROYAL HOUSEHOLD—HISTORY OF HOLYROOD—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND SCHILLER—MARY'S BED-CHAMBER—RIZZIO'S MURDER—PORTRAITS OF SCOTTISH KINGS—STUARTS AND BOURBONS—PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH LADIES—CHAPEL OF HOLYROOD—ROYAL VAULT.

At length, in Edinburgh, all was bright again, and, indeed, so brilliant, that it seemed to me as if I had flown from one star to another through a dark space in the universe. I found this expression not a hair's breadth too strong. In fact, I believed I had reached the centre of a new star, as I proceeded in a little minibus,* through the brilliantly-illuminated streets, by the garden-valleys, and Castle Hill of Edinburgh.

We may read about Edinburgh as much as we please, and yet be ever pleased and delighted with the singularly beautiful situation and laying out of the city. I believe everybody would declare Edinburgh to be one of the finest cities in the world, if envious fate had not entirely denied her a great embellishment, namely, a fair, mirrored stream, of which she has nothing. She is a pure inland—a pure hill and dale city, and possesses every charm a human habitation can enjoy in her hills, crags, dales, hollows, and ravines; but the living stream she is entirely deprived of. For the city is two miles distant from the Frith of Forth; and the little stream—the "Water of Leith"—which lays no claim to the name of river, slinks timidly away in a north-west direction beyond the city. With the exception of Birmingham, I know of no place so destitute of water as Edinburgh; for, except a small

* This "Minibus" is a curious little one-horse, two-wheeled carriage for four persons, used in Edinburgh. In Glasgow, they have similar carriages called "Noddies."

canal basin, there is not a single pool or mill-pond within its walls. Not far from the city there are two or three small lakes, and I fancy the citizens of Edinburgh must often resort thither for the sake of once more beholding a piece of water.

On account of her beautiful situation, (partly, indeed, on account of the flourishing state of science here,) Edinburgh has been compared to Athens, and hence has been called the Athens of the North. In truth, the resemblance is wonderfully striking. Athens, too, is almost entirely a hill and dale city. Perhaps, however, her Ilissus was somewhat greater, and nearer to the city, than Leith water. Athens, like Edinburgh, lies inwards, and had her Piræus, as Edinburgh has her Leith harbour. The hills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, too, are like those in the vicinity of Athens. But I believe that Athens has earned decidedly far more honour from being compared to Edinburgh, than Edinburgh has from being placed side by side with Athens. For there can be no doubt, that, in the Northern Athens, whatever is comprised in situation, is more magnificent and beautiful than it ever was in the Southern Athens.

I had formed the design to profit by the still tolerably fine season, to depart the next day on a short ramble in the Highlands. But the view of Edinburgh filled me with such ravishment, that I could not forbear dedicating a few days to the study of the lordly city.

In order to form a proper conception of Edinburgh, it is necessary to seize on that important point of view from which its whole plan and situation may be ascertained, namely, the Castle Hill. This occupies three sides of a steep, rugged rock, of trap formation, commanding the plain for a considerable distance, and is admirably adapted for a fortress, which no doubt first determined the occupation of this spot as a settlement. Its building mounts to as high an antiquity as the Acropolis of Athens. At present it is crowned with ancient and modern fortifications.

On one side it is connected with the rest of the country, and slopes gradually down into a valley between two other hills, the lowest of which is called the Calton Hill; the highest, Salisbury Crags,* whose loftiest point is called Arthur's Seat. In the valley between these two hills, where the roots of the Castle Hill spring up, lies the ancient palace of the kings of Scotland, called Holyrood-house; and between this palace and the Castle Hill, as-

* "Crag" is the same word sounded Carrick in Ireland, and Craig in Wales, and signifies there, as here—a rock.

cends upon the back of one of the mountain roots, the High-street* of Edinburgh, connecting its palace and fortress in one straight line.

To the right and left of the High-street run off innumerable lanes to the north and to the south. These lanes are called "Closes." They are in general so narrow that a few persons meeting can scarcely pass one another conveniently. And, as they are formed by the contiguity of astonishingly high houses, and run uphill, as we have already said, they may be compared to so many narrow rents and clefts in an immense rock.

The High-street, and all its innumerable closes on both sides, with their houses of from seven to eight, indeed, sometimes nine† stories in height, towering on high, and over-topping one another, form the principal part of the old town of Edinburgh, which is to be found between Holyrood-house and the castle, as between its two angular points.

On both sides of the steep ascent to the castle, which finally terminates on the rugged summit of the castle rock, are the hollows or valleys. On the north, one of these valleys runs from Holyrood-house into the street called the "North Back of Canongate;" and on the south, into the street called the "South Back of Canongate." The latter unites with several other old streets which fill this hollow, (Cowgate, Grassmarket, &c.;) and the former leads towards the Fishmarket, and to several gardens beyond.

On the opposite side of these two valleys begins New Edinburgh, which has enclosed the old kernel with a hull of beautiful modern buildings, particularly that part opposite the northern valley, which is the broadest and most fashionable, and the side on which the greatest and most magnificent part of New Edinburgh lies; and which has all been built since the Union, and in greater part since the reign of George III. Should we now consider the many new streets, squares, and buildings which still lie to the south in the old city as comparatively insignificant, and take no account of the small southern valley mentioned, we may regard Edinburgh as consisting in an old and a new city, separated from one another by a deep garden-clad valley.

The new city lies opposite to the old, and its principal street, George-street, runs parallel to the old High-street, on a long

* In the neighbourhood of Holyrood-house, one part of this street is called the Canongate, and in the neighbourhood of the castle, another part is called the Lawn-market.

† One or two reach the giddy height of thirteen floors.—Trans.

rising ground, but not nearly so elevated as the old main thoroughfare. George-street is one of the most imposing streets of Europe, adorned with beautiful buildings and lofty monuments; those to George IV., and Pitt, for instance. From this run off, at intervals, (and presenting the greatest imaginable contrast to the closes of the old town,) several magnificent streets, with gardens sloping downwards, upon whose northern side the city once more commences. Many quadrangular, circular, elliptical, and octagonal places and squares, and likewise a crowd of elegant buildings, adorn this portion of the new town.

Of the two hills already mentioned, separated by the valley and the park of Holyrood-house, the Calton Hill is in the city; but the other, Salisbury Crags, bears away with its steeps and heights right into the heart of the wilderness. These crags are a rugged trap formation, almost like Bengore or Fairhead, in Ireland. Their sides are entirely rugged, almost perpendicular, and their grassy tops are covered with herds of sheep and goats. The sight of this great volcanic formation is so wild, that we might almost fancy, as in Ireland, that the breakers of a stormy ocean foamed among the rocks beneath, instead of which we find displayed all the elegance of a peaceful city. The frowning, impending form of Salisbury Crags is seen from almost every house and street.

The Calton Hill is brought within the city, as it was easier to lay it out in promenades, buildings, and other projects. The Scots have, apparently, destined it to sustain the memorials of their heroes and poets, for it is covered with several magnificent monuments. First, we find a lofty monument to Nelson, somewhat resembling a lighthouse; then one to Playfair; another to Dugald Stewart; and, at the foot of the hill, a fourth, to Burns, who would have been glad, upon his death-bed, to have had at his disposal only a fraction of the sum that has been since expended on monuments to his memory. Lastly, the commencement of a great monument is pointed out, designed to crown this hill of monuments, as did the Parthenon the Acropolis of Athens. This remarkable structure, "the National Monument," is even conceived after the model of the Parthenon, and was intended to commemorate the heroes of Waterloo. But either the inspiration of the idea was not lasting enough, or better management was required for its full development, since only thirteen columns of this temple have been finished, each of which has cost £1,000.

Thus, then, the plan of Edinburgh is nearly depicted, and the points indicated are perhaps the principal features in the bewitching picture this city affords. Let the reader now imagine all that we have been endeavouring so tediously, piece by piece, to ex-

plain to him, at once in full activity, at once presenting itself to the eye, and constantly exhibiting new groupings and positions, as we traverse the streets in a little "Bus;" let him imagine these elegant and imposing streets of the new town, which, though rectangularly and regularly laid out, fail to weary, so gently do they rise and fall—these beautiful squares and gardens, which insinuate themselves among the palaces—these lofty buildings in the narrow streets of the old town, which, though dingy and miserable, still, while towering on the hill side, have a beautifully picturesque appearance—these valleys and ravines, covered with houses or gardens, and crossed by streets or bridges,—(though Edinburgh has not a drop of water, still it possesses stately bridges,)—let him imagine the stirring life in the streets above, and in the valleys beneath,—and the fairest, the richest and most interesting, the most ancient and modern Grecian and semi-Gothic structures, and, in the midst of these, the monument-crowned Calton Hill, the fortress-clad Castle Hill, and Arthur's Seat, now in the sunshine now in the clouds,—let the reader, I say, form a lively imagination of all these, and he will have some faint idea of the extraordinary pictorial enjoyment afforded by a walk in the streets of "Scotland's darling seat," as one of her greatest bards calls this city,—or "Auld Reeky," as it is called by the natives, thereby still remembering the olden times, and taking no heed of modern transformations.

In the beautiful, cleanly, splendid, nay nagnificent new town, rich and respectable families appear to be the sole occupants. These are professors in the university, lawyers, (it is said that no less than 8,000 inhabitants, women and children included, belong to this class,) also many families of the nobility and gentry, and, generally, of those whose incomes are not sufficient to maintain a permanent residence in London; above all, a multitude of the more respectable class of people from all parts of Scotland and of England resort to Edinburgh, where they can enjoy all the advantages of social and refined life at a cheaper rate, and in a more agreeable way, than in London. In regard to the extent of its refined society, and the resources which such a place can lay claim to, Edinburgh is the second city in the British Empire, and forms, in this respect, a singular contrast to Dublin, where, through its absenteeism, scarcely a trace of these is to be found. As Edinburgh is not a trading and commercial city, but only the seat of a university, the principal law courts, and the residence of a nobility, many persons are drawn here, in consequence, for the education of their children. The Scots, too, who wander over the whole globe to the farthest extent of the empire, for the most

part settle down in the capital of their beloved country, when their efforts have been crowned with success. With the university alone, there may be no less than 4,000 persons connected, including students, professors, and their families; and it may be quite true what the Scots affirm, that almost one-third of the 150,000 inhabitants of the city belong to the higher educated classes.

Edinburgh appears exceedingly beautiful by night; and I believe there is no city in Europe so ornamented by the lighting up of its streets and houses as this,—particularly the old town, whose piled-up houses may be seen from the splendid Prince's-street, which runs along the brink of that waterless but tree and flower abounding valley, like a quay along a river. The old town, even on ordinary occasions, shines forth with its innumerable lights like a starry heaven, and like other cities on festive occasions. But poverty is the cause of this galaxy of light. For all these wonderfully lofty houses are filled from top to bottom with the poorest of the people. Every room is occupied by a family, and as these poor people are occupied until a late hour at night, a little light streams from every window; while, at the same hour, long rows of the houses of the rich are dark and silent.

"You must go into the narrow streets of the old town, and see the misery and dirt in which the poor people live there," one of my countrymen, resident in Edinburgh, said to me. "Unless you do this, you will probably do as so many foreigners have done,—return to Germany, and praise the magnificence of this Scottish city, the hospitality of its inhabitants, the magnificent dinners, and I know not what besides, and quite forget the poor, even as their countrymen forget them. If you will go with me into some of these houses, I can tell you, that you will see unheard-of things, such as you have never yet seen. For there exist such states of life, and scenes of filth and wretchedness, as are seldom to be met with in an orderly city, and which scarcely would be suffered to show themselves elsewhere."

In fact, had I not seen the condition of the poor in the cities of Poland; and had I not generally found distress, and filth, and wretchedness linked with poverty in other parts of the world, I would have said, that the poverty and the miserable condition of the poor in the old town of Edinburgh, afford the most afflicting sight on earth. On the amount of poverty and wretchedness in this earthly vale of sorrows, one can scarcely decide. But, this much is certain, that the mode of life of the poor of Edinburgh, with all its peculiar unseemliness, arises in a great measure from the singular way in which this part of the city is built.

The closes are the narrowest lanes anywhere to be met with in

the world. In comparison, the narrow lanes of Genoa, and those in oriental cities, are broad streets. Some of them, in fact, are only a cleft between the houses, of from 1 to 1½ ells in breadth. Formerly, the houses which line these closes were occupied by persons of distinction, and many of them bear to the present day the names of ancient families, such, for example, as "Morrison's Close"—"Grey's Close"—"Stewart's Close"—and "Blyth's Close." Gentlemen built themselves up, intentionally, in these confined spaces, for greater security, and that they might the better barricade their streets. The name of *close* appears even to be derived from this circumstance. In many closes the arms of such old families may still be seen, cut out above the doors. In Blyth's Close, the palace of Mary of Guise, who was Regent of Scotland from 1554 to 1560, is pointed out. It is now half in ruins, and, like every other ancient nobleman's house, filled with poor people from top to bottom.

In "Bakehouse Close," is to be found the old house of the Earls of Gosford, in former times a splendid structure, but now inhabited by the poorest people. Near to this stands the palace of a still famous family, the Earls of Moray; and a little way off, that of the Duke of Queensberry, now a house for beggars. Similar houses, once famous, but now degraded, are everywhere to be met with.

Nowhere have I found the poor cleanly, for comfortable circumstances alone give a love of order and cleanliness. Even in England, a greater amount of comfortable circumstances is requisite to induce a love of order—I may add, of cleanliness and frugality likewise. But the English poor are too often spendthrifts, drunkards, and buried in dirt. I believe this is still more the case with the Scottish poor. One must think of the filthiness, the stench, the dirt, that one has to inhale in these closes. As they are never entered by sun or wind, they are almost always damp. In many places I saw the dirt lying, as if it had been collecting for years. By means of curious stairs, which are often built like ladders on the outside, the interior and upper parts of the house are reached, which contain a labyrinth of passages, stone stairs, and miserable holes. From these holes and dens one has sometimes the most magnificent prospect, through these narrow streets, of the new town, with its hills and gardens. For, as I have already observed, these closes are built on the rising hill, and are, as it were, the steps in a ladder, from whence one is permitted to have an uninterrupted view of the valley beneath.

The cholera raged frightfully among these houses, often as inaccessible to the physician and police, as to the sun and other

kindly influences; and it is said that they are never entirely free from contagious disorders. There are also many Irish inhabitants of the ruins; and as these are never without pigs, so these pet animals are often to be found in garrets, under the same roof with their owners, where they grub perhaps in the sleeping apartment of a courtier and knight of James the Fifth or Sixth. It is told in Edinburgh, that during the time the cholera prevailed, when the police penetrated here, to restore order and cleanliness, a parcel of pigs were obliged to be let down from the fourth floor by the window, because it was found, unexpectedly, that they had become too fat and large to be taken through the narrow doorway.

Most crimes in Edinburgh are perpetrated in these closes, which afford the best opportunity for theft and robbery, for the concealment of stolen property, or the accomplishment of murder. As the foot-passenger sometimes cannot escape without coming into contact, so the murderer may, in passing by, crush his victim to the wall, and thus deprive him of breath, and prevent his calling out, while he dispatches him at a blow. I believe these narrow streets inspired the notorious murderer Burke with the idea of his frightful murders; and one of these closes, the Westport, which runs up from the Grassmarket, was the theatre of his atrocities, and where he waylaid the poor little Italian organ-boy, and suffocated him by covering his face with a plaster of pitch.

I must confess, I began to entertain a kind of passion for the extraordinary condition and economy of this ancient Edinburgh, which has nowhere its like; and I visited it several times by night and by day. The most painful thought that pressed itself upon me was, that it is likely to drag on in this condition for a considerable time yet to come. It is true indeed, as I was told, and as I here and there remarked, that the magistrates have done much in order to purify, put in order, widen, and even if possible to remove, the closes. Sometimes old decayed buildings are pulled down, and the poor provided with habitations elsewhere. But the city of Edinburgh has a revenue of only £30,000, and what she can spare from this sum for the improvement of the old town, is insignificant in proportion to the magnitude of the Augean stable she has to cleanse out. The old buildings it is said are so large and solid, that it costs a considerable sum to clear one away, and that it is possible they may stand for some time to come.

Many a city has been freed from old inconveniences by means of extensive conflagrations, and has attained, in consequence, a new and improved mode of building. But, here, nothing of the

kind is to be expected, even if it were desirable, while the houses are so compactly built of stone.*

If it were not that the human mind is so singularly constituted, that it is not usually stirred into enthusiasm, either by the near proximity of beauty or misery, one might wonder that there should exist among the wealthy citizens of Edinburgh who occupy the new town, societies for the conversion of Jews and Negroes, but not a single one whose object it is to collect money for the purpose of buying up by degrees some of these dens in the old town, and, by their destruction, to admit something more of light and air, health and morality, into this conglomeration of houses. Of the wants of the Negro and the Jew, in distant zones, these people can know but little. What their own poor stand in need of, and what would most benefit them, they can best ascertain for themselves, as they have them ever under their eyes. But, as in this world, generally, there is great joy over one new convert, so also, in Edinburgh, there is more jubilation over a single baptized black, than over the educating, the civilizing, and christianizing of a hundred more closely connected poor. The Edinburgh Presbyterian, with his missionary zeal, may be likened to a shepherd who has a hundred diseased sheep in his flock, and who, instead of laying out his money for their healing, in physicians and medicine, squanders it perhaps in the purchase of a rare and expensive goat, when nevertheless, through the restoration of his sheep, he would infinitely more increase his fold. To sweeten the bitterness of the cup of life to the poor in the High-street and its closes—to dash the whisky glass from the hand, and press to their lips the cup of health,—these, indeed, ought to be the worthy objects of a missionary; and I cannot conceive how it happens, that prophets have not been sent out long ago for such purposes. But it is manifest that the people would shower more praises and laurels on the missionary who should convert blacks in Africa, or browns in Australia, or Jews in Walachia, than on another who should make the closes and the High-street the theatre of his beneficent labours.

What struck me with most surprise in my repeated walks in the lanes of the old town of Edinburgh was the condition of the Irish. They do not here, as in Glasgow, constitute the most wretched: these, as a rule, were always Scotch. The Irish here are

* Mr. Kohl does not appear to be aware that it was by a calamity of this description (the great fire in Edinburgh, in 1824) an opportunity was afforded of making the splendid improvements which have since been effected on the south side of High-street, and in the vicinity of the Castle Hill.—Trans.

usually little shopkeepers. People told me that the Irish are better off with a little than the Scotch are with much. "Indeed, all would be quite well," an Irishman said to me, "if we were only able to obtain equal justice with the Scots. But it is a hard matter for us to get in the laws."*

A walk from the summit of the Castle Hill down High-street and the Canongate to Holyrood-house, with its beautiful garden in the valley, is one of the most interesting urban promenades that one can anywhere enjoy. We begin at the top of the castle with a view of the Scottish regalia, which are preserved in an elevated little room, in a part of the castle built by Mary of Scotland The regalia of Scotland have had a more singular fate than any other in Europe, excepting perhaps the crown of Hungary. They entirely disappeared for more than a hundred years, and no one knew where they had been placed. In the year 1707, the period of the union of Scotland with England, through the patriotism of some Scottish gentlemen, they were packed in a chest and concealed in the wall of an upper chamber of the castle, where they are now exhibited. This precaution was adopted, I believe in the apprehension that the English might carry them off to London. Their place of concealment was afterwards completely lost sight of, until they were discovered again, for the first time, in 1818, and, after the breaking down of the wall, exposed to daylight—or, at least, to waxlight, for the small, low room in which they lie, within a grating of iron, is lighted by spermaceti candles being quite inaccessible to the light of the sun. I was told that Sir Walter Scott possessed some account of their concealment and contributed much to their discovery. This, to me, appears, indeed, a most remarkable circumstance; and seems to prove, that while the secret was in the hands of a few, there were others of the nobility who were in ignorance of the position of the regalia, and who, since the days of the Union, looked upon them merely as interesting antiquities, and satisfied themselves with the idea that they were, together with the Crown of England, in safe custody in the Tower of London, and would yet some time or other be turned to occasional use. That they were not disturbed in their dark concealment during the rebellion of 1745, is simply explained by the fact, that the castle never fell into the hands of the Pretender, Charles Stuart, who vainly besieged it.

The regalia consist, among other things, in a crown, whose

* This Irish gentleman seems to have been a genuine *Repealer*. We were not until now aware that the laws of Scotland recognised any difference between Paddy and his brother Scot.—TRANS.

rim or circle was made for Robert Bruce;* (in Scotland, everything, where possible, must date from Robert Bruce; as in Germany, from Charlemagne; in Hungary, from Stephen, the Pious; and in Russia, from Monomachus;) also, in a sceptre made for James V., a sword presented by Pope Julius II. to James IV., and several other pieces. Among the foreign pearls and precious stones in these insignia, the famous Scottish crystals called "Cairngorms," occupy a distinguished part. A beautiful large cairngorm is set in the sceptre of James V., and another in a sceptre that dates from James III. These cairngorms are a smoky-coloured quartz, found in the granite of the hill of Cairngorm, in the north of Scotland, in Inverness-shire. They resemble the north Icelandic crystals.† The Scots delight in being able to set one of these pretty stones of their country in their daggers, hunting-knives, snuff-horns, walking-sticks, and other articles; and here I found them likewise on the sceptre of the kings of Scotland. With the exception of these regalia in Edinburgh Castle, and those preserved in the Tower of London, Great Britain has none. For Ireland, although a kingdom, has nothing of the kind, except, perhaps, several ancient regalia of the provincial kings of Munster and Leinster, which, as I was told, are preserved in the hands of Irish private individuals.

There is, in almost every important English city, a similar Castle Hill, with an ancient or modern fortress, and with an ancient or modern royal or governor's residence. It is singular that they all seem to resemble one another. They are all more or less like Windsor Castle. And I would be able at a glance to recognise an English castle again, and to distinguish it from other castles, without having to go over in detail all their peculiarities and distinguishing points.

Among continually beautiful prospects we walk over the lofty esplanade, where the English red-coats—"lobsters" the people call them—are exercised, downwards to the old town. To the

* The ancient crown of the kings of Scotland was carried off by Edward I., from John Baliol, in 1296. Bruce was crowned at Scone, with a temporary *coronel* of gold, which likewise had the fate of falling into the hands of the English. The crown at present shown is surmised to have been made for Bruce after the battle of Bannockburn, and is that in which his son David II., and subsequent Scottish monarchs, were crowned.—TRANS. See an interesting account of the regalia, in Sir W. Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii.

† The cairngorm is a species of topaz. The supply from the hill Cairngorm has now failed, but is amply made up by a more beautiful variety from the Brazils, at a tenth of the price usually charged for the Cairngorm topaz.—TRANS.

left, this is connected with the new town by a broad earthen mound, and to the right with the suburbs by a stately bridge (George IV.'s Bridge), under which flows along the stream of the poor population of the Cowgate, or, rather, as the Saxon-Scots call it, the *Koogate*.

Near this bridge are situated the stately buildings of the ancient Scottish parliament, and the courts of law, which, at the same time, contain the famous library of the Scottish advocates.*

The great hall, built for the sittings of the parliament, now serves the lawyers as a place of resort or promenade. I went into this hall, in the course of my walk, at the very time some hundreds of these learned gentlemen—or *gownsmen*, as the people term them—were assembled,—a singular sight to a stranger not accustomed to it. For all these young and vigorous individuals wore long robes, like dressing gowns, and white powdered wigs. They have a "gown-room," where they make their toilette before they appear in this assembly hall. Here an immense number of gowns and wigs are to be seen. But what struck me more than all the wigs in this assemblage, was the distinguished handsomeness of all the persons present, as well in their energetic, manly-fair expression of countenance, as in their elegant slender figures. Generally, wherever one has an opportunity of seeing many members of the learned classes of England together, he will be struck with this appearance. I believe there are few countries where the bodily form of the upper classes, both men and women, is so noble and handsome as in Great Britain.

The Advocate's Library is one of the finest and most distinguished in Britain. It is one of the few which has a right to receive a copy of every work published in the country. It contains not less than 150,000 volumes, and a multitude of manuscripts besides, most important to the history of Scotland. It always delights me to see our old German characters made use of in these ancient English manuscripts. Even in the time of Cromwell, the German characters were used in writing; and everywhere in England, in early times, books were printed in the German letter, and illustrated with wood-cuts prepared by German artists.

I say, I was delighted at this circumstance with a kind of German patriotism, and recapitulated to myself all the countries where our old crabbed-looking (*krikelkrakelig*) letters had extended: Scotland, England, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Scandinavia. Great Britain and the Netherlands have

* Here again we find this name advocate, so well known in Germany, but which is not used in England.

now almost dispensed with our characters. The French or Italian alphabet is ever more victoriously penetrating through Europe; and even in Germany many people now write and print, not in German, but in Italian characters. The French, English, and other nations wish that we would follow their example; for our curious letters alone, they tell us, are a great hindrance to their acquiring our language.

For this reason, then, and in some small degree to strengthen the connecting bands that twine themselves round the people of Europe, and at the same time to do homage to beauty and distinctness, (for there cannot be a moment's doubt that the Roman letters are prettier than our own,) we should renounce a patriotism that is in some degree attached to our misshapen imps of letters; and permit all the five-and-twenty to range under the Italian, or, rather, European banner, and conform to the custom of Europe. It is observable that the Russians have, in some cases, recently adopted the Italian character.

The library and reading-rooms of the Edinburgh advocates, and writers to the signet, are the most enticing, the finest, and most comfortable of the kind, and it must be a real enjoyment to be a book-worm here. We have all the elegance and convenience of a London club-house, and all the learning and abundance of a German library. I do not know that anywhere upon the Continent one can read books with truer relish than here. I could not resist the temptation afforded me to reach the fine, large, illustrated work of Audubon, on American birds and their habits, and to revel here in the double enjoyment of English comfort and the American forest solitude. I saw the mountain and wood-pigeons of America (*Columba montana*) billing amid flowers, in whose chalices little, brilliant humming birds were dispersed. I gazed on the frightful, ugly young of the common cormorant in the nest, and heard astonished the frightful cries they raised for the sake of a berry, which the old one brought them, doubting to which of the dear little frights she would give it. American flies, and beetles, and butterflies, appeared to me almost to flutter about, so well were they executed; and the wood-duck seemed almost to snap at the flies out of the picture. I pitied the terror depicted in the countenance of a poor little frog that a night-heron was upon the point of swallowing, and admired the dexterity and fury of two American eagles engaged in combat. I did not, however, like Mr. Audubon, require to expose myself to the cold storm and the hot sun, to the suffocating malaria and mosquito swarms of the American forest, nor to clamber up rocks and trees; but I reclined upon splendid sofas, my feet rested on excellent carpets, with which the floors of the library and reading-room

are covered, and sometimes I glanced around to gratify myself with a view of the arrangement and form of the noble rooms, or stirred the fire a little, which, with several others here and there, blazed in a brilliant fire-place. Whoever is a friend to refined literary enjoyment must come to England: here only can he find the books and arrangements for a true literary banquet.

Opposite the library of the "Writers to the Signet," in the middle of the High-street, stands a place where we have all stood in our time,—the place where the "Old Tolbooth" is found, whose gloomy walls and doors have been so brightly illuminated in Sir Walter Scott's romance of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Wherever one happens to arrive in Scotland, he is generally reminded of some scene in the novels of Walter Scott; and all the ground hereabout is full of the finest historical interest, and is at the same time adorned with the bewitching light of poetry and romance. Perhaps there does not exist another instance of a country being made known to the whole world, in all its relations, in its scenery, its customs, its history, its ancient and modern condition, through such a series of skilful delineations, the work of a single genius.

Another Scottish literary celebrity is also in this High-street, not far from the Old Tolbooth. I mean the establishment of the brothers W. and R. Chambers, whose publications have obtained an extraordinary circulation and fame in Great Britain. These gentlemen are in themselves authors, printers, publishers, bookbinders, and booksellers.

I had an opportunity of seeing their interesting establishment, in which all the operations necessary to these various businesses are conducted. I believe we have nothing similar to exhibit, as our "visionary and impracticable" writers fail completely in the necessary spirit of speculation; whilst in England it is not uncommon for the producer and merchant to be united in one person. I believe the Messrs. Chambers commenced with very small speculations. But now, they have extended these wonderfully, and employ nearly 100 persons in their book establishment, where books are prepared, from their origin in the dark chambers of the brain, to the point when, bound in neat morocco or otherwise, they are ready for the fastidious customer.

All their books, whether prepared by themselves or under their superintendence, are so good and excellent, and so well calculated for the wants of the public, that almost all their undertakings succeed. The principal writer of the two, I believe, is Robert, the elder, who resides in Fifeshire, not far from Edinburgh; the other William, is the principal man of business. As excellent and well-

informed judges of their native country, they have represented Scotland in every possible point of view. They have compiled and published a good history of the country, a circumstantial description of Scotland, (Chambers' Caledonia,*) and a "Picture of Scotland" for travellers. They have produced, more particularly, single portions of Scottish history, as, "The History of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746;" and also, "The Traditions of Edinburgh," and "Reekiana."† These works are so excellent that they serve in a great measure as valuable manuals of the history and statistics of Scotland, and numerous editions are spread over the country. With these and other original works, the success of which was very great, they first entered on the literary and publishing career, in which they have since proceeded with several magnificent undertakings—first, with the periodical, known even to Germans—"Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," in which, for a very moderate sum, they present the public with a mass of interesting intelligence and well-written sketches, tales, and essays;—then with the so-called "People's Editions," commenced in 1837. In these they reprinted such distinguished, generally acknowledged, and generally esteemed works as were interesting to the public. The price is uncommonly moderate, especially when we consider that the books are very correct and printed upon good paper. The Essays of the celebrated Bacon, with a biography of this great man, may be had for eightpence; Locke on the Conduct of the Human Understanding for sixpence; Graham's Poems for fivepence. If these prices are compared with the prices formerly paid for such books, it will be found, that the Messrs. Chambers have reduced them to a tenth, indeed to a twelfth and twentieth of what they were.

Another of their undertakings, "Chambers' Information for the People," is again a great work, of which they "throw off," as a person in their establishment told me, not less than 70,000 copies. They sell about the same number of their Journal. Most of the other works in their warehouse have such a rapid sale, that they are almost all stereotyped.

Their most remarkable undertaking, however, is their "Educational Course," commenced a few years ago, in which they give the rudiments and elements of the sciences, elocution, geometry, chemistry, &c., in pretty little, useful volumes. All these books may be had at their shop in any number of copies, either sewed, in cloth boards, or bound in morocco, as a person chooses.

* Our author is here in error. "Caledonia" was written by George *Chalmers*,—a gentleman whose celebrity as an author dates from a much earlier period than that of Messrs. Chambers.—TRANS.

† From the term "Auld Reeky," already explained.

From all this one may judge what must have been the influence of the speculations of these brothers on the education and information of the people of Scotland, and on the literature of Great Britain in general. All their undertakings have been of the same kind as those which the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" originated. This society first brought "Penny Editions" and "People's Editions" into vogue in England, and the seed thus sown afterwards increased with all the fecundity of potatoes in Ireland. A multitude of booksellers and authors trod in the footsteps of Lord Brougham and his associates; and from the same spirit went forth that which these industrious Edinburgh publishers have accomplished.

There occurs to me another remarkable English work, belonging to the same class of books, and bearing the title—"A Million of Facts." This book is, I believe, the most remarkable example of the modern English passion for compilations and scientific cookery, and in this latter point of view, sets forth in its pages the best extracts, from oysters and broths, to soups and sauces; the best apricot and citron essences, to lemonade and sherbet. For in a single volume it contains, in brief extracts, the ascertained facts and results of all sciences in the world,—a brief chemistry, natural history, botany (even directions for drying plants,) zoology, physics, &c.; then, a short geography of every country on the earth, a history of Greece, a history of Rome, of the middle ages, and of modern times, all in distinct sections; and not only all these, and other useful sciences, but also a short comparative view of the measures, weights, and monies of every European country; and, at the end, a biographical dictionary, in which is to be found a compendious account of the most celebrated men in the world. The compiler of this work was named Phillips, for thirty years the editor of the Monthly Magazine, and who had thus learned to know the wants of the reading English public. Had that Persian king in the Thousand and One Nights, who vainly called upon his magicians to reduce all his treasury of books into one short, light, and perspicuous volume, lived only to our and Sir Richard Phillips's day, he would have had his wish completely gratified. The preface to the book runs thus:—"Why should we read? To arrive at facts. What makes the educated man agreeable in society? His knowledge of facts. What is best for his education? A sufficient number of facts. What says Bacon? Every one who thinks and intellectually labours, without possessing a sufficient number of facts in the treasury of his thoughts, is like a ship sailing on the ocean without a compass. Here, then, I present to the public, the best I can present—facts,—a million of facts! for twelve shillings! that is, some good facts, say 1,000

useful, interesting, agreeable, and learned facts, for a penny. Cheaper, one has never seen!" Although this sounds rather like a puff, yet without doubt the book—I have read a great part of it with much interest—is very good of its kind,—brief, substantial, just, and true; and I am not acquainted with any country in the world where such a tremendous puff would turn out so good in the purchased ware as in England. This remarkable book has survived a number of editions, and been recently translated into French.

In the under-rooms at Messrs. Chambers', I saw with astonishment the great steam-press at work; an upper room, containing a select library of history, geography, dictionaries of various languages, and in which several young men were employed; another room, in which young women were folding and stitching; then the warehouse, in which all these intellectual fabrications are stored up,—a mass of neat little volumes in different compartments; and, lastly, the shop, where the current wares stand ready to hand, in different divisions, as in an apothecary's shop. In a word, I admired all the details of this immense book-factory, without doubt one of the best that can be seen. I must at least repeat, that all its products which came under my observation appeared good and useful, and excellent of their kind.

I find a walk in the streets of a great city, among the works of man's hands, as interesting, or even more interesting, than in the valley of a lofty mountain, among the forms of nature. There we behold the mountain and its successive steeps; here the high, old storied buildings. There flutters the butterfly, and soars the singing bird, the owl, and the bird of prey; here the old and young in a centre of life. There blooms the lovely and the baneful flower; here, too, are lovely and loathsome forms. There breaks the sunshine, and clouds cast a shade; and here are the varied scenes of peace and strife. There sleep the Titans and giants their thousand years' sleep; and here rest dwarfs and men in the old churchyard,—Fergusson, the poet, and Adam Smith, the political economist, by Canongate Church; Blair and Robertson, Ramsay, the poet, and other celebrated men, by Greyfriars Church. By the Exchange, by the Tron Church, where the south bridge crosses, and hence away where the High-street contracts into a narrow passage, called the Netherbow, there is always a remarkable throng of active and indolent life.

In one of these narrow streets lies, as at the extremity of a promontory, the house of the celebrated Scottish preacher and reformer, John Knox, who, in the year 1559, fixed his abode and set up his chair in the capital of the country, after he had stirred

up the people in other parts of the kingdom with his vehement and powerful discourses against the Roman clergy and Popery. Knox, of whom, according to Robertson, the Earl of Morton said over his grave, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man," —had a remarkable comparison-challenging resemblance to our own Luther; but whom he surpassed as much in harshness and fire, as the Scots at the time exceeded us in wildness and uncultivation. He died in this same little house, which is still to be seen, and from whose balcony, it is said, he has often addressed the people. If the Earl of Morton spake the words already cited at his grave, it is remarkable that Knox on his death-bed used an expression that serves in a certain measure as an addition to the earl's remark. "God knows," he said, "that I never hated the person of any man on whom I have invoked God's thunders and judgments." There is still to be seen a small portrait of Knox, wrought out of stone I believe, on the corner of his house, and underneath the words—"Θεος—Deus—God." Remarkable it is, that this house is now a much-frequented "whisky shop," and one evening when I entered it I could scarcely find my way out again for the crowds of people with which every little box was filled, taking their "dram." In fact, were it possible that John Knox could appear in the Netherbow at the present day, he would find other people and things to drive out of the Temple, more ruinous than even "superstition and popery." It is still in the power of the Edinburgh magistrates to drive out this dram-shop and whisky scandal from the house of the reformer; or, at least, they should remove as soon as possible the portrait of the man, and blot out the three words that stand in far too great a contradiction with what is carried on beneath.

Several old houses in the closes have their walls stuck over with oyster (cockle?) shells. I observed the same on some parts of the Tower of London, and on several other ancient buildings in England. I should like to know, whether this English custom of covering their walls with oyster shells is connected with an ancient superstition, or whether it is merely done as an idle ornament.

Descending the whole of the Canongate, we come at length to Holyrood-house. Though this palace is now no longer occupied by kings, it is still regarded as a Royal residence, and, as such, still exercises its ancient rights and privileges. One remarkable protection, for instance, it affords in modern times, is, that no debtor can be arrested who takes refuge within a certain circle round it. The poor people who occupy the little houses in its neighbourhood have sometimes still an opportunity of hiring their apartments at a good price to more distinguished debtors. If

one can enter this locality in time and quietly, with his ready money, he is quite secure from his creditors. His family come after him, and his wife and daughters go freely out and in, and visit their friends and acquaintances in the city. He himself, however, dare not stir out of the precincts of Holyrood, until he has entered into an arrangement, by compounding or otherwise, with the creditors from whom he made his escape.

Here also there is still an entire Royal Scottish household, the offices in which are scarcely less numerous than those in the Queen's household, and have this peculiarity, that they are nearly all hereditary, and attended with the enjoyment of certain privileges and revenues to the families who hold them. Thus there is still a hereditary Carver, a hereditary Grand Constable, a hereditary Standard-bearer, a Keeper of the Great Seal, and several such offices, invested in the families of the Duke of Argyle, the Earls of Lauderdale, Errol, &c. There belongs also to the Scottish household a proper body-guard—"the Royal Company of Archers"—of which the Duke of Buccleuch is Captain, and the Duke of Montrose a Standard-bearer. Ireland, it is well known, has only a vice-regal household, in which, however, the viceroy has a body-guard—"His Excellency's Company of Battle-axe Guards." In England the Royal Body-guards are variously composed. In the Royal household there is a band of "Gentlemen at Arms," then the "Yeomen of the Guard," and, lastly, that admirable corps, the "Horse Guards."

The palace of Holyrood was built by David I., as a convent, and was first occupied by the monarchs of Scotland in the 16th century. Strictly speaking, only four sovereigns resided here the greater part of their lives, namely, the three last Jameses and Mary of Scotland. Much older royal residences are the castles of Perth, Stirling, Linlithgow, and Scone, now almost in ruins. But it was Mary, or, as the Scotch and English commonly call her—"Mary, Queen of Scots"—(probably using this addition to distinguish her from her mother Mary, and from her cousin Mary of England)—who first procured for this palace its great name. The extraordinary events in the reign of this beautiful queen are so faithfully treasured in the memories of the people of Scotland, that the room she occupied in Holyrood is still to be found in the same condition as she left it in the year 1567; and everywhere in Scotland are pointed out the various places made famous by Mary, Queen of Scots,—the place in which she was born, that in which she gave birth to James VI., those where she had lain concealed, where she hunted, where she slept, where she had sat a captive, and so on.

"German gentlemen, in particular," said the old housekeeper, who showed me Mary's apartment, "German gentlemen who visit Scotland, are always most industrious in their inquiries about our queen, and look at everything so closely. I believe they have a poem among them which sings of Mary, and which is very well known in Germany." Truly Schiller has instilled into us such a romantic tenderness for Mary of Scotland, the Maid of Orleans, Fiesco of Genoa, Don Carlos of Spain, the Bride of Messina, and other foreign names, that, generally, when we come into a strange country, we search out their traces and relics with the utmost zeal. Goethe, too, has filled us with a love for the court of Este, the house Clavigo, Iphigenia, and the Burgers and Counts of Brussels, such as we are accustomed to feel for our own heroes and great men.

Of the various apartments in Europe which are still in the same preservation as they were when occupied by this or that individual, those of the Queen of Scotland are certainly not the most uninteresting. For, although these apartments were once so little respected by the rude conspirators who broke in to assassinate Rizzio, the foreign favourite of the queen, yet high has been the respect in which they have been held for 300 years by after generations. Indeed, they look as if their occupier, the queen, had just left them, and was soon about to return. It is seldom, and arises from particular circumstances, that the stage of early and long-departed events has been so preserved for the lover of history to the minutest detail,—the window hangings, the footstool, the table-cover, and other little matters,—as that those events may appear to him near at hand, and he can fancy himself a spectator of them. The particular circumstances that have procured this pleasure for the friends of history in Holyrood, probably were, that, after Mary, the palace was occupied for a short time only by James VI., and never afterwards, so that everything remains in its old position.

It appears to me, as I have already said, as if Mary belonged in a certain degree to us Germans; and when I fancy what joy Schiller would have experienced here in Mary's bedchamber, to see her little work-table (much rougher than similar workmanship in Germany about the same period), and the candlestick she brought with her from France (as in Scotland nothing of the kind was to be found), and all the other articles which remain, so many palpable evidences of the real and bodily existence of the Mary of his imagination, I believe my countrymen would not readily weary of listening to something farther about these apartments.

The principal room, the bed-room, is uncommonly small and

confined. The Earl of Bedford, who writes a highly interesting letter, on the affair of Rizzio, to the Lords of the Council in England, on the 27th March, 1566, says, it was a chamber about twelve feet square, containing a low reposing bed and a table, and that it was entered by a private staircase and door from the king's apartment, all of which we find at the present day.

On Saturday, the 9th March, 1566, about eight o'clock in the evening, supped at this table Queen Mary, Lady Argyll, a few other ladies, and Rizzio, who was certainly her confidant, and not, as Robertson seemingly proves, and her husband, Henry Darnley, falsely supposed, her paramour. Suddenly the private door was opened, and Darnley, followed by Lord Ruthven and George Douglas, entered the apartment, all completely armed, and confederated against Rizzio,—the king, because he believed the queen loved him, and because he thought him the only obstacle in the way of his exercising the power he wished for over the heart of the queen and her sceptre,—the barons, because they could not brook the influence of a foreign favourite. The Earl of Morton, another of the conspirators, had, in the meanwhile, taken possession of the palace with a body of troops, and the queen and her favourite were thus in the power of those who had entered by the private door. Rizzio, who wore his cap on his head, comprehended all this at a glance, and trembled as Lord Ruthven, whose naturally wild aspect was rendered more hollow and ghastly from recent illness, ordered him to come forth, as that was no place for him. Mary, who was now in the sixth month of her pregnancy, answered, that it was her will David (Rizzio's christian name) should be there. "But it is against thy honour," interrupted Darnley; who thereupon arose, that they might seize upon Rizzio in the queen's cabinet, while Darnley heaped reproaches against him in her presence. While the king was thus speaking, the hollow-eyed Lord Ruthven, who had just arisen from a three months' sickness, and who was still so weak that he could scarcely walk or draw his weapon, stepped up to Rizzio, and took him by the arm, telling him he would teach him to know his duty better. Terrified, David sprang up, and seizing the queen by her garments, placed himself behind her. She, on her part, did her utmost to save him. But Darnley took the queen in his arms, tore Rizzio's hands away, and thrust him on one side. Ruthven and Douglas threw him entirely out by the door, and through the queen's bedchamber into an ante-room, where Lord Morton, Lord Lindsay, and others, his enemies, were assembled. It was not their intention straightway to have killed him, but to have had him hanged the next day. But when, pale and terrified, he staggered into the room, one of their number, out of contempt, drew his dagger,

and stabbed him in the body. Many others did the same, and he fell to the ground with six-and-fifty wounds. Even now, the old housekeeper opens wide the door, and takes every care to point out to the stranger a dark stain in the floor, occasioned by the flow of Rizzio's blood.

The king and Lord Ruthven remained for some time with the queen in her cabinet. She conjured her husband to offer no harm to Rizzio, and at the same time blamed him as the originator of so treacherous and vile a deed. He is said to have told her that Rizzio, for two months, had had more and closer intimacy with her than he had himself, and thence, for her honour and his own contentment, he had determined on his apprehension. "Is it then the duty of the wife to seek the husband?" said Mary. "It is your own fault if you have been without my society." To this he made answer, that when he had come, she was either unprepared to receive him, or had feigned herself sick. "Good," she replied; "now you have taken your last of me, and your farewell." "That were pity," said Lord Ruthven; "he is your majesty's husband, and each must yield duty to the other." "Why may I not leave him, as well as your wife did her husband?" she inquired. Lord Ruthven answered, that his wife had been lawfully divorced from her husband, and for no such cause as the king had to complain of; "and besides," he said, "this man is mean and base, an enemy to the nobility, a disgrace to you, and a destroyer of the country." "Well," she said, "that shall be dear blood to some of you, if his be spilt." "God forbid," said Lord Ruthven, "for the more your grace shows yourself offended, the world will judge the worse." Her husband, in the meantime, said little, she all the while shedding hot tears. Lord Ruthven, being faint and sick, called for a drink, and said, "This must I do with your majesty's permission," and endeavoured, as well as he could, to pacify her. But nothing he said could please her.

When the murder of Rizzio was known in the palace, there arose an uproar among the friends of the queen, who believed that all their lives would be taken, and two of them, Huntly and Bothwell, sprang through a window and escaped. Lord Ruthven hastened down to quiet the people. The king still remained in conversation with the queen, and she invited him to sleep with her that night; but from this he excused himself. From this time the queen's aversion towards him was matured into bitter hatred. She transferred her love and favour to Bothwell, who afterwards murdered the king; and Mary, some months after, was married to him.

All these circumstances, so vividly narrated in the letter of the

Earl of Bedford, and confirmed by others, happened where we now were—at this table, between these curtains, near this door, upon this carpet. The modern elegance with which the palace is now furnished, is not calculated to have that duration which the old furniture in these apartments has had, nor to delight the lovers of romance or the friends of history for centuries yet to come.

Near the apartments of "Mary, Queen of Scots," is a long gallery, hung with a row of full-sized portraits of the kings and princes of Scotland. But they possess no great interest, partly because, on account of the darkness of the colours and the dimness of the gallery, the features can scarcely be distinguished; and, partly, because a great many of the kings represented never existed, but were begotten in the imaginations of the old chroniclers. For it is remarkable that these, as well as the historians of Ireland, have taken the traditions of their bards, and adopted them in part as literally true, Buchanan among others. I believe there are no nations in Europe who carry their historical pretensions so far back into the dim centuries—who enumerate such long series of kings before and after the Christian era—who so minutely detail what took place under the reign of every king—who can trace so well the pedigrees of their monarchs, and decide upon their characters, as the Scotch and Irish, who, in this respect, stand single and alone. The historian, however, can easily set aside what is mere fable. But the psychologist and ethnographist must know and read them, because they contain psychological and ethnographical phenomena. The Scots have carried this mania so far, that they have devised a national history, and have then so far adopted it as a true one, that the portraits of their imaginary kings range in Holyrood, among those of their Alexanders and Jameses, as if they had been of the same flesh and blood. There is a portrait of Mary Stuart among the others, but a bad one. The best portrait of Mary is in the possession of the Duke of Hamilton. The housekeeper pointed out to us a small but accurate and excellent little copy of this painting, in which the wide apart, high-arched eyebrows struck me as characteristics. It is singular that the Dukes of Hamilton, who were once so nearly related to the throne, are now the hereditary keepers of Holyrood, and the Premier Peers of Scotland.

Another part of the palace, destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell, and rebuilt by Charles II., contains a long suite of rather uncomfortable apartments, recently occupied by Charles X. and his family. Some of these rooms are hung with tapestry and arras, one of which represents Niobe and her children pierced by the arrows of Apollo. In three or four rooms the ceilings are

painted to resemble clouds. "They wanted to have them quickly painted," said my conductress, "and so they painted clouds." The expiring race of the Bourbons, in taking refuge in these dingy, cloudy chambers of the Stuarts, must have felt the parallel between the fate of that house and their own. As the children of Niobe were pierced by the arrows of misfortune, so were the children of the Stuarts and the Bourbons. Both families, in their own country, have experienced a revolution against their rule—the execution of one of their crowned heads—an exile (under Cromwell and Napoleon,)—a restoration, and subsequent revolution and exile—a supplanter (William III. and Louis Philippe)—and, lastly, both have had their pretenders, (Prince Charles and Henry V.)

I can perfectly understand how Victoria, in her recent visit to Scotland, should care little about this old melancholy palace, and should rather prefer the beautiful and comfortable seats of her subjects. It is said, however, that Holyrood will be again furnished, in order to be occupied occasionally by the Queen, who has a great liking for Scotland. But though, with pains and money, it is possible to make the apartments habitable, it is as impossible to efface the old melancholy recollections, as it is to efface the stains of blood. (The housekeeper firmly assured me that it was impossible to efface, with any trouble that might be taken, the stains of Rizzio's blood!) How powerfully might not such a story as that of Mary and Rizzio's operate upon a youthful queen. It was said that Victoria did not visit Holyrood, because the scarlet fever was in it at the time. But to this my old housekeeper doubtingly shook her head.

There are, however, a number of beautifully-executed portraits at Holyrood, interesting in a historical and artistical point of view, especially the portraits of some lovely English ladies, as that of the Countess of Kildare, by Sir Peter Lely. She is feeding a lamb with flowers, has a shepherd's staff twined with wreaths in her hand, and wears a hat trimmed with roses, which encircle her head as with a halo. There is also a portrait, by Vandyke, of Elizabeth, daughter of an Earl of Holland, a fair lady in the time of Charles I. She is clad in white, wears a blue scarf, and is in the act of taking up or laying down a guitar, it is difficult to say which. These are beautiful pictures, and one could wish that such charming originals as the English ladies are, always had painters of equal genius to Vandyke and Sir Peter Lely. Besides these, there are some excellent pictures by Sir Godfrey Kneller,—one of a young Earl of Breadalbane, in the Scottish costume, and one of the Laird of Macnab, in the same style; a portrait, by Holbein, of

an Earl of Breadalbane. (Duncan Campbell,) is also here. In a large throne-room, prepared for George IV., in 1822, there is a full-sized portrait of that monarch, in a splendid highland costume.

The Royal Chapel of Holyrood is now in ruins. It is part of the ancient abbey founded by David I. Charles I., it is said, restored it for the use of the English form of worship, and James II. for the Catholic. But the Scots, who cared for neither the one nor the other, suffered it to fall in ruins. The ruins, which stand close by the palace, are very beautiful, particularly the doorway, a piece of ancient Gothic work; and the pillars are nearly all standing, and surrounded by the tombs of persons of note. Interments are still sometimes permitted here, the fees for which, my guide told me, are seventy guineas. Upon some tombs, a sword and a cross, merely, are engraved, which I believe was an ancient Scottish custom, as I have seen the same in several other Scottish burial-places. To Germans are pointed out, above all things, the altar where Mary was married to Darnley, and "Queen Mary's confessing-room." But what is most observable in the chapel, is the "Royal vault," in which several Scottish kings, and members of the family of Stuart, have been interred. It is said the coffins were taken and sold by Cromwell's soldiers. The bones were afterwards collected, and laid here upon planks. They are to be seen through an iron grating, subsequently placed to protect the vault. There are two skulls, and some leg and arm bones. Never have I seen royal bones so laid out as those of the Stuarts. A bottle is also lying among the bones, said by the people to contain "records." The interior of the vault is painted black, and then covered with a multitude of little white specks, intended to represent tears. Catholics in the same manner paint tears upon their hatchments, when they expose them upon the death of a member of their families. Thus, then, the whole is in suitable historic and tragical order:—in the corridor of the palace of the Stuarts we find blood stains that cannot be washed out; on the ceilings of the apartments painted clouds instead of brilliant pictures; and in their burial-vault, tears continually raining on their naked bones—but feigned tears, nevertheless.

CHAPTER V.

THE FORTH.

THE FISHWIVES OF NEWHAVEN — FISHING PLACES — MOUTH OF THE FRITH OF FORTH—CROWNED HEADS IN JEOPARDY—THE CLOISTER OF INCH-COLM—THE COUNTY OF FIFE—THE FRITH OF FORTH AND THE FRITH OF CLYDE—ITALIANS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND—THE HIGH-FLIERS — THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND — SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIANS—THE MIGHT OF THE KEYS AND THE MIGHT OF THE SWORD—LAW OF PATRONAGE—ANTI-PATRONAGE SOCIETIES—THE COURT OF SESSION AND THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY—THE CLAIM OF RIGHTS—LAYMEN AND CLERGY —GENEVA—THE ZION OF THE PRESBYTERIANS—FARTHER JOURNEY UP THE FORTH—" MEN LIKE VARIETY."

Holyrood, Stirling Castle, Linlithgow Castle, and the palace of Scone, near Perth, were the principal residences of the ancient Scottish kings. They all lie not far apart, in the widest and fairest opening of the Lowlands, towards the east, in the neighbourhood of the Forth and Tay, which rivers, taking the fair county of Fife between them, flow neighbourly to the sea. After I had satisfied myself with the contemplation of the picture of Edinburgh, I set out for another royal residence, namely, Stirling, which may be reached from Edinburgh by steamer, on the pleasant Frith of Forth.

We embarked at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, to which a broad and bustling road conducts. Our little steamer lay near the Trident, a powerful and magnificent sea steamer, that had just arrived from London, and in honour of which a flag was hoisted on Nelson's Monument on the Calton Hill. " She took her majesty from this to London," a passenger informed me, who was setting before me all the wonderful properties of the vessel. She (namely the Trident—for a ship is always "she" among the English, though she may have a man's name,) was preferred to the Royal George. The Royal George brought the queen to Edinburgh, but did not go fast enough; and the Trident since then has become a celebrated ship. It is observable that the English, who have more things of the neuter gender than we have, personify many of those things which we do not. Thus, a coach is "she," and every country is *she*. Speaking of Scotland, they would say, "*she*" is a very beautiful and interesting country.*

* To make the force of Mr. Kohl's observation more apparent to the general reader, it may be stated, that, by the rules of German grammar, many objects are masculine and feminine, which, by the rules of English grammar, would all be neuter. Thus, a German would call an oak, *she;* the moon, *he;* and a ship, *it*.—TRANS.

Not far from Leith is Newhaven, a small place, where most of the steamers lie, and whose inhabitants are well known in Edinburgh by their peculiarities. They are a small tribe of fishers, of somewhat more than 1,000 souls, having quite peculiar manners, building their houses different from those of the neighbouring people, clothing themselves differently, and seldom intermarrying with others. The men are almost constantly employed on the water, and hence their wives have the entire management of the home-department. The women carry the fish to the Edinburgh market, where they are observed and feared on account of their strength, and are so far the most important personages in the domestic economy of Newhaven, that if one happens to get married who appears to the other women not sufficiently strong and bustling, they will say, "What right had she to get married? How can she win bread for her man and her bairns!" There is another fishing-place near Edinburgh, called Musselburgh, whose inhabitants very much resemole those of Newhaven in their peculiarities. Near Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland, there is also another of these fishing-places, whose inhabitants have many singularities, and who are supposed to be an ancient Norwegian or Danish colony, who crossed the German Ocean, and have retained all their original peculiarities.* It is remarkable that fishing towns, as a rule, are distinguished from all other places. On the shores of the Baltic, for instance, there are fishing villages with Lettish inhabitants, among a German population (in Prussia); and others with Swedish inhabitants, among an Esthonian population (in Livonia.) On the Black Sea there are Cossack fishing villages surrounded by Walachian, Tartar, and other tribes. These are either the remains of the ancient inhabitants of the country, who have continued in possession of remote parts of the coast, and, living chiefly on the ocean, have required only a spot for their habitations; or they are bands of colonists from beyond the sea, who easily took

* The *fisher-folk*, as they are generally termed, who occupy many of the villages on the east coast of Scotland, from their peculiar physical aspect, manners, dialect, and superstitions, seem to warrant the inference of our traveller. They rarely intermarry with those among whom they are settled, their dialect differs from that of their neighbours, and many of their names bear traces of a foreign origin. The superstitions of the *fisher-folk*, in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, subject them to much annoyance from the boys. To find a hare's foot ("*a baud's fit*") in the boat or fish-*creel*, they regard as a sure sign of disaster. To be numbered, they consider equally calamitous. The idle youngsters about Aberdeen, aware of this latter idiosyncrasy, have only to repeat a common doggerel—

"One, two, three,—
Sae mony fisher bodies I see"—

to deter them sometimes from carrying their fish to the market.—TRANS.

root, and, requiring only a very little land, have not been disturbed. On the German coasts of the North Sea there are several such peculiar fisher-tribes, those on the island of Heligoland, opposite the mouths of the Elbe and Weser, for example.

The entire mouth of the Frith of Forth was covered with little fishing boats, which we saw hovering about like sea-gulls. Sometimes they came quite near to our steamer. The principal fish in these Scottish gulfs are herring and salmon. Both these fish were out of season at the time, and I am at a loss to know what fish brought so many boats out It is not long since the Scots and English, who from the situation of the country might be supposed to be the best fishermen in the world, began so zealously to turn the living treasures of their seas to account. Until the middle of the last century, indeed almost to the beginning of the present, the Scots and English permitted the Dutch to carry away their fish from their very doors. Even now, many kinds of fish are supplied almost entirely to the London market by the Dutch. The Frieslanders, Norwegians, and Dutch have been, from the earliest times, fishermen and sailors, and it is probably from these that all the colonies already mentioned, on the coasts of Scotland, have originated.

A wonderful sight is the mouth of a busy river, where the vessels are continually entering and departing, like bees in a hive. In the distance, we saw steamers and proud sailing vessels in motion. Several little islands appeared among them,—Inchkeith, Cramond, and others, of remarkably singular form. Some that we came near allowed us to ascertain that they are of volcanic origin, apparently of the trap or basaltic form. The little island of Stone-Mickerey appears exactly like a ruined fortress, which has been battered down by a hundred cannon. On the small island, Inch-Colm, lies an old cloister, among the shattered rocks. On a few there are large and fine oyster-banks; but these, alas, are not for the poor people of Newhaven and the like, but belong to the Duke of Buccleuch, and others.

The cloister was founded by Alexander I., who once, in passing over from Fife during a violent storm, was cast upon the island, where he was obliged to remain three days, and where he found no one but a pious monk, who provided him and his followers with milk and shell-fish. Mary of Guise, Queen of Scotland, was likewise wrecked at the mouth of the Forth, near Fifeness, and was entertained on the occasion by the owner of Balcolmie House, an old castle in the neighbourhood of that promontory. Again, there is another place on these coasts, "Margaret's Hope," on which a Saxon queen, Margaret of England, was wrecked.

The Frith of Forth, at its mouth, is from fifteen to twenty miles wider; at Leith, about six or seven. It then narrows gradually, at Queensferry, to about half a mile; and farther inland, it widens again, to about two or three miles. Thus an outer and inner Frith of Forth may be distinguished. As the water on the inner side of the strait just mentioned is not salt, but only brackish, the frith is here named the river Forth, though scarcely any current can be discovered.

It is remarkable that all the Scottish rivers present pretty much the same form. Thus, the Frith of Tay has a similar contraction at Panton-Craigs; and the Moray Frith the same near Fort George. They are all broken by this contraction into an outer and an inner gulf. At this narrow point, too, there is always a ferry from one county to the other. Steamboats chiefly are used on these ferries. Here the ferry was between the counties of Fife and Linlithgow. Fife is one of the best, most fertile, and most populous counties of Scotland, and is represented by the Scots as a little paradise. It has, indeed, the valley of Eden in its centre, but this is usually called the "How* of Fife," much famed for its fertility, and watered by the river Eden.

Fife, which abounds in beautiful seats, has no large city, but has a number of small towns, which are chiefly situated on the Frith of Forth, and may be compared to Wicklow, in Ireland, or Kent, in England.

On the opposite side, towards the south, lies the level county of Linlithgow. But towards the west, the hills of Stirling may be seen gradually rising. The Frith of Forth has been compared to its brother, the Frith of Clyde, and it must be acknowledged that both are extremely beautiful: the Clyde, however, is, on the whole, the most to be admired, as it flows into the centre of the Highlands, and its borders are adorned with the most magnificent and bewitching scenery. The Frith of Forth, on the contrary, leads into the centre of the Scottish Lowlands, and has, in consequence, charming and lovely scenes on its banks, but of another character. The seat of the Earl of Moray, of Lord Elgin, and an old castle of the Stuarts, Rossyth Castle, in which the grandmother of Cromwell, who was a Stuart, was born, are upon the Forth.

When we had passed the strait at Queensferry, we beheld an immense number of wild-ducks in the water. The captain told me that about this time the wild-ducks, of which there are several

* Mr. Kohl states that neither in Johnson nor elsewhere, has he found the meaning of this word "*How*," which he supposes to be a provincialism. In Scotland, however, a "How" signifies a hollow; and the level plains on the borders of a river, running through a valley, are generally so termed.—Tr.

species, and other sea-birds, begin to retire to the rocks of the inner bay; and, later in the season, they come in such multitudes, that some of the little bays are entirely covered with them.

We had a great number of passengers on board, of all possible conditions, whom we set down at the different towns and villages of Fife, and the neighbouring counties. Since steam navigation has penetrated into every river, gulf, and bay, such changes have taken place in the country, so many new relations have sprung up, so many branches of industry have been established, opening up such innumerable prospects, that one begins to lose all pleasure in speaking of them, and has no courage to commence an inquiry seemingly so interminable. The world is making such immense progress, that it is next to impossible to observe and record it; and the writer of history in after times must be furnished with a hundred arms and a thousand fingers, if he would hold in his hands all the threads of human development, which are evermore increasing.

Of our passengers, two interested me the most,—an Italian of the name of Ortelli, from Rivolta, in the neighbourhood of Lake Como, and a Scottish preacher. From this Italian I understood, for the first time, that the remarkable spread of Italians in the islands of Great Britain had extended even to the north of Scotland. There are many places in Great Britain where Italians are more numerous than Germans; which is singular, as the Germans are nearer and more related to the English. There are also, I believe, far more Italians in English cities than in German, (those of Austria, at least, excepted,) which is again remarkable, as we Germans have always had much more intercourse with Italy. They are chiefly distinguished in music, and the manufacture of barometers. Neither Italian musicians, nor Italian barometer and thermometer makers, are so numerous and customary in Germany as in England. The Italians, besides, are teachers of music, makers and venders of figures in plaster of Paris, and small shopkeepers, dealing in Italian wares. My friend in the steamer was hung all round, before and behind, with barometers. He told me, in his broken English, that in this manner he had gone over the whole of Scotland, and "up and down the country." An Italian in Edinburgh assured me that there were a hundred Italians in that city, and of Germans barely half as many.

The preacher was from Fifeshire, a man of strong bodily form, with a powerful voice, and who had more the appearance of a comfortable farmer than a preacher. Others had already directed my attention to him, telling me he was a "highflyer,"—a term by which, in England, and particularly at the present time in Scot-

land, it is usual to designate those enthusiasts who bluster about the rights of the church and its inviolability. Since the tories came into office, it is well known that there has been no good will between the Presbyterian Kirk* of Scotland and the British ministry. "The tories have broken in upon the church," said my preacher, when I came to talk with him upon the cause of the disagreement, "and we must point out their insolence. They would take from us the power of the keys, which God himself has conferred upon us, and this we cannot suffer: to tolerate this would be to deprive God of his glory."†

I know not how it is, that, from my youth upwards, I have imagined, that with Presbyterian simplicity is combined a certain modesty and toleration: and though history has long since taught me otherwise, I cannot always dispossess myself of the idea. Yet it is not so. The Scottish Presbyterians, who would be regarded as models of the primitive Christians, have none of the humility, the love, the gentleness, which we recognise as essential features of Christianity, and which were so beautifully exhibited in the Founder of our faith. In external matters they perhaps resemble the early Christians; but in the severity and strictness of their articles of faith, and in their priestly power and privileges, they have a far nearer resemblance to the Roman Catholics. In this respect, they call their church an apostolic church, and pretend that they have received from Peter, by direct descent, the apostolical power to bind and to loose—or, "the power of the keys," as they call it. With the power of the keys they assume the power of the sword. Their "General Assembly," with its moderator at its head, considers itself as sovereign in things spiritual, as the state is in things temporal; and battles for the integrity of this right, against the encroachments of the government, as zealously, unflinchingly, and determinedly, as did ever the Pope against the encroachments of the Emperor.

With the exception of the Catholic Church, there is no other in Europe that stands so sovereign, and independent of the state, as the Kirk of Scotland. In Russia and Poland, the Emperor is the head of the church; in Prussia, and many other Protestant states, such is the sovereign. In most Catholic countries, the state has an evident influence upon the church. In England and Ireland, the sovereign is at the same time the spiritual head of the

* The Episcopalian is called "the Church." In old writings the Scottish Church is always styled "the Kirk."

† Since this was written, that remarkable schism has taken place, by which 600 preachers and their followers have constituted themselves "The Free Kirk."

church, and what this sovereign and the parliament determines is binding upon her. In Scotland, on the contrary, since the last revolution, and more especially since the Union, the sovereignty of the Scottish Church has been acknowledged, and the English kings, who repeatedly made the attempt to establish the maxim in Scotland, that the sovereign should be supreme in spiritual as well as in temporal matters, have no longer continued to urge the matter.

But it is, naturally, easier to set up this claim for the independence of the church, than it is to determine the exact province and limits of the spiritual and temporal. Hence, some points have always remained in dispute between the two, which have never been definitively decided by parliament, and which have consequently, at different times, brought the church and state into collision.

One of these points is the question, whether a preacher, selected by the patron, must be unconditionally accepted by the parish, and ordained by the spiritual authorities; or whether they may reject him; and if a congregation have this right, whether a preacher may be forced upon them against their inclination.

As nearly the whole of the livings in the Presbyterian Church are in the hands of such patrons, the question is naturally an important one. In many places, the Crown exercises the right of patronage; in some few, the town-councils (chiefly in Edinburgh); in others, likewise few, the "communicants;" but in the great majority of places the right is in the great landowners, dukes, marquisses, and earls. The Dukes of Argyll and Buccleuch, for instance, have the patronage of an extraordinary number of churches. The Earl of Zetland has the patronage of twenty-nine parishes in the Orkney and Shetland isles; six only of the thirty-five parishes in these islands are not in the gift of the earl.

Against this enormous power of the patrons, the people of Scotland have naturally enough contended for a long time, not only through the establishment of "Anti-patronage Societies," one of which in Edinburgh is in connexion with twenty-six others in different towns of Scotland; but also, by repeated petitions to parliament, in the course of the last eighty years, that the parishioners should have a legal right to reject any minister selected by a patron. Although this right has never been conceded, the understanding between the temporal and spiritual powers was pretty good under the whig administration; either because the patrons, who partly belong to the Episcopal Church, presented such candidates as were agreeable to the people, or because the law-courts in disputed cases, were more disposed to favour the people.

But since the tories and high-church party have held the reins of government, the patrons have been seized with obstinacy, and insist upon the unconditional acceptation of their candidates; and at the same time the "Court of Session," the highest judicature of Scotland, taking its complexion from the ministry, has, in the pitted cases, decided in favour of the patrons, and against the church. And, not merely in cases where the right of patronage was the question, but in other cases, the Court of Session has encroached upon the spiritual privileges of the kirk.

As the supreme temporal jurisdiction is in the Court of Session, so the supreme spiritual jurisdiction is in the General Assembly, composed of representatives from the various synods and presbyteries, under the presidentship of a moderator, a Lord High Commissioner being also present, as the representative of the Crown. The General Assembly made fruitless remonstrances on those cases which the Court of Session had decided by the strong arm of the law, and equally fruitless appeals for a hearing in parliament. Sir Robert Peel, too, in the previous session, had delivered a speech very unfavourable to the pretensions of the church, which had given great displeasure to the General Assembly. As, then, they had tried every means in their power, they resolved to bring their case before the public, and under the title of a "Claim of Rights," issued a declaration and protestation against the assumptions of the Court of Session,—a document which is so extremely remarkable, and characteristic, not only of the spirit of the kirk, but of the Scots generally, and more particularly of the spirit and conduct of their preachers, that, were it not so long, I would give it entire, nothing so well exhibiting the characteristics of the country and the people.

This "Claim of Rights" is dated the 24th of May, 1842, and as it addresses itself not only to the people of Scotland, (often called the "Presbyterian folk,") but generally to every reformed church in the world, it has naturally had an extensive echo; for Scottish Presbyterians are spread widely over the globe: there are seven presbyteries in England, twenty-three in Ireland, several congregations in Holland, six presbyteries in Canada, four in Nova Scotia, two in New Brunswick, two in Australia, one in Guiana, several congregations at the Cape of Good Hope, in the East and West Indies, South America, and in the United States. The declaration begins in the following manner:—

"The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, taking into consideration the solemn circumstances in which, in the inscrutable providence of God, this church is now placed, do solemnly, and in reliance on the grace and power of the Most High, resolve

and agree on the following claim, declaration, and protest; that is to say:

"Whereas it is an essential doctrine of this church, that, there is no other Head of the church but the Lord Jesus Christ, and that while God the Supreme Lord and King of all the world hath ordained civil magistrates, to be, under him, over the people, for his own glory and the public good, and to this end hath armed them with the power of the sword, or civil rule, which is distinct from the power of the keys, or spiritual authority, expressly denied to them; yet the Lord Jesus, as King and Head of his church, hath therein appointed a government, in the hands of church officers, distinct from the civil magistrate, which government is ministerial, not lordly;

"And whereas this essential doctrine of the church, and the government and exclusive jurisdiction flowing therefrom, founded upon God's word, have been recognised by law, confirmed by the act of union, and guaranteed by the oath of the Sovereign; (here the various acts and authorities are specified;)

"And whereas the Court of Session have, in numerous and repeated instances, stepped beyond the province allotted to them in the constitution, and have invaded the jurisdiction, and encroached upon the spiritual privileges, of the courts of this church, in violation of the constitution of the country; (here the various instances are given:)

"And whereas the government and discipline of Christ's church cannot be carried on according to his laws, and the constitution of his church, subject to the exercise, by any secular tribunal, of such powers as have been assumed by the said Court of Session;

"And whereas this church, highly valuing, as she has ever done, her connexion with the state, and her possession of the temporal benefits thereby secured to her for the advantage of the people, must, nevertheless, even at the risk and hazard of the loss of that connexion, and of these public benefits, persevere in maintaining her liberties as a church of Christ, and must refuse to consent that her people be deprived of their rightful liberties;

"Therefore the General Assembly do, in name and on behalf of this church, and of the nation and people of Scotland, claim, as of right, that she shall freely possess and enjoy her liberties, government, discipline, rights, and privileges, according to law, especially for the defence of the spiritual liberties of her people; and that she shall be protected therein from the foresaid unconstitutional and illegal encroachments of the said Court of Session.

"And they declare, that they cannot, in accordance with the word of God, and the dictates of their consciences, carry on the

government of Christ's church, subject to the coercion attempted by the Court of Session; and that, at the risk and hazard of suffering the loss of the secular benefits conferred by the state, and the public advantages of an establishment, they must, as by God's grace they will, refuse so to do, notwithstanding of whatever trouble or persecution may arise.

"And they protest, that all and whatsoever acts of the parliament of Great Britain, passed without the consent of this church and nation, in alteration of, or derogation to, the foresaid government and privileges of this church, also all and whatsoever sentences of courts in contravention of the same government and privileges, are, and shall be, in themselves void and null, and of no legal force or effect: and that, while they will accord full submission to all such acts and sentences, in so far—though in so far only—as these may regard civil rights and privileges, whatever may be their opinion of the justice or legality of the same, their said submission shall not be deemed an acquiescence therein, but that it shall be free to the members of this church, or their successors, at any time hereafter, when there shall be a prospect of obtaining justice, to claim the restitution of all such civil rights and privileges, and temporal benefits and endowments, as for the present they may be compelled to yield up.

"And, finally, the General Assembly call the Christian people of this kingdom, and all the churches of the Reformation throughout the world, who hold the great doctrine of the sole Headship of the Lord Jesus over his church, to witness, that it is for their adherence to that doctrine, that this church is subjected to hardship; and that the rights so sacredly pledged and secured to her are put in peril; and they especially invite all the office-bearers and members of this church, who are willing to suffer for their allegiance to their adorable King and Head, to stand by the church, and to unite in supplication to Almighty God, that he will be pleased to turn the hearts of the rulers of this kingdom, or, otherwise, that he would give strength to this church, office-bearers, and people, to endure resignedly the loss of the temporal benefits of an establishment, and the personal sufferings and sacrifices to which they may be called; and would also inspire them with zeal and energy to promote the advancement of his Son's kingdom, in whatever condition it may be his will to place them; and that, in his own good time, he would restore to them these benefits, the fruits of the struggles and sufferings of their fathers in times past in the same cause; and thereafter give them grace to employ them, more effectually than hitherto they have done, for the manifestation of His glory."

This document, I say, is in itself a very interesting one, containing a manifesto of the claims of this church, and information which no one travelling in Scotland should be unacquainted with, who wishes to understand the nature of the excitement prevailing in the country. Besides, it affords a representation of the spirit of the Scottish people, and a good idea of the way in which a great many think and express themselves. For it must not be supposed that the expressions in the proclamation have been chosen solely on account of the solemnity of the matter, and never occur otherwise. On the contrary, just as popish phrases are to be found unchanged in popish bulls for the last thousand years, so, in this document, phrases occur which may be found repeated in every act of the Scottish Synods and General Assemblies. And not only these, but a thousand other phrases might be cited, in daily and constant use, not only among the clergy, but among laymen also. Of laymen, I may say, that it arises from the nature of the Presbyterian Church, that they all possess a certain priestly air. I must not, however, attempt to illustrate this point by many interesting examples, taken from the life, as I might run the risk of inducing my readers to believe, that I do not treat sacred matters with due seriousness: wherefore, I shall only mention what I saw and heard.

Thus I was first able to understand the use of such expressions as my clerical friend in the steamboat made use of to me,—"The tories will break in upon the church, and we cannot bear it,—and now we are *feechtin* (fighting) together." This man had been in Germany, and called the Germans "simple-hearted creatures." He had witnessed a Sunday in Dresden, Frankfort, and other German cities—("I saw the Sabbath at Dresden,")—and murmured, casting upwards a look of pity and despair, that there not the least respect was paid to the Sabbath. Of the cities on the Rhine, he expressed his wonder "to find them so high in Catholics and Popery." The limits of his journey had been Geneva; and he esteemed it a great happiness to have seen the city of Calvin, which is a kind of Zion to the Scottish Presbyterian. "I should like to see Geneva," is the pious wish that I often heard from Scotsmen in the course of my journey. At length our "high-flyer" left us, at a little village in Fife. Another more agreeable and refined clergyman remained to comfort us for his loss, and who invited me to visit his *manse* and *glebe*, as the parsonage house, and the land attached to it, are called in Scotland.

We continued our progress on the beautiful Forth to the point where, for want of sufficient water, it was necessary to leave our steamer, "the Victoria"—(her opponent was called "the Albert,"

cannot every where in England given to steamers)—and to continue our journey in a smaller boat. The river winds from this to Stirling in innumerable sweeps and bends; and city, and tower, and mountains, were continually changing places, now to our right, then to our left, sometimes appearing behind, sometimes before. The shores presented the most agreeable changes. This upper portion of the Forth is extremely beautiful; and the stately Abbey of Culross (where the stream is still broad), the village of Kincardine, the town of Alloa, with the old tower and seat of the Earl of Mar, many memorials of Robert Bruce, traces of whom are nowhere wanting in Scotland, several remains of Roman fortresses, everywhere found in the Lowlands, and a multitude of other things, whose manifold histories and romantic interest it would not be so easy to unfold, afforded us the most agreeable entertainment during our passage.

"What a magnificent country is this, and what crowds of interesting objects are everywhere to be met with!" I exclaimed, to one of my Scottish companions. "I cannot conceive why you natives do not rather delight in travelling through its length and breadth, than in wearily exploring other lands, that, in truth, are far less beautiful." "The fact is," replied my friend, "that, in a philosophical point of view, men like variety."

CHAPTER VI.

STIRLING.

THE HILLS NEAR STIRLING—OLD PALACES—VIEW FROM STIRLING CASTLE—THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE—PALACE OF JAMES V.—KNOX'S PULPIT—THE DOUGLAS ROOM—MURDER OF SUBJECTS—JAMES II.—NATIONAL DRESS OF SCOTLAND—THE SCOTTISH KILT AND THE ROMAN CHLAMYS—THE SCOTTISH SANSCULOTTES—WAR BAGPIPE—THE ROYAL GARDENS—THE LINKS OF THE FORTH—DESTROYED PLEASURES.

At length we landed at Stirling, and walked through the town to our inn, where we all heartily enjoyed an excellent luncheon.

Here a remarkable, small mountain chain runs from the SW. to the NE. of the Lowlands, parallel to the Grampians. It commences not far from Dunbarton, in the neighbourhood of Clydesdale, stretches across the counties of Stirling and Perth, and disappears not far from Montrose, in the vicinity of the sea coast. The highest summits in the range attain an altitude of from 2,000 to 2,400 feet. In two places it is broken through with

wide breaches or gates, much wider than the *Porta Westphalica* of the Weser; first, by the waters of the Forth, (and in this breach, and on the broken rock, lies the town of Stirling;) and, secondly, by the Tay, which empties itself into the Frith of Tay, and having upon its banks, where the breach is situated, the fair city of Perth.

Although, geologically considered, this mountain chain is undoubtedly only one, still it has several names. The middle part, between the Forth and Tay, is called the "Ochill Hills;" the part between the Tay, the "Sidlaw Hills;" and the third part, in the south, beyond the Forth, the "Campsie Hills." Between this range and the parallel Grampian range, lies the large valley, called "Strathmore." Many parts of this valley have their particular names. Thus the level near Stirling, on the north of the range, is called the "Carse of Stirling," and the level on the south of the chain, not pertaining to Strathmore, is called the "Carse of Falkirk." There are many such *Carses* in Scotland, meaning small plains.

I had the good fortune, in Stirling, to meet with a zealous, patriotic, agreeable, and well-informed friend, who conducted me to all the beautiful and interesting localities in this place and its neighbourhood; and who, by his explanations and narratives, made more pleasant and agreeable what was already so by nature.

We ascended, first of all, to Stirling Castle; for this, with its glorious prospect, is so far a principal object, that one must before everything else, make a point to reach it. While walking through the High-street, and across the Market-place, on my way to the castle, I was struck with its extraordinary resemblance to Edinburgh, which is so great, that Stirling may be regarded as quite a miniature of the capital. But the resemblance related more to the old part of Edinburgh; for though Stirling contains within its entire circle, not a few pretty new houses, yet as no great afflux of population has taken place here, as in Edinburgh, the miniature of the new town is missing.

As in the High-street of Edinburgh, so in the High-street of Stirling, there are several ancient palaces, built in a solid style, and partly ornamented: such is the palace of the Regent Earl of Mar, whose descendants were the constables or keepers of Stirling Castle; the palace of the Earl of Stirling (Sir William Alexander), the philosophical poet at the court of James VI., and one of the tutors of Charles I., who made him an earl; the tower in which the celebrated Scottish historian Buchanan lived and wrote. He was also tutor to James VI. How wise a teacher, how foolish a pupil! Between these remains of bygone times and the ruins

of an abbey, we wandered up to the castle. It is situated upon a basaltic rock, which rises in mighty pillars, like Point Fairhead in Ireland, steep and precipitous on one side. A pathway leading to the foot of this precipice affords some excellent prospects. On one side rise the old basaltic pillars, adorned, and in parts concealed, by a mighty ivy which climbs the perpendicular height; and on the other, extends the charming plain. On the plain, towards the sea, we behold the beautiful windings of the Forth through the green fields and meadows. The stream seems loath to leave the delightful dale, and makes a slight resistance here and there, until it loses itself in the salt wave, which advances so courteously from a distance to receive it.

On the summit of the rock lie the castle and its adjuncts. As it is one of four Scottish castles which must be kept in a state of defence, in terms of the Act of Union, there were several batteries and salient points where we were not allowed to walk. We would gladly have gone upon every projecting point, so beautiful appeared every glance, and peep, and picture. It is a pity so many books of travels have been published; for, as everybody has a few words to say on what he has seen, so no one now-a-days will venture to say much, for fear it has been better said elsewhere. We often light upon such a place as Stirling, where one might pour forth a flood of eloquence, and represent everything in a more full and beautiful aspect. But then, as one fears it has been too often described already, he cannot trust himself to believe in the patience and interest of the reader, who has been often led away with such pretensions, and perhaps deceived. And so it happens, that the reader, who would perhaps once more willingly have the pleasure of hearing something more accurate and instructive, is denied the gratification, and the art of scientific description falls into disuse from the very frequency of past descriptions. Professor Thibaut, the Göttingen mathematician, always wished that his scholars had never heard anything about mathematics, or that they had forgotten all they had ever heard, that he might be able to rear the beautiful structure of mathematical learning upon an even and unprejudiced foundation. So might the Scottish traveller wish that his readers had never heard anything of Stirling Castle, the Forth, Strathmore, or of Scotland generally. Then, certainly, would he best describe and pourtray. One may suppose this, but has not the courage; and as we always care to seek out the new and unknown, rather than reproduce the old in a new form, our labour is generally a miserable piece of patchwork. Still, what is to be done? We must make a virtue of necessity, and hope, that here and there we may stumble upon something not so well known, or at least upon some one who knows nothing at all about it.

The foundations of the oldest parts of the building and fortifications of Stirling Castle are so ancient, that no point of time can be discovered in which there was not a castle upon this hill. A greater part, however, of the present building dates from Mary of Guise, the mother of Mary Stuart, who was intrenched here with her French troops. A parliament house, built by James III., a palace by James V., and a royal chapel by James VI., are among the more remarkable buildings.

The parliament house lies, very characteristically, close to the king's palace, and, in a certain degree, forms part of it: and in this we may recognise the character of the parliament, which was nothing more than the king's council, and which never contradicted the will of the sovereign. All the contradiction which the kings of Scotland experienced in their own country arose from quite another quarter—never in the houses of parliament. Scottish parliaments were likewise held in Edinburgh, Perth, and other places. For these assemblies were as little bound to one determined place, as were the courts of the emperor and the diet in Germany.

The palace of James V. is a perfect model of bad taste, which, in a royal residence, is to be noted as a rarity. It is inconceivable how such a wretched taste could have prevailed in a court, particularly in a court where a French princess was queen; and that such abominable mythological figures should have been permitted as are stuck upon the walls of the palace. But it is well that these monstrosities have not been destroyed, for they are certainly interesting, as a specimen of the history of taste. Had, however, the destruction-loving reformers, who came after James V., chosen such buildings as sacrifices, instead of so many magnificent abbeys, they would have stood all the better in our estimation.

In the chapel is to be seen Knox's pulpit. Similar Knox's pulpits are pointed out in several towns of Scotland; as, among ourselves, many pulpits of Luther, Zuinglius, and other reformers, are preserved and shown. Pulpits are the peculiar relics of the founders of our religion, who erected their new structures merely with the Word, and on the Word.

As in Holyrood-house we find the Rizzio corridor, so in one part of Stirling Castle we have the "Douglas-room," a cabinet in which James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas (1452), because he would not renounce the league into which he had entered, with several other barons, against the royal interests. On the whole, it is seldom that kings play the part of murderers. But in Scottish history this is not so rare.

"Ye towers, within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled,"

sings Walter Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," of this apartment. In truth, murder committed by the consecrated person of a sovereign, has something peculiarly horrible in it. For, first, he desecrates the sacredness of his person, when he turns physical power against physical power; and, secondly, he fills his subjects and all around him with dread, when he does not scruple to commit a crime, which must make every one feel insecure on account of his power. It is hence to be explained how people retain as long in their memories the murder of a subject by the hand of a king, as the murder of a king by a subject; while, from a superficial observation, it might be supposed that, from the greatness of the might of a king, it would soon be forgotten.

The Stuarts were partial to Stirling Castle, and more of them resided here than at Edinburgh. James V. is held in remembrance here as much as Mary Stuart is in Edinburgh. This king was in the habit, like Haroun-al-Raschid, of descending from his castle heights, in disguise, and not only for the purpose of showing himself among the people, but to spread his bounties. Leading down from the brow of the castle hill, there is a pathway called Ballangeich (in Gaelic signifying the Winding Pass), which he often used on these excursions. As the people usually saw the strange gentleman coming down this pathway, they were accustomed, in speaking of him to one another, to call him the "Gudeman of Ballangeich"—or, the "Laird of Ballangeich."

The castle, at the time of my visit, was full of Highland troops, some of its buildings being used as barracks. They were all tall, well-formed, indeed good-looking fellows. Some were exercising, others were posted as sentinels, and others amused themselves in the old castle hall, with the bagpipes. In the evening, as I learnt from ill-written announcements in every corner, a play was to be performed by amateurs in the castle hall.

I saw here, for the first time, the beautiful Highland costume, which has not been seen for a long time on the Continent. In Napoleon's time it was as well known in Germany and Spain, as the costume of the Cossacks, Baschkirs, and other nations. In the present profound peace of Europe, nations naturally forget one another, and something of this kind is required at times to refresh the recollection. It is well known that the Scots boast that their national dress is derived from the Romans. Roman soldiers introduced it into Scotland, and it extended to the Pictish inhabitants of the mountains. This is firmly believed by most of the Scots, and is asserted by their most esteemed historians, but still appears extremely problematical. For, first, the Scottish costume has only a distant resemblance to the Roman. Secondly, had the

Romans possessed that division of Scotland, the Highlands, where this costume prevails, or even the smallest portion of it, it is still difficult to believe that the Picts, who were a warlike people, and engaged in continual hostilities with the Romans, should have renounced their national dress for the love of the Roman. Indeed, a people adopting nothing but the garments of another people, the mere external hull, and neither their language nor manners, were a veritable phenomenon; and it were even a greater phenomenon to see the Roman mantle hanging, entire and unchanged, among the distant mountains of Caledonia, while not a tatter of it is any longer to be found in all the rest of Europe. The similarity of the Roman chlamys to the Scottish kilt, is probably purely accidental. That it should be otherwise is not to be supposed. It is certainly possible; but the thing must be somewhat better proved. Could such proof be given, the fact would be indeed an interesting one to the ethnographist, and it would give rise to a supposition, that, as the Roman dress is found in the Highlands, so the Latin language may be found in Wallachia, at the eastern extremity of the empire.

The Highland garb has this advantage, that it never embarrasses a lady to have to mention the word breeches, for the good reason, that the Highlanders have no breeches. This circumstance gives the dress its principal charm; for there is no doubt that the legs, clad in breeches, lose more of their original form than any other portion of the body, being transformed into two ungainly posts. The under-garment of the highlander is very short, but falls down in many folds, and hence gives the middle part of the body a certain breadth and fulness. It is called a kilt. It is made of very heavy material, and, as we have just said, has many folds, so that it is not easily raised by the wind, and is sufficiently warm, especially as a great heavy leathern pocket, made of goat-skin, is hung in front of it. Over the kilt, the "plaid" is usually worn, made of the variegated Scottish material called tartan. The plaid is merely a large shawl, thrown over the shoulder, and fastened over the back and breast. It is the only piece of Scottish clothing that is generally used by all classes in Scotland instead of the mantle, and is even worn by people in the north of England. I did not observe it among the soldiers, and I do not know whether the plaid belongs to their uniform.* The bonnet is a very becoming head-dress, and is sometimes adorned with an eagle's feather, and sometimes with waving plumes; and, lastly, the coverings of the feet consist of sandals, which reach the calf, and,

* The *plaid* is part of the full uniform of a Highland regiment.—Trans.

like the Roman, are crossed and fastened with variegated laces.* I believe there are two regiments in the English army clothed in this manner. Even among the upland people, the national garb is gradually disappearing, as that of Europe generally is gradually falling into disuse. The kilt is still worn by a few old people. But generally it is worn by youths up to a certain age, and that not merely among the country people, but among many of the upper ranks, partly because it is moderate in price, and partly because it is beneficial to the health of children, and tends to make them hardy.

We went into the hall, in which we heard the sounds of the bagpipe. The Scottish bagpipes sound louder and sharper than the Irish pipes, particularly because they are intended to sound above the thunder of battle. They are also made different from the Irish pipes. Those used in the army are usually very elegant. There are to each regiment twelve war-pipes, and two to each company. The Scots are enthusiastic in their love for this national instrument. In Edinburgh, the sound of the bagpipe is to be heard in almost every street. "When we hear the bagpipe in battle, then we go through the very devil," said the corporal who showep us the pipes hanging on the wall, and who played us a few melodies.

At the foot of the castle hill, towards the south, are the Royal Gardens, laid out in the year 1315, and which were the scene of so many of those knightly sports, under the Stuarts, related in the Scottish Chronicles. They are now entirely covered with grass. Their original plan, however, is still to be discovered by the shades of turf. The mound in the centre is called the "King's Knot," from which different walks diverge. Then, there is the "Ladies' Hill," from which the fair ones beheld the tournament, and many other interesting things besides. But the ear had no time to listen to all the recondite narrations of my worthy cicerone, for the ravished eye turned away, again and again, to catch a glimpse of the beautiful country that opened on every side.

I have no doubt that the prospect from Stirling Castle is the finest of the kind in Great Britain, and as she is the finest kingdom in Europe, so the fairest wreath is due to this castle. The extraordinary beauty of the scenery must excuse me to my reader, if I once more revert to the subject. In the break in the Stirling hills, I have already described the confluence of three rivers, the Allan, the Teith, and the Forth. The semicircular windings of the latter are particularly lovely. The little peninsulas formed by

* It is scarcely necessary to explain this inaccuracy. Our author alludes to the short stockings worn.—TRANS.

these windings are called "links," from their resemblance to the links in a chain, and are so fertile, that they are the subject of the following old rhyme:—

> "Ae link o' the Forth
> Is worth an earldom o' the North."

Although the season was pretty far advanced, yet these links were covered with the fairest and freshest green. The black basaltic rock of the castle rose aloft from this verdant sea, like an exalted throne, designed by nature for the ruler of the country. The whole neighbourhood is level. In the distance stand the steep gigantic posts of the mountain-door; and from hence, towards the sea and the interior, the country spreads out. Towards the sea, the eye is lost in blue; but towards the interior, in the distance, rise the mighty pyramids of the Grampians, like gigantic border-watchers, and the whole range, adorned, now with snow and now with dark blue heath, stand uniform, like a band of mountain Scots in their Highland garb.

The level plain of Strathmore is sprinkled with a multitude of towns and villages, whose inhabitants we cannot help supposing to be happy. We had only indifferent weather; for Apollo, against all right and justice, usually treats this beautiful district, alas! somewhat too harshly. Had the day been fine, I believe Stirling Castle would have tempted the traveller to abandon all his farther travelling arrangements. But at last the rain descended, and drove us from this incomparable spectacle.

CHAPTER VII.

DRUMMOND CASTLE.

THE VALLEY OF STRATHMORE—TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN A ROMAN CAMP—THE MOTHER OF THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO—PARISH SCHOOLMASTERS—DISCONTENT OF SCOTTISH SCHOOLMASTERS—POPULAR EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND—THE GAELIC LANGUAGE AT WAR WITH THE ENGLISH—DECLINE OF THE GAELIC—INTRODUCTION OF SHEEP-FARMING AND EXPULSION OF THE COTTERS—THE ABOLITION OF THE CLANS—REMAINS OF THE CLANS—CLAN DRUMMOND—ORIGIN OF CLANS—THE GREED OF THE CAMPBELLS, THE IRE OF THE DRUMMONDS, &c.—A SCOTTISH BREAKFAST—"BEFORE THE PRESBYTERY"—"INTRUSIONISTS AND NON-INTRUSIONISTS"—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—"COLLIES"—QUEEN VICTORIA AND DRUMMOND CASTLE—DEER-STALKING—ARMS OF THE DRUMMONDS—DUNSINNANE HILL—STRATH AND GLEN—STRATHMORE AND GLENMORE—ENGLISH GARDENING—PARK OF DRUMMOND CASTLE—ENGLISH FANCY FOR FLOWERS—ORANGES, LAURELS, AND HEATHS—THE TURF AND FIRS OF THE PARK—SCOTTISH GARDENERS—SCOTTISH SNUFF-MILL.

I took leave of my Stirling friend, and sought refuge under the roof of my travelling hut, the post-chaise, in company with my courteous Presbyterian friend, and drove the same evening through the beautiful valley of Strathmore, to visit the gardens attached to the castle of the Drummond family. The road, at first, led along Allandale, at the foot of the Ochil Hills, and by the villages of Lecropt and Dunblane. Six miles beyond Dunblane we passed an old Roman encampment, perhaps the finest and most perfect of its kind in Scotland. It is 1,000 feet in length, and 900 in breadth, and is surrounded by a threefold defence of walls and trenches. It is called Agricola's Camp, and was constructed by that general in the year 83, for 20,000 of his soldiers. Cattle now graze on the grass-covered walls and enclosure; and in one of the still distinguishable entrances, a small triumphal archway, adorned with branches, was erected in honour of our German Prince Albert. This doorway exactly faces the Highlands, and no doubt Agricola frequently passed under similar triumphal arches here, on returning from his successful invasions. Not long ago, Prince Albert entered here, on a peaceful examination of this scene of ancient warlike tumult.

From this Roman camp to Drummond Castle stretches a level district, called the Muir of Ochil; and on this moor, in a hollow, stood, and perhaps still stands, a little hut. This hut, Mr. Chambers relates, was occupied thirty years ago by an old woman, commonly called the "Mother of the Empress of Morocco." Sixty or seventy years ago, the daughter of this woman, on her

voyage to America, was captured, along with many other emigrants from Scotland, by a corsair, made a slave, and brought to the harem of the Emperor of Morocco, and so gained his affections, that he raised her to the dignity of one of his wives. When empress, she entered into a correspondence with her relatives in Scotland, and in this way the matter became well known. The two sons she had by the emperor afterwards applied for the assistance of England to support their pretensions, inasmuch as they were of British blood by the mother's side.

Not far from Drummond Castle is the little village of Muthill. As my reverend friend resided in this neighbourhood, I determined to remain here for the night, and found, in a little inn, every requisite comfort,—an agreeable, communicative, old hostess, a comfortable cleanly room, a bed half an acre in size, as is generally the case in England, and milk, whisky, porridge, warm brose,—in short, everything of the best that one can wish for in Scotland. But I found that all these good things only satisfied my mouth, and left the head and heart unprovided, so I took my way to the house of the village schoolmaster, whom I found all alone, sitting by the fireside, and who hospitably invited me to spend the evening with him.

Village schoolmasters are a class of men whom the traveller, desirous of information, will, in no country, venture to neglect. They stand on the extreme limits of the cultivated classes; and of those who can think, and reflect, and reason, are found nearest the rural population of the country. All their knowledge of the people and their manners they have at first hand; just as foresters, hunters, fishermen, and farmers have their knowledge of the animals, and plants, and climates of a country, from personal observation. The village teacher is generally a little treasury of information respecting the people, and of all the local details of his neighbourhood, the manners of the villagers, and so forth, which is seldom to be found in clergymen, occupying a much larger sphere of action. The ethnographist and statistician may, if he proceed critically to work, draw largely from the caskets of the village schoolmaster; and could these only be all brought together, from wherever they exist, an immense mass of valuable information would be collected.

In my learned friend I discovered a most instructive companion. For I found in him, as I afterwards did in many of his colleagues, a worthy and well-informed man. His room was clean and comfortable, and, more than this, elegantly arranged; and while I silently compared his dwelling with those of our schoolmasters in Saxony, I discovered a wide difference, and wondered that Scotland, who, in the middle of the last century, could easily reckon her

ew comfortably situated teachers, had made such progress in so short a time.

I expressed my joyful surprise at this, and he said he was quite contented with his situation. But, on the whole, great dissatisfaction prevails among the parish schoolmasters of Scotland, on account of the small salaries they receive. I remarked that the same complaint existed among our German schoolmasters, and for the same reason. "How high are their salaries?" he inquired. "They are various," I answered; "some have indeed 100 and even 150 dollars, but many have only fifty dollars, and some even less than this."

"How many pounds make a dollar?" he asked.

"Seven dollars make a pound," I said.

"And fifty dollars are about—?"

"Seven pounds!"

"What?" he exclaimed in astonishment, and springing from his chair, "seven pounds salary for a teacher?"

"Yes, indeed, seven pounds," I said: "how much have you then?"

"I know none in Scotland less than from £40 to £50. But the average income of a schoolmaster is from £70 to £80, and some have upwards of £150."

"What?" I exclaimed, in turn astonished; and springing from my seat, we stood confronting one another, a wonder-stricken pair: "£150 make 1,050 dollars! With such a revenue a German baron would be satisfied! And this is what your schoolmasters grumble at?"

"Yes," he said, "we complain. But then consider how dear everything is among us. Jamaica coffee two shillings a pound, raw sugar eightpence a pound, chocolate still dearer, and tea far from cheap; then how dear are good beef and pork, plums and puddings, and everything else?"*

* We have given this dialogue as we find it narrated by our author; but we hope we shall not be considered as detracting from the general accuracy of Mr. Kohl's details, by expressing our belief that he has, in this instance at least, either been imposed upon by his informant, or has exhibited one of the most prominent "lights and shadows of Scottish character" through the medium of his own imagination, rather than in the simple garb of truth. The learned schoolmaster of Muthill *may*, indeed, be conversant with "plums and puddings," and similar dainties equally unknown in the more humble fare of a majority of his brethren; but if so, he is a *rara avis* of his species—equally rare, indeed, with those who can boast of salaries of "upwards of £150." The generality of Scottish parochial schoolmasters would, we believe, like Goldsmith's village preacher, deem themselves

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year,"

and too many of them never receive one half of that amount. A more useful

"Yes, indeed," I replied, reseating myself, "that is very true." But then, I thought to myself, our schoolmasters are contented if they have only bread in the house. There has been always, also, a great complaint among the ministers of Scotland about the smallness of their stipends; for the reformers, who destroyed the abbeys and cloisters, allowed all their wealth and revenues to fall into the hands of laymen, and have never since, in spite of all their endeavours, been able to get anything considerable back. But I am sure that none of our village preachers would believe they had any reason to complain, if they had only as great an income as the worst paid of these ministers in Scotland. The smallest stipend I heard of was £150 a year, besides a manse and glebe. In the Scottish establishment, there are neither such rich clergymen, nor so poor vicars and curates, as are to be met with in the English.

It is well known that popular education has made much progress in Scotland; and my friend informed me, that, in his district, the greatest zeal prevailed among the people to learn something themselves, and also to afford a good education to their children. It does not require constraint to oblige the people to send their children to school, and my friend greatly wondered when I told him this was the case in Germany. He said they all sent their children voluntarily, and that it was regarded shameful in any one not to send his children to school: indeed, it never entered into the thoughts of any one not to do so. "The people," he said, "would never fall in with any such constraint, which would be the certain means of rendering both the school and education disagreeable to them." Of course, he spoke principally of the Lowlands, upon whose boundaries we then were. In the Highlands, the Gaelic language is a great obstacle to the introduction of a good education, which is only carried upon the wings of the Normanno-Saxon language. In this language alone is all life, movement, and activity written and conceived. It is the language of the cultivated. It is impossible that two languages and two literatures can flourish together in the same country. The one must supplant the other,—and that rather the powerful English than the feeble Gaelic; and all that may be done by Celtic societies and Highland patriots will not preserve it from complete ruin. Indeed, one must wish, for a hundred reasons, that this, however

and intelligent, but at the same time a more scurvily remunerated body of men does not exist; and for every one of their number whom Mr. Kohl or his Muthill schoolmaster can produce with a salary of fifty pounds a year, numbers may be found who do not receive twenty, including salary, fees, and gratuities of every description.—TRANS.

melancholy, extermination of the Celtic language should take place as soon as possible. It appears, in fact, that even now the English is rapidly supplanting it. My friend named several glens in the adjoining parish of Comrie, which is situated in the Highlands, where, forty years ago, the Gaelic was almost universally spoken, and where now the English is the general language. In subsequent parts of my journey I found many similar examples, of a freshly rooted-out Gaelic tongue. When we consider the antiquity of the Germanic race and language in Scotland, and that the Gaelic had never a written language to support it, it is indeed a perfect miracle that it should have so long sustained the attacks of the German. Even Tacitus informs us that the Caledonians (in the Lowlands) were a Germanic race! What wars may not these Lowlanders have carried on with the Highlanders, before the time of the Romans! The victorious fields gained by the Germanic Danes and Norwegians over these Celtic Highlanders afterwards; and then the long development of Saxon settlements in the Lowlands—which happened here, as in England—combining with the previously existing Germanic elements, must have formed an extraordinary power against the Celts. And yet it has required our utmost might, aided by hornbooks and schoolbooks, journals, newspapers, literary weapons of every description, and all the power of our thousand-armed age besides, to lay hold on the old Gaelic by the root, and lift it fairly out of the saddle. And now it will not be long before the Gaelic tongue is completely exterminated in every glen and ben.

The improvements in agriculture, and the introduction of sheep-farming, have very much contributed to this victory of the English in the Highlands, and, with many others, these date from the middle of the last century. Formerly, many small cotters were scattered about in the glens, who cultivated, as in Ireland, small pieces of ground among the mosses and rocks, for their oaten bread, and grazed a few lean cattle upon miserable patches of pasture. In recent times, many of these remote glens have been cleared of their inhabitants, sometimes by force. In ancient times, when clanship was in being, the riches of a chief were estimated by the number of his retainers, and one of these small cotters was always of some value to his chief, even if he knew how to support himself. But after the dissolution of clanship, the chiefs were obliged to look for other sources of income. They therefore pushed aside these small cotters, who brought them nothing in, and who could no longer serve them with their persons, and drove them from their miserable little farms, which they turned into sheep-walks. In the meantime, manufactures were awakening in

the cities of Scotland, commerce was stirring in her harbours, and in the larger crop-producing districts a better system of agriculture was established, which not only maintained a greater number of individuals, but brought more labour into use. The Highlanders, driven from their solitary mountain dwellings by the sheep, found employment on these farms, and in the seats of commerce and industry; the scattered population of the country became more concentrated in towns and cities; and even this circumstance has contributed much to the victorious progress of the English language, and to the civilization of Scotland in general.

The abolition of the Highland clans gave birth in Scotland to a new and luxurious spring, whose blossoms are now ripening into the fairest fruit. This spring, indeed, arose in storms of violence and bloodshed. The dragoons of Cumberland, whose devastations in Scotland are so well known, marked its commencement; and in 1746, when the last insurrection in favour of the Stuarts had been crushed, its influence began to be felt. All the clans were dispersed by the English; and one, which had always been conspicuous for its unbridled wildness and ferocity, the clan Mac Gregor, was entirely proscribed. Many of the Mac Gregors—the well-known Rob Roy was a Mac Gregor—were shot, hung, and otherwise killed, and it was ordered that, in future, no Mac Gregor should be allowed to exist. The very name was forbidden. The Mac Gregors fled in all directions, hid themselves, and disguised their names. Some went over to the Campbells, and took their name; others to the Drummonds, and called themselves Drummonds. In this village of Muthill, as the schoolmaster informed me, there are several living at the present day, who were Mac Gregors, although they have adopted other names. There are some, in modern times, who have again taken the old name of Mac Gregor; but there are also several who use a double name: thus there is one who always subscribes himself "James Drummond," but who is known among his family and friends by the name of "James Mac Gregor."

Remains of the clans still exist. And although the abolition of the clans naturally led to the dispersion of many over the world, who were formerly settled in one district; and although there is not a place in Scotland where we may not find Mac Gregors, Mac Phersons, and other clansmen, amongst the inhabitants; yet they are not so entirely effaced, that we do not discover certain districts, in which certain clan-names are the most prevalent and usual. Indeed, there are still several glens, where the ancient clan-name may be found belonging to the greater number of the inhabitants. Thus, in the district where I now found myself, most of the people

bore the name of Drummond, and are descendants of members of that old and celebrated clan, which, after that of Stuart, was one of the most important and considerable in the whole county of Perth. The head, or chief, of the Drummonds, or, as he is called in Gaelic, *Cean*,* (pronounced and written Ken, by the English,) this "Cean Drummatich" (the head of the Drummonds) was at the same time Earl of Perth. Since the year 1716, this lofty title has been what is called an "extinct peerage," or a "forfeited title." He was deprived of it on account of his adherence to the Stuarts. But by many the Drummonds are still called "the noble family of Perth;" and there is still a Drummond who claims and represents this title. Scotland has more of these dormant titles than England; Ireland more than Scotland.

The chief of Clan Drummond always resided at Drummond Castle, near Muthill. The male line of this leading stem is extinct, and the surviving heiress was Clementina Drummond, who married Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, the Lord Great Chamberlain of England. When the Queen of England, on her journey, visited here, this English lord, the "Cean Drummatich," marshalled the Drummonds, in their clan-tartan, (which is red, green, and black,) under his banner, to greet her Majesty. The mother of James I., Queen Anna Bella, was also a Drummond.

The Drummonds of Castle Drummond are the chief of that name. But besides this, there are several other distinguished families who bear the name of Drummond, as the "Drummonds of Strathallan," the "Drummonds of Comrie," the "Drummonds of Blair-Drummond," the "Drummonds of Hawthornden," the "Drummonds of Keltie," and the "Drummonds of Kinnoul." These, however, are the "*Cadets*," or younger branches of the great stem, the Drummonds of Drummond Castle, who shot off from the chief family. Several of the Drummonds are still Scottish peers, and the name belongs to the greatest families in the kingdom, as the Earls of Kinnoul and Strathallan. Besides these noblemen, there are many commoners of the name of Drummond. In London, there is a celebrated banker of that name. I met with several Dr. Drummonds in England, and about Comrie there is a crowd of farmers of the same name. I have thus given my readers a brief view of one such entire Scottish clan. As all these Drummonds have the same family name, so they all bear the same arms. Before the introduction of sirnames and armorial bearings, says Robertson, the clans were everywhere distinguished by some common appellation, either patronymical or

* One of the kings of Scotland, Malcolm III., was also called "Cean Mohr," the great head, or chief nobleman.

local. But when these became common, the descendants and relations of every chieftain assumed the same name and arms with him; other vassals were proud to imitate their example, and by degrees they were communicated to all who held of the same superior. Thus clanships were formed; and in a generation or two that consanguinity, which was at first imaginary, was believed to be real. An artificial union was converted into a natural one: men willingly followed a leader whom they regarded both as the superior of their lands, and the chief of their blood, and served him, not only with the fidelity of vassals, but with the affection of friends.

Not far from the district in which the Drummonds ruled, and still rule, is the country of the Campbells, into which I entered a few days afterwards. Both the Drummonds and the Campbells, that good man, Maxton of Caltoguey, mentioned every morning in his prayers, as follows:—

> "From the greed of the Campbells,
> From the ire of the Drummonds,
> From the pride of the Grahams,
> From the wind of the Murrays,
> Good Lord deliver us!"

Next morning, at nine o'clock, I went to visit my friend the preacher. In England, such invitations to breakfast often occur, while we cannot well receive company at this meal, as we take it so early, just when we get out of bed. But in England, where a person breakfasts about nine or ten o'clock, he has often a numerous assembly. In Scotland, again, a breakfast is quite another affair. First, family worship is longer, and more solemnly conducted, than in England. Then, as concerns the fare, meat is not so abundantly set forth; but, instead, fish, sweetmeats, and pastry play an important part. Fish we seldom miss at a Scottish breakfast; and I must confess I find this dish, particularly as it is cooked in Scotland, without piquant sauces, and merely broiled on the gridiron, somewhat insipid at first taste. Inconceivably insipid, also, are the so-called "barley scones." These are flat, round cakes, prepared of barley-meal and water, and which appear to have scarcely seen the fire, even at a distance, for the dough is so raw, that one has the meal sticking among his teeth. To compensate for this, I found the honey as sweet and pleasant in this northern country, as in any the richest flowering land. The good man informed me that the summer had been so mild and dry that his bees had swarmed twice,—an occurrence that seldom happens.

There was at breakfast with us a young man, a relation of the minister, who told me he was then "before the Presbytery;" that is, he had completed his studies, and was waiting to be licensed to

preach. As well as I could make out, my friend was an "Anti-patronage man," or, as the Scots also say, a "Non-intrusionist." The latter party-name arises out of the contentions in the kirk of Scotland already alluded to, where the patron or secular magistrate *intrudes* a minister upon a parish or congregation, whether it will or not. Those who assert this right of the patrons are, on the other hand, called "Patronage men" and "Intrusionists." To the non-intrusionists, however, belong many ministers who are not so vehemently opposed to lay patrons and the secular power, and who, on this account, are called "Moderates." A third name for their opponents is, lastly, that of "Evangelicals," because they appeal to the gospel for proofs of the independence of the "Scottish Apostolical and Missionary Church." The term "Highflyers" is merely a nickname, bestowed upon some of the more zealous of the evangelicals. There are, moreover, as we have already stated, two church parties who occur throughout the entire history of Scotland for the last three hundred years. The evangelicals of the present day are the children's children of the covenanters opposed to James; as these covenanters, again, were the followers and imitators of the children of Israel, who, in defence of their religion under dangerous circumstances, entered into a "covenant" with one another, beyond the Red Sea.

After breakfast we set out on foot, on a visit to Drummond Castle, situated a few miles off. The weather was glorious, the magnificent hills surrounded the plain we were crossing, and there barked and frisked about us a right poetical dog. The "Colly" (a sheep-dog) had been presented to my friend, the minister, by the Ettrick Shepherd, a little before his death. These Scottish collies are proverbial in Great Britain for their sagacity and other fine qualities. They have long hair, a bushy tail, a sharp countenance, and a greyish colour; and are celebrated in the poems of the Ettrick Shepherd, by whom our colly had been reared. Hogg was a shepherd in Ettrick, on the borders of Scotland, where he lived, and died in the year 1835, on a small farm which he had rent-free from the Duke of Buccleuch. His poems are well known in Scotland, although not so prized and famed as those of the great Caledonian poet, Burns, who likewise sprang from the class of peasants, and continued therein to his death.

"At half two o'clock"—an Englishman would say "half past one," while the Scots, who have retained many old Saxon expressions, say, even as we Germans would, "half two o'clock"—we arrived at the boundaries of the park, and proceeded along a woody path, which in some parts formed a kind of dam between two lakes, to the ancient seat of the Drummonds.

When Queen Victoria signified to her chamberlain, its present possessor, that she would pay his residence a visit in the course of her journey, he was rather alarmed, and assured her Majesty that his castle was nothing more than an old shooting-box, and scarcely fit for the reception of such an illustrious guest. But the queen and her husband were not to be thus prevented from visiting and spending a few days in this remote but beautiful and romantic part of the country, at the very entrance of the Highlands. They had not, indeed, gone to Scotland to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of royalty, which they could command in abundance at home. They arrived here on a Saturday, about seven o'clock in the evening, and left the charming spot on the Tuesday following. As it was formerly the custom, on the visit of a monarch to one of his Scottish subjects, for the clansmen to be drawn out in their uniform, as a body-guard, it was repeated upon this occasion. The owner of the castle had clad his Drummonds in their old colours and tartans, and they were placed in the castle, as a body-guard to the queen and her husband. On Monday the chief held a "Clan-show,"—so my friend called the review of the clansmen; and afterwards a great deer-hunt was prepared for Prince Albert. The deer-hunts of Scotland are as celebrated in Great Britain as those of Ireland. In England, there are only a few of these noble deer. This hunt is called "deer-stalking." For as the rough and rugged glens, which the deer inhabit, are inaccessible to a huntsman with horse and hound, he must hunt on foot, in the same way as the chamois is *stalked* in the Tyrol. In Cooper's novel of "The Smugglers," there is an interesting and lively representation of a deer-stalking.

On one of the gates, leading to the gardens, were displayed the arms of the Drummonds,—three red stripes on a shield of gold, supported by two men armed with clubs, and underneath, the motto of the clan—"Gang warily,"—one of the many remarkable, old Scottish mottoes, so characteristic of mountaineers, and which would be equally as appropriate for foxes and wolves, as for the arms of Highland chieftains, and occupiers of these mountain strongholds.

The rugged rocks upon which Drummond Castle stands, have apparently been made level, to afford room for the different parts of the building. On a steep and elevated part of the rock are the ruins of the ancient castle, in which the Drummonds, when Earls of Perth, resided; and upon these ruins the standard of the family was planted, to do honour to the illustrious guests. The owner, however, had arranged some apartments in the modern part of the castle for the use of his visitors. From the wings of the new castle there is a beautiful prospect over the Lowlands of Perth

n the distance we could see distinctly the conical hill of Dunsinnane, not far from Perth. What would not many a young German mind, inspired by the reading of Shakspeare's or Schiller's Macbeth, give to be able to look upon Dunsinnane even at a distance. My companions told me that a great stone still points out the grave of one who was slain by a man not born of a woman. It is now called "the lang man's graff." King Malcolm's troops appear to have used up Birnam Wood in storming Macbeth's intrenchment. At all events, it is no longer to be seen.

I was permitted some enchanting peeps into Strathearn, Strathmore, and several neighbouring Highland glens. No Scotsman has been able to give me a strict definition of the distinction made between a strath and a glen. I believe, however, the chief distinction is this: by strath is understood a long, wide, deep, and level part of the country, stretching to a considerable distance between the sides of two pretty remote mountain chains; and by a glen, a small, narrow valley. Straths, as long tracts of country between lofty hills, often partake of an uneven and hilly nature. In this respect, straths are distinguished from "Carses," which mean a perfectly flat alluvial district, in the neighbourhood of rivers and bays. These carses are sometimes called "Polders," a name which signifies the same in the north of Germany.

The most remarkable strath in Scotland is that flat district we have already described as being situated between the Grampians and the Stirling chain of hills, and which extends right across Scotland. The name "Strathmore" is often applied to the whole; but in a restricted sense it denotes that part which lies to the east of Perthshire, on both sides of the Tay. Parallel to Strathmore in the south, runs Glenmore in the north of Scotland, or, as it is called in full, "Glen-more-nan-Albin," (the Great Glen of Albin, or Scotland,) dividing the country in straight cleft, filled with the waters of Loch Ness, Loch Lochy, and Loch Linnhe, and through which the Caledonian canal passes.

"We like to assist nature as much as possible, but it must not be seen," remarked the gardener of Drummond Castle, as we descended the lordly rocky terrace that leads from the court of the castle to the gardens. And certainly this is very true. The English have brought the art of gardening to the highest degree of perfection; and yet, as an art, where the whole is as artificial as possible, they have made everything appear as natural as possible. This is the triumph of art, where the whole is art, and yet the whole shall appear to be nature. Most of the trees in the park had been planted and tended by the gardener, and yet it appeared as if nature had carelessly and accidentally scattered them here and

there: the very turf was in a great part artificial, and yet it appeared as if spread by the fairies themselves for their moonlight dances; even the ponds in the park were artificial, and yet could not be told from natural lakes. The ivy that climbed the dark rock of the castle, the yew trees on the various steps of the terrace, spreading out their thatch-like branches,—all had been ordered by the hand of art, and still appeared as if they had been for ever the free children of the wood.

The flower-garden was the most remarkable of the whole, for here some plants are brought to a degree of perfection that is seldom to be seen anywhere else,—I mean the heaths. This garden lies on an entirely level and broad piece of ground, between the castle and a hilly part of the park, and commands a delightful view of the majestic park trees, and the castle, with its ivy-trellised walls. The plan of the garden may be called a patriotic Scottish one. The principal walks cross it in form of a St. Andrew's cross, and between them are the flower-beds and the shrubs, like the jewels of the order, whilst other walks run round it to imitate the ribbon. On a pillar, in the centre of the garden, are sixty sun-dials, placed in as many different positions. And out of the shrubberies peep several statues of Spring, Summer, Bacchus, Pomona, Winter, &c. It is only in their flower-gardens that the English indulge themselves in such little devices, and what the gardener said about nature and art did not in the least apply to this part of the grounds. It seemed to me, indeed, as if the garden at Drummond Castle was everywhere an imitation of an Italian garden. I was sorry I did not inquire whether the idea of the garden had not been derived from Italy. Several northern shrubs were cut like orange trees; others, as the holly, took the pyramidal form of cypresses, as if it were intended to bring to memory the Southern plants, which cannot bear this northern climate.

The "standard flowers" of the garden, as the gardener called them, are roses, of which there is here a magnificent display. A particular kind, the "Madame Desprey," was produced, or, as the gardener said, "worked here." Most of the roses here, and in Great Britain generally, are of the tree kind, not, as among us, of the bush kind. The fairest and greatest varieties have always been, and still are, obtained here from France, through the London "nurserymen." The import of flower-seeds from Germany is also large. Asters and stock-gillyflowers, in particular, come almost exclusively from Germany. They pay twelve shillings for an ounce, almost as much as if they were weighed against gold. Many bulbous roots are brought from Holland to London, from

whence they are sent to Edinburgh, and thence again to these Highland gardens. Holland, in this respect, is still important. Dahlias and Georginas are now the rage in every garden in the world. The gardener told me they had about 6,000 of these flowers here, and he had observed that all the Georginas that came from Germany had larger flowers and continued longer in bloom, but that the English had the fullest flower. Orange trees cannot be grown in the open air here, because, even in the finest part of the season, they have always to fear a few nights of frost. What an interesting scale there is in the cultivation of these plants! In Berlin, they may be left in the open air in the summer months; in Dresden, a little longer, but they must be in well-protected pots. In the north of Italy, they may be left out all the year, but they must still be covered in the winter months. In the south of Italy and Spain, we first leave them entirely to their own care. If the orange must here be nursed with such care, the laurel, on the contrary, bears exposure well. We saw a laurel a century old, that was allowed to crawl up the rocks like an enormous snake.

The other standard flowers in the garden are the heaths, already mentioned, which here attain a most luxurious growth. The principal walks are lined with them, and their splendid red flowers contrast beautifully with the green walks. I say, "the green walks," for they are covered externally with a short velvety turf, and are far from being the least curiosity in the garden. The English are the only people in the world who never forget, in their domestic arrangements, how tender and ticklish we men are on the soles of the feet, and who everywhere take this into consideration. I have heard of an Englishman who could so little endure the bare floors of the Continent, that, whenever he entered a room in France or Germany, he was prepared with a rug or a piece of carpet, to place under his feet; and when he could get at nothing else, made use of a horse-cloth. Above all things, in their gardens, they like a soft walk to tread upon, and I can enter into this feeling completely. Hence they have the finest grass-plots imaginable, on which the grass is kept so short and close that it may be compared to the wool in a Brussels carpet. The grass-plots in our gardens are generally forbidden ground, as the long grass is grown chiefly for cows and goats, and not for human beings. In English gardens, persons walking generally use the grass-plots, the gravel-walks being quite deserted. Only when the grass is damp do they use the latter. In our walks we take a deal of trouble in rooting out the grass. In English garden-walks, as was the case at Drummond Castle, the grass is allowed

to grow strong, and is tended with care, so that in the pathways even, a short, beautiful carpet prevails. The grass was kept so short, and was hence so strong, that it was possible to walk upon it even in rainy weather.

A beautiful appearance have the firs of an English park, with their rich full boughs, and lower branches falling upon the green sward. I know not whether this is a peculiarity of the climate and the tree, or whether, as I conjecture, it is the result of art. Our German firs have generally the lower branches broken off or withered, and the branches first begin to spread out about the middle of the tree, which has consequently a mutilated appearance. But, in English parks, the lower branches fall gracefully, and sweep the ground like a lady's or peacock's train. The pyramid of the fir is thus complete, and its whole form appears to arise from the turf. There are many things in an English garden for which one obtains, for the first time, a proper eye. It is observable, that, although Scotland is neither absolutely nor even proportionally so rich in gardens as England, still many English gardens are under the care of Scotsmen. The Scots are greatly valued as gardeners in England. An Englishman of the middle, or even the end of the last century, if he could arise from his grave, would be struck with no small amazement at the great advances the "barbarous Scots" have made in such a very short time. "No nation in Europe has made such progress as Scotland," the English usually say. My gardener, to whom I repeated this aloud, thereupon pointed over the fences of the park, and said that the reason was to be found in the fields beyond. The extraordinary improvements in agriculture had put the gardens and everything else into motion. "For, sir," he continued, "once introduce science upon a farm, and it will soon penetrate to the heart of the nation." "Indeed," I remarked, "I find your garden charming; and your master, Lord Willoughby, must be a very modest man when he calls his seat merely an old 'shooting box;' and I cannot conceive how your Queen should so soon have left such a glorious country." "Yes, but her time was limited; and then, having a mother's care about her," he continued; "she left the bairns behind her in England."

In a room of the old castle I was shown the armour and uniforms, which the proprietor of the castle had provided for his clansmen, to act as body-guard to the Queen. The uniform was the Highland costume, already described, to which appertained, as ancient Scottish weapons, a long straight sword, bearing a singular resemblance to the Roman sword, and called a "claymore," a battle axe, and a small round shield. But the most curious ap-

pointment of the whole, was a brilliant "snuff-mull," worn on the occasion by the leader of the corps, and which properly belongs to the full Highland dress. It plays a more important part in Scotland than any other country I know of. The mull is a long winding ram's horn. The horn terminates in a spiral, which is commonly ornamented with a silver thistle, made by some of the famous goldsmiths of Perth, and the lid is in most cases adorned with a beautiful cairngorm. As its form is one the most inconvenient imaginable for the finger, a few little silver instruments, attached to the mull by a silver chain, perform its offices,—a little hammer, to knock on the mull to loosen the snuff that may be sticking to the sides, a little spoon to take it out withal, a little scraper to be used occasionally, a little silver-mounted hare's foot, to be used as a brush, and other articles of a similar nature. The whole is attached to the person with silver chains, and reminds one of the chiefs of a savage nation, to whose complete uniform, in like manner, a pipe belongs. It is singular that the Scots should be the only people of Europe to make use of these prolix and trifling appendages. Snuff-taking, among other nations, is pretty similar, and altogether a simple operation. Only the Scottish snuff-mull differs from every snuff-box in the world. Before the snuff shops in England, a Highlander is commonly placed, in his Highland dress, with a snuff-mull in his hand, as we sometimes place a sooty negro before our tobacco shops.

CHAPTER VIII.

CRIEFF.

THE POET MALLET — VARIOUS WAYS OF WEARING THE PLAID — SHEPHERD'S TARTAN—THE LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN AND FLOOD—THE TAY —BREACH OF THE TAY.

Here I took leave of my Drummond friends, and set out on foot, through the noble and magnificent park, towards the little town of Crieff. The day was still and fine. Not a breath was stirring, and the only sound I heard was the quiet fall of the leaves, and here and there the rustle of a pheasant among the dry foliage. And so I arrived at Crieff, if not covered with flowers, covered at least with the withered leaves and pine needles that fell everywhere around me.

Crieff is a comfortable little town, lying, like Drummond Castle, upon the borders of the Highlands. It is situated on the top of a

little hill, which, with another lying opposite to it, forms one of the various gates into the Highlands. From this gate the river Earn rushes from the mountains down into the plain. A famed Mac Gregor, but one who only dared to use the name in private, and who was publicly known by the name of Mallet, the well-known English poet, came from one of the little houses of this place, where his father was an innkeeper. It was market day when I arrived; and many individuals, who had been the best friends of Sir Robert Peel, although recently their friendship had been somewhat doubtful,—I mean the farmers,—were assembled.

All these farmers (fine-looking fellows some of them were,) wore, over the French or usual European dress, a Scottish plaid, the four-cornered woollen shawl I have already mentioned, and which serves the Scotsman for cloak, great-coat, mackintosh, furred-pelisse, and all. It is strange that the Scots, living in so cold a climate, have not invented a warmer upper-garment. The Russians, Poles, and other nations, living in a far more southern latitude, wear thick bear-skins; the Scots, on the contrary, instead of pelts and furs, use a loose four-cornered woollen cloth; and, instead of under and upper hose, often no hose at all. Can one comprehend such a contradiction? And yet it is said every people are best acquainted with their own climate and country, and best know what is useful. The Scots, for this reason, praise their plaid, and say, "it is very handy;" for even in an instant they can wrap up the limb that is almost freezing, and make out of it what they like. When it blows on the left, they wrap it over the left shoulder; when it storms on the right, they draw its woolly folds over the right: do they freeze all over, they drop its folds, and wrap themselves round and round in it, like a child in swaddling clothes; and, again, do they find themselves too warm, they roll it together, lay it over the shoulders, and permit the loose ends to flutter under the arms. This, I say, is all very true, and would be all very good and to the point in a Spanish or Italian climate, where it would sometimes be available against the cold winds. But here, where one has to deal with Highland gales, beauty ought to be in some measure sacrificed to utility.

It afforded me much pleasure to observe the various ways in which the people fasten their plaid. The usual way is to throw it over the left shoulder, and to fasten the ends under the right, rolling them round the arm, or otherwise concealing them. The plaid seems as naturally to belong to the left shoulder, as the sword does to the right hand, while the right arm, from the position of the plaid, is thus left free and ready for action. On the pillar erected at Glasgow to Sir Walter Scott, and upon which is

placed his statue, as large as life, the native artist, through a singular oversight, has put the plaid upon his right shoulder. I saw many well muffled up by throwing the plaid over both shoulders, and fastening it in such a peculiar way that it covered both back and breast, forming at the same time a girdle.

In the hands of a dexterous dandy, the finest effects are produced with the plaid; and in Edinburgh there are many of this class, who make it their study, and play as many manœuvres with the plaid, as we, or even Spaniards themselves, do with the Spanish cloak.

The plaids of my Crieff friends were all of a black and white square pattern Black and white is generally called "shepherd's tartan." I should think my readers are now sufficiently initiated into the mystery of the Scottish dress, to be able to distinguish the tartan from the plaid, which all Englishmen are not. Throughout Scotland, and in the north of England, the black and white tartan is common among shepherds and the people in general, and is everywhere of pretty much the same pattern. The black and white checks are very small, and at a little distance the whole appears of a greyish colour. To the two classes of tartans already mentioned,—clan-tartans and fancy-tartans,—we must add, then, a third class, shepherd-tartans.

Every step was a rich enjoyment in this "land of the mountain and flood," and not less so my journey from Crieff to Perth. Unlike continental countries, where the mountains are generally in the interior, the mountains of Scotland are encompassed by the sea, and bays and hills are intermixed. Vulcan and Neptune rule in close proximity. We again approached the sea, and the Frith of Tay, the latter constituting the pride and joy of Scotland, as the regal Shannon constitutes the pride and joy of Ireland.

The Tay is the finest and largest river in the country, and occupies, in Scotland, the same place as the Shannon in Ireland, and the Severn in England. It rises in the Highlands, and at its mouth lies the flourishing town of Dundee, which, within ninety years, has risen from a fishing town to one of the most commercial cities in Europe, with a population of 70,000 inhabitants. Twice the Tay makes a breach through the mountains,—once at Dunkeld, and again in the Ochil Hills, where Perth is situated; and, lastly, where it narrows before discharging itself into the sea, lies the town of Dundee.

CHAPTER IX.

PERTH.

"PERTH IS RATHER A HIGHLAND TOWN"—"THE FAIR CITY"—SCONE—THE INCHES OF PERTH—"GET UP AN EXCITEMENT"—THE NORTH INCH—SCOTCH BOYS AND THE NEGRO BOB—SCOTTISH IDIOMS—"BONNY"—THE SOUTH INCH—GERMANS IN WARFARE WITH THE CELTS OF ENGLAND—THE SCOTTISH HORATII AND CURIATII—THE CLANNISH SPIRIT—CURLING—CURLING GROUND—CURLING PONDS—CURLING CLUBS—NORTH AMERICAN CURLERS—CURLING SONGS—GOLFING—PROHIBITION OF GOLF—GOLF-BALLS—CLUBS OR KOLBES—RULES AND USAGES OF GOLF—THE LEADING MEN—A DIFFICULT CASE—ZEAL OF GOLF PLAYERS—GOLDSMITHS OF PERTH—CAIRNGORMS—HIGHLAND BROOCHES—PRINCE CHARLIE—HIGHLAND DIRKS AND SNUFF-MULLS—THE AULD, THE FAIR, AND THE HOLY.

Perth is one of those places which, the enthusiast would say, should be described in hexameters, to do justice to the subject.

Like Stirling, it is situated in the Lowlands, but has more Highland scenery around it. Though it lies upon the plain, yet one has only to step beyond its gates to behold the snowy range of the Grampians rising in the distance. "Perth is rather a Highland town," several Scotsmen remarked to me upon this circumstance, "though, strictly speaking, it is not in the Highlands." The Scots regard it properly as the capital of the central part of Scotland; and though it has far less inhabitants (20,000 only,) than its commercial neighbour, Dundee, yet, in point of antiquity, its famous name, and noble exterior, is far more distinguished, and in the eyes of the people, with respect to Dundee, holds the position of a poor but ancient nobleman as compared with an immensely wealthy citizen. "Noble Perth," I heard it called, more than once.

I understood afterwards that another name of Perth is "the fair city;" and indeed the traveller, at first sight, would concur in the justice of the epithet. The avenues of the city, its interior, exterior, the near and the distant, are all equally beautiful and attractive, and the historical and romantic recollections are of the most interesting description. A few miles from the city is Scone-house, a seat of the Earl of Mansfield, on the site of the ancient and famous abbey of Scone, where the kings of Scotland were crowned. In the garden are still to be found some ruins of the ancient palace. But, alas! I saw them not, because, as I was told, the present proprietor no longer admits visitors.* The rude and

* Had Mr. Kohl been permitted to visit Scone palace, he might probably have had to narrate, in his own peculiar graphic style, some such incident as

relic-hunting public had plundered the curtains of Queen Mary's bed of their fringes and other ornaments.

Near this city, also, lies the seat of the Kinnouls, Dupplin Castle, turning its high steep front towards the city, and contain-

the following:—Some few years ago a pedestrian tourist presented himself at the gates of Scone palace, and requested permission to inspect the interesting relics of antiquity which it contains. More fortunate than Mr. Kohl, he obtained admission, and after having obeyed the orders of the attendant, by removing the dust from his shoes, and depositing his knapsack in a corner of the hall, he was conducted through the various apartments. Having seen all that was worthy of observation, and gratified that curiosity which he had wandered so far to indulge, he returned to the hall, where, having resumed his knapsack, he tendered his cicerone (the housekeeper) a shilling, by way of remuneration for the trouble he had given her. Eyeing the pilgrim askance, and at the same time satisfying herself that the coin was genuine, she at length said, "Oh, sir, I never take less than half-a-crown!" "Indeed!" said the traveller, putting one hand in his pocket, and with the other receiving back the despised gratuity. "Indeed! your fee appears to me very exorbitant!" "It is only what is customary," replied the Abigail, anxiously looking towards the hand which had been thrust into the pocket, and still remained there. "And half-a-crown is the customary fee?" rejoined the tourist, coolly depositing his shilling in his purse, as he continued—"If so, the custom is one of those that are 'more honoured in the breach than th' observance,' and as I am always anxious to render honour where honour is due, I think the present a very fitting occasion for displaying my propensity. Half-a-crown is more than I feel disposed or can afford to give, and as you do not *take less*, I regret that you had not apprised me of the extent of your demand before I had put you to the trouble of conducting me through the house. As it is, I can only reserve my shilling for some more moderate claimant, and wish you good morning!" So saying, he moved towards the door, the handle of which she still grasped, as if undetermined as to the course she ought to pursue. Looking daggers at her visitor, she muttered something further relative to "the custom;" but he contented himself with simply intimating his disbelief that such a *custom* was sanctioned by, or even known to, Lord Mansfield, and expressing his determination to apprise his lordship of the terms upon which his housekeeper allowed the palace to be seen, as it would, at all events, either lead to the abolition of the practice, or prove that his lordship, like some other *noblemen* who might be named, adopted this plan of ekeing out the wages of his domestics to something like a liberal amount. Stammering what was probably meant for an apology, and deprecating the threatened appeal to his lordship, she withdrew the bolt, and suffered her troublesome visitor to depart. On making further inquiry at Perth, he was informed that sixpence, or a shilling at the utmost, was the usual gratuity; but that the housekeeper, *whose salary was derived almost entirely from this source*, was in the habit of extracting as much as possible from those of her visitors who had not sufficient nerve to resist her demands. But in what point of view does this fact (if fact it is) place the character of her master, and what opinion must foreigners entertain of an individual who can convert objects of national interest and national antiquity, into an exhibition for the support of his menials. We would gladly believe that the good folks of "the fair city," have wronged his lordship in this matter; but from what we have heard in other districts of Scot-

ing a famous dragon cave; farther, Kinfauns, the seat of Lord Gray, one of the most splendid "show-houses," as the English say, in the country; but neither saw I this, nor several other memorable castles, houses, and places, rendered interesting by past events—as the murder of James I., the seizure of James VI., and other occurrences.

From Perth, the river flows downwards to the ocean with the breadth of a sea-arm, and every one agrees that this is the finest piece of water in Scotland. But this likewise I saw not; for my time was now so short, and the country around Perth is so rich in objects, that I can only make this richness intelligible to my readers by quoting the many things I did not see. I come now to what I really did see.

Much I had heard at a distance of the two renowned Inches of Perth,—the North and South Inch. By this name are called two small, flat pieces of land, both on the Tay, one lying on the north, and the other on the south of the city, and which have been formed apparently by the action of water. "These Inches are splendid, sir," people told me; "wonderful, unsurpassable, and, for play and race grounds, there are none in Scotland can be placed by the side of them. The Inches are above all praise, sir." I can indeed comprehend the praises of a mountain on a monotonous plain; but I was anxious to see what could possibly inspire people for a mere dead level piece of ground. On our arrival at Perth we found a great stir among the people, who were streaming out of the gates* to the North Inch, where we heard a pleasant scene was to be witnessed, so we permitted ourselves to be carried along with the crowd to see the place.

The anticipated spectacle was prepared by the clown of a company of rope-dancers, who was to sail down the river in a little skiff, to which four geese were to be attached. The company were to give a performance in the evening, "and wanted to get up an excitement for their benefit." By such a trumpet blast must every undertaking in England be preceded; and for even the best and

land, relative to his peculiar notions of propriety and justice, we cannot altogether discredit the allegation. If Scone palace is now closed to the public, because, as Mr. Kohl states, the relic-hunters "have *plundered* the curtains of Queen Mary's bed of their fringes and other ornaments," is it not probable, if our informant's account is correct, that this antique piece of furniture has been thus despoiled in order to add to the gains of some avaricious housekeeper. "Certain it is," adds *our* traveller, "that no visitor would have been permitted to abstract the most trifling article whilst under the guidance of my lynx-eyed attendant, unless, indeed, he had effected the theft through the agency of that most potent spell—a piece of gold!"—TRANS.

* *Scottice*—Streets so called.—TRANS.

greatest it is always necessary "to get up an excitement" in the public mind. The means were, in the present case, certainly well chosen, particularly for an English public, who are fonder of the comic than any other public; and the clown certainly could not have created more excitement, had he announced that he would fly through the air with the peacocks of Juno, or the doves of Venus, than when, dressed as a fool, and sitting in a washing-tub, drawn by four gabbling geese, he embarked on the water. He shortly made his appearance, and, amid the shouts of the multitude, floated down the stream, balancing his unsteady vessel very cleverly. The geese did not really draw him, but were themselves carried along with the current. The whole North Inch was covered with people. I looked down on the scene from the fine lofty bridge arching the Tay, and could then perfectly understand the praises passed upon the Inches, particularly when I saw the fondness of Britons for "sports." The English always set apart a few level fields or grounds, near their cities, for the various sports, games at ball, matches, and so on, which the inhabitants and various clubs of them engage in so zealously; just as we Germans are studious, above all things, to have coffee and music gardens near our cities. The various play and wager-grounds of the English cities are freqnently compared with one another by the amateurs and lovers of sports; and some, from the concurrence of favourable circumstances, and from being possessed of the requisite advantages, have acquired great fame and celebrity in the English sporting world. Thus, the Curragh of Kildare is the most renowned racing ground in Ireland; and these Perth Inches—"aits" we would call them—are the most famous play-grounds in Scotland. The ground is perfectly level, and, though low, is usually dry.

The North Inch is without bushes, trees, ditches, houses, or roads, and may in some measure be likened to a fine large billiard-table. It is this which makes the Inch so rare and valued by the people. The South Inch is also a beautiful meadow, but intersected by roads and rows of trees. The situation of these two levels on the banks of the river, with the hills and mountains around, and the somewhat elevated city, have altogether a picturesque effect.

On the Tay bridge I amused myself not a little in listening to the conversation of the young Scotch boys, who prattle the language as it is spoken by their parents. "Look, the folk are comin doon te the brig." "Ou aye, look at the folk on baith sides o' the Tay." This is all Scotch, and at the same time more in the German than the English form. I had taken with me from my inn a native of Africa, a negro of the name of Bob, as my guide and conductor. One is really brought into connexion, in this distant Thule, with

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Lybia, and all the world besides, in such a way as could formerly be the case in the Roman cities of Italy only. The mother of the Empress of Morocco lives on a Perthshire moor; the victor of Seringapatam, Sir David Baird, lives in Ferntower, not far from the city; poor brown Indians beg in the thoroughfares; and the sable children of the desert of Sahara point out to the stranger his way through the streets. This Bob of mine was much annoyed by these younkers and their Scotch phraseology. "De ye ken that muckle man, that swart carl?" they asked each other; "de ye ken him?"—"Bob, how black ye are: why dinna ye wash yoursel?"—"Very ba' folks, massa!" my negro observed, in a half-African, half-Scottish dialect. "Ye ocht to ken better English," rejoined the boys. "Look at the soles o' your man's feet, sir," they continued," they are as thick as wud, for whan he was amang the rope-dancers wha brought him frae Africa or the West Indies, he danced for years lang on burning coals and melted lead." Upon this allegation, Bob, however thick his soles might be, appeared to feel them very ticklish, and flying in a passion, poured himself forth in such a jargon of African, Scotch, and English, that, however willingly I would present a specimen of it, it is impossible I can render the sounds into readable words. And in order to save my poor black, who had fallen among the white boys like a great lama among young jaguars, I withdrew him with me from the bridge, and finished my observations on dialect.

The Scots are as much in love with their old Saxon forms of speech, as the Austrians are with some of their old peculiarities of language, and particularly do they love them in their poetry. And a poem where "doon" often occurs for "down;" "baith," for "both;" "fecht," for "fight; "bauld," for "bold;" "wi' me," for "with me," and the like, is far more stirring than another in which these words are written in the common English form; just as our Allemanns in Schwarzwald are more affected by a lay of Hebel's in the Allemannic dialect, than by any classic German poem. I find this quite natural; for if any one, like the boys I met upon the bridge, had so spoken from his youth up, with the peculiarity of dialect would become interwoven so many youthful memories, so many patriotic associations, in a word, so large a part of the man and the country would be mixed up in it, that I should think it quite natural, if a Scotsman, in the East Indies or in Africa, on hearing some one say to him, "Come doon," instead of "Come down," should be moved even to tears.

It is easy to comprehend the many Saxon forms which are to be found in the Scottish language; and by these we dimly see the old German origin of the Scottish people, and their intimate con-

nexion with the great Germanic mother-soul. But it is remarkable that in the Scottish dialect there are many words of French origin, not to be found in the English; and which, on that account, are much liked and often heard among the Scots. Of such words is the expression "bonny" (from the French *bon*). This French word has acquired in Scotland a peculiar and somewhat different meaning, as frequently happens to similarly imported words. It means not only goodness, but in particular the beauty of a person or thing praised, and hence has become a common word for praise or flattery. Everything good, fine, or excellent to a Scotsman, is "bonny;" more particularly if it is anything Scotch: thus, "our bonnie lasses," "bonny Prince Charlie," and "our bonny town o' Perth." Also, a Scotsman will often say of a country or building, "that is very bonny!" As a word of endearment or flattery, it approaches the English word "sweet." I might cite many of the poems of Burns, where the word "bonny" is used with peculiar fondness. The Scots have so appropriated it to themselves, that it appears no longer foreign and French.

While thus meditating, I was walking with my negro Bob on the other side of the city, upon the South Inch, which, on account of its trees, is still prettier than the North Inch. On the South Inch, the Hessian troops, who assisted to suppress the rebellion of bonny Prince Charlie, encamped in 1745. It is remarkable that we Germans should have several times assisted the English in suppressing insurrections of their half-Celtic districts. Once, in Ireland, in 1798, it was by Hanoverian troops; and once, in 1746, in Scotland, it was by Hessian troops, as we have just observed. At the battle of the Boyne, also, German troops were opposed to Irish,—as if we Germans must still labour for the triumph of the German over the Celtic race, as at the time when Hengist and Horsa, from the north of Germany, from this very Hesse and Hanover, crossed over to Great Britain.

But the most memorable encampment on these Inches was, I believe, upon the North Inch, in the year 1390. In this year reigned in Scotland, King Robert III., who, perceiving that the wild refractory clans would annihilate one another in their endless contentions, proposed to the two hostile clans, Clan Chattan and Clan Kay, that they should settle their differences in the following manner. They were each to select their doughtiest men, and appear with them upon the Inches of Perth. These were to fight together in the presence of the king and his court; the victors were to be declared to have been in the right, and the vanquished were to forgive and forget.

Thirty chosen warriors, children of the Kays, and the same of

the Chattans,* came down. When, however, they came to be placed in the order of battle, one of the latter was missing, who had either been taken ill, or had withdrawn himself through fear. It was then proposed to withdraw one of the Mac Kays; but these were all so disposed for the combat, that none of them could be induced to retire, and they were obliged, therefore, to accede to the proposal of Harry Wynd, a Perth saddler, who offered to fill up the gap, and fight for the missing man, if they would give him a half French dollar. By the help of this brave and doughty saddler, the Clan Chattan triumphed. All the children of the Kay were slain, but one, who leaped into the river Tay, and fled to the hills. Ten Chattans and Harry Wynd survived. Although we have all read this narrative in the "Fair Maid of Perth,"—a novel founded upon the escape of the Mac Kay,—yet one cannot abstain from thinking once more of the circumstance, when upon the very spot, especially if the Tschergisses of the Caucasus, and the ancient Bible histories of the Philistines, Carmelites, and other inhabitants of the mountains, occur to the memory, who agree altogether so remarkably in their manners, and whom we again discover in these clans, clan-feuds, and clan-fightings, and that in a similitude so exact, that they coincide almost to the smallest particular.

This warlike spirit of clanship, this most primitive, rudest form of human society, the mere extension of a single family, continued in Scotland not less, nay more, than 2,000 years. It was first uprooted about the middle of the last century; and within this period, Dundee, and other large and peaceful communities of citizens on the coasts of Scotland, have first began to flourish. If the time is still so recent, since these wild occasions of strife and warfare, and these sources of the warlike spirit, have been destroyed in the bosom of the states of Europe; and if such important places as Dundee, and other commercial and manufacturing towns, have only within so short a time began to feel the blessings of peace, so the Peace Societies of Paris, London, and New York, may have yet to witness the occurrence of some great and sanguinary wars, without, however, despairing of the hope of the future restoration of a long, deep, and universal peace. Until very modern times, the warlike weeds of feudalism were everywhere about us; and the progress of a new enlightenment, and the attendant peaceful disposition, are still so young, but yet so great, that we cannot relinquish hope, when they do not always lead to the object. It cannot escape an observer of the age in which we live, that the world is daily bringing to light, in every glen and corner of the earth, un-

* Chambers says the Mac Intoshes, but the Encyclopædia Britannica says the Chattans.

seen and unheard-of facts, and that with such unseen facts the world is ever pregnant. Events, though silently woven, are everywhere so great and extraordinary, that he cannot be accused of an extravagancy who may believe in a coming sunshine of peace and tranquil development of society, after the storm has passed which we may now perhaps see here and there impending.

I returned to the city towards evening, through some beautiful nursery gardens, and made the acquaintance of a few individuals, most inveterate "sportsmen."*

The two principal and most esteemed national games in Scotland are curling and golf. The former is, of the two, the most distinguished and interesting; and, as it must be played upon the ice, is on that account almost exclusively a Scottish game. For neither in England nor Ireland, but in Scotland alone, is the ice sufficiently durable. For the same reason, the game has been carried by emigrant Scotsmen into the northern countries of the world, as Canada, Nova Scotia, &c.

The beautiful, smooth ice, formed upon the smaller Scottish lochs, and upon the inundated banks of rivers, gave rise to the invention of this glorious game, which consists in hurling a round smooth-faced stone at a certain mark on the ice, and not only exercises the strength of the players, but warms and rejoices the heart with all its attendant scenes and circumstances. Alas! I have never seen a curling-match, but my Perth friends were so zealous, indeed I might say so impassioned, in properly instructing me in the matter, that it seems to me as if I had really seen the sport; and even at this moment I feel as if the passion of my friends had infected me too with a touch of the curling mania.

I can see distinctly, in my mind's eye, the beautiful waters transformed by the magic wand of winter into transparent crystal—a magnificent frozen loch in the midst of a Highland country—the snow-clad Grampians around,—and here and there the dark, steep, uncovered, rocky walls looking forth. The "curlers" have descended from their mountains, and the various towns and villages are assembled round the "rink." They are mostly clear, fair, or, at least, strong and active fellows, and some of them perhaps appear at this national amusement in a patriotic Highland dress.

Every one comes with his "curling-stone" in his hand. These stones, which may be seen and purchased in many shops in the towns of Scotland, are made in the following manner. They are flat and circular, and about from forty to fifty pounds weight, with an iron handle inserted on the upper surface. They are

* A "sportsman," as the term is here applied, is not a mere hunter, but one who engages in all customary gymnastic sports and recreations.

very neatly finished, beautifully polished on the under surface, and mostly composed of two different sorts of granite, a reddish and a blackish. I suppose this is intended to prevent the stone being so easily broken by the many shocks it has to endure.

"Our bonnie Queen, when at Perth," my friends told me, "had one of our curling stones shown to her, and, heavy as i twas, lifted it quite up." But the curlers have something more than this to do. A distant mark is placed upon the ice; and the object is to throw the curling-stone so that it shall come as near as possible to this mark, and remain there. From the heaviness of the stone, and the smoothness of the ice, the attainment of this point requires a great degree of strength, much dexterity, calculation, and a good eye. And that is really the finest popular sport which, in an equally high degree, engages eye and arm, body and mind.

The mark is called the "tee," or "toesee." It is a small hole in the ice, around which are drawn circles of various diameters, for the purpose of measuring. These circles have also their technical names, as well as a certain zigzag line drawn right across the rink, and which the stone must at least pass in order to be reckoned. The whole length of the rink is usually from 120 to 150 feet. The stone must be thrown as near the mark as possible, and at the same time knock aside, where it can be done, one or more stones of opponents which may be lying nearer the mark. As the game is often played by twenty or thirty persons, and the mark is consequently surrounded by the stones, it is often a very difficult task for one to hurl his stone through a narrow passage, and at the same time to give the proper stone a thrust aside in passing. Without having seen the game, one can easily imagine what wonderful throws are made, and what exclamations of "beautiful! beautiful! magnificent!" burst from the bystanders.

Those who take part in the game are divided into two parties, who play against each other, and the victory is declared for that side which throws thirty-one stones nearest the mark. One must consult "Blaine's Rural Sports," or "Tegg's Dictionary of Field Sports," who would understand the precise rules of the game, and how exactly and in detail the English have elaborated everything connected with this and other games of skill.

The rink, which must be quite smooth and even, like a mirror, is always selected with great care, cleared, and swept. Above all things it must have no longitudinal rents, as these would make the stone deviate more than transverse ones. My friends told me that many gentlemen have their own "curling-ponds," appropriated to the game, and when these are worn out and useless, they cover them with water to the depth of two or three inches, and allow

them to freeze anew. Many of these curling-ponds are ponds only in the winter, being used in the summer for "bowling-greens." Sometimes the day closes before a game is ended; and then, as my friends told me, they are often so intent upon it, that they have continued to play by torch-light, deep into the night. Gentle and simple, lords, citizens, and farmers, are equally zealous in this excellent exercise; and as they are all equal upon the rink —(it is a peculiarity of Englishmen, that the same people who on certain occasions stand heaven-wide apart, upon certain others stand upon an equal footing)—people of all degrees may be found fraternized in the curling clubs.

Curling clubs are spread throughout every locality in Scotland.* The largest and most celebrated is the "Grand Caledonian Curling Club," in Edinburgh. It was established in the year 1838. The "Duddingston Curling Club" is older, and likewise very celebrated. There are, however, much older clubs. These clubs have persons of the highest standing as presidents; and every one has likewise its Rev. Mr. So and So as chaplain, who on festive occasions says grace.†

The Scots, as we have already mentioned, have carried the game into North America, where, upon the St. Lawrence, most

* On this point Mr. Kohl has been misinformed. Curling is chiefly confined to the south of Scotland, and, with a few exceptions, is scarcely known as a game in the north.—TRANS.

† In Dumfries-shire, Galloway, and Ayrshire, and indeed throughout the south of Scotland, where curling is more generally practised, the parochial clergymen are usually the most zealous patrons of this manly sport, in which they participate with much keenness and zest. We could enumerate various celebrated *bonspiels*, which have been distinguished by extraordinary feats of clerical skill and prowess, and in which the palm of victory and the honours of championship have been unanimously awarded to "the minister." One worthy pastor, the Rev. Dr. D——, alike eminent for his virtues, his talents, and his philanthropic efforts to promote the rational amusements of his parishioners—(deeply do we regret that, in consequence of the late unfortunate schism in the kirk, we can no longer designate him as the minister of R——ll, so long the scene of his pious labours,)—was an ardent supporter of this national game; and his well-known song, commencing—

"Rise, curler, leave your bed sae warm,
An' leave your coaxing wife, man!
Gae get your besom, tramps, and quoits,
An' join the friendly strife, man;"

conveys an idea of the animating and exhilarating nature of the pastime which can only be duly appreciated by those who have witnessed and participated in the mirthful excitement of the scene. May we be permitted to hope, that the remaining winters of his life will be cheered by a succession of enjoyments and pleasures as pure and permanent as those it was ever his wish to confer upon all within the sphere of his influence.—TRANS.

enviable rinks are sometimes set out. My friends told me, that a great revolution had taken place in the constitution of these associations in modern times. It is in contemplation to form and unite, into one great association and "Brotherhood of the Rink," the keen curlers of every club, "from baith sides of the Tweed," —(there are some few curling clubs beyond the Tweed, in England, founded by Scotsmen)—and from the other side of St. George's Channel, as well as from the opposite side of the Atlantic, by means of correspondence, journals, and common endeavours.

In the "annual report" of the "Caledonian Club," for the year 1842, I find it observed, that the sons of Scotland in the North American colonies, in their zeal for this game, have gone so far, that the curlers of Toronto sometimes offer to play those of Montreal "a roaring game," though the two cities are 400 miles apart. "They meet in friendly bonspiels," and afterwards sit down to "beef and greens." "Perhaps," continues the report, "we may some time or other have the pleasure of inviting our brethren on the other side of the Tweed, from 'famous London town' to 'auld Reeky,' to pay us a visit, and warm their hands 'at Scotland's ain game o' curling,' and afterwards rejoice their hearts 'wi' ae nicht of true Scottish curling conviviality.'" At these curling *soirées* there are also the appropriate "curling songs." The great Caledonian Club, and I believe others, have also their curling antiquities, such as old curling-stones used in former times. One of the oldest I heard of was of the year 1613. I was told it had been found on a moor.

I present my countrymen with these details, only as an example of the extent to which these things are carried in Britain, and to show what an interesting business the study of the manners and character of this great nation must be.

It is curious that it may be observed of this game, as it may be observed generally of most arts and inventions, that the Britons were not its inventors, but merely its improvers. The Flemings introduced the game into the country 400 years ago. In Paris, also, young people may be seen in the open places, engaged in a pretty similar game, with balls of clay, which, however, is more like English "bowling."

The curlers lead me to the golfers. For, as already said, the second great national game in Scotland is golf. This game, too, is carried on as extensively and zealously as curling. For golf, also, there are great and celebrated clubs in Edinburgh, as the "Burntisfields-Links Golf Club," founded in the year 1761; the "Edinburgh Burgess' Golfing Society," founded in 1735; and the "Company of Edinburgh Golfers," which, I believe, is the same

as the famous Edinburgh Thistle Golf Club. The year when this society was formed is not known. It bears almost as lofty a title as the East India Company; for it, too, is called the "honourable Company," an addition I have nowhere before found applied to a mere sporting club. Like many of our sporting societies, the members of these clubs have their proper uniform—scarlet, green, and white are their colours—and every club has its own arms. The shopkeepers and shoemakers of Scotland were as fond of this game as were the kings of the country; and Charles I. and James II. may be instanced as distinguished golf-players. The latter became such an excellent player, that none could match him, with the exception of a certain Edinburgh shoemaker, of the name of Paterson.

Although kings were often passionately devoted to golf, yet the state sometimes endeavoured, by prohibition, to cool down the people's passion for it. Such a prohibition existed, even in 1457, "that the practice of archery, more important to our youth, may not suffer thereby." This prohibition had little effect; for in 1744 the city of Edinburgh voted a silver cup to be played for yearly; and at present the clubs sometimes expose medals of the value of 200 guineas for the same object.

After having read and heard all this, the reader will not be a little surprised when he further learns, that the whole game of golf consists in nothing more than how to drive with a stick, and with the fewest possible number of strokes, a little hard ball, into a hole placed at a very great distance.

"Yes, sir, if you will have it so, it may be a matter of very little consequence. But the great enjoyment in the game is the excitement produced in the contending parties,—their zeal, their dexterity, their exertions. And the grand thing is to calculate the various positions of the ball, and the various obstacles that present themselves in this or that position, which the player must overcome by a dexterous stroke. Look now, come here! You wish to know all about the matter. I am glad of that, and will show you everything. This now is one of the balls we use. They are made of feathers hard rammed into a strong leather case. It is not all one which leather we use, and of this I shall tell you somewhat by and by. The leather must first of all be soaked in boiling water, for only so can a strong ball be made. The interior of the ball is stuffed with feathers, by means of a very ingenious little machine, very much used here. But this you can best see at one of the ball-makers to an Edinburgh club. If you go back to Edinburgh you must not neglect to call on one of these. Go to Messrs. W. and S. Gourlay, who are ball-makers to the Bruntsfield-Links Golf

Club. They are very obliging people, and will show you everything. I can give you other addresses, however. Now look, sir. The leather of the ball must afterwards be covered with several coats of paint. White lead is used. White is best distinguished from the green and other colours of the field. This coating of colour, then, gives the ball the requisite hardness. The white lead must be very pure, 'and exceedingly well laid down.' The ball must be covered with it several times. However, every such coating must be thoroughly dry before another is laid on. This is essential, otherwise the ball would be spoiled! But Messrs. Gourlay will more fully explain the wherefore of this to you. Here we have too much to do. For God's sake, Mary, shut the door! This gentleman wishes to know all about golf, and the children make such a noise that I can scarcely hear my own word." (I was along with my friend in his house—Mary was his wife—and here I may remark, that I am not writing a novel, but am simply and strictly describing facts and persons from the life.)

"So! that, then, was the ball. Now you must know something about the 'clubs' we strike with, or, as we Scotsmen say, the 'kolbes.' (I here remarked to my friend that we had the very same word in German; at which he was very glad, and suggested that the word 'golf' was probably a corruption of 'kolbe.') Look now, here I have got a whole lot of them. As you may perceive, they are all pretty much of the same shape, though each is somewhat different from the others. Each consists of a stick, or handle, about three or four feet long, with a somewhat bent head, which we call the 'knob.' I can draw you the figure of one with a few strokes upon paper, that you may not forget it. See, there it is! that is simple enough. But, gracious powers! to make the thing properly is the immense difficulty. The knob must have the right bend, and be neither too heavy nor too light; and the handle must unite a certain elasticity with great strength. The wood of which the handle is made, must be very carefully chosen. The interior of the knob is filled with lead; and, to increase its strength, a plate of thick horn is fastened upon the back, towards the side with which the ball is struck. I have, as you see, for greater elegance, ivory on some of mine. I am fond of the game, and accustomed to my kolbes, and am not afraid of spending a little to have them as good as possible. Where the handle is taken hold of, it must be strongly bound with silk. I have mine ornamented with velvet and gilt cord, over the silk. The hand would slip upon the smooth wood.

"Pray, now, observe the different shapes of my kolbes. Some are merely thick knobs. They are used when the ball is upon

perfectly level ground. Others are somewhat spoon-shaped, more or less obliquely hollowed, and serve to fetch a ball out of a rut or other cavity. It must be dexterously struck out, and at the same instant sent farther onwards. Some, as you may remark, are short, and have a thicker head; and several are entirely made of wrought iron. The latter are used when a violent stroke is requisite; for instance, when the ball is buried in sand or otherwise. They have all different names. But I will give you the address of Mr. Mac Ewen, one of the best club-makers in Edinburgh, by and by; he is likewise kolbe-maker to the club I have already mentioned. Don't neglect to see him too, when you go back to Edinburgh. He is a man who knows a great deal about the rules of our game."

"If a little loose stone were lying before my ball," interrupted I with a question, "would not the rules of the game permit me to throw it a little on one side?"

"Ah, good! that is a fair question! On such a case as that, various opinions and usages prevail. Some clubs allow it; but others lay it strictly down, that the thing shall remain as it is. According to the rules of some clubs, it is permitted, in circumstances where the ball has fallen into a rut or hole so deep that it is impossible to bring it out with the kolbe, to take it out with the hand, throw it up perpendicularly, and then to strike it as it falls, but, of course, under certain disadvantages. Other clubs, however, are more strict, and do not allow this, even if one were to put up with such disadvantages. But come now, come now!—(I was already there)—I will show you the game itself, as well as it can be managed in a room by candle-light. Dear me! what a pity! Can't you stop here a couple of days longer? I would invite a few friends, and we would get up a game for you on the North Inch to-morrow. At present several of our 'leading men' are here, and our Perth golfers rank among the first in Scotland. But you are setting out for our Highlands? Well, we must make a virtue of necessity. But when you get back to Edinburgh, don't fail to take a ride to Musselburgh: there are excellent players there; and if you stay a few days, you will certainly have an opportunity of witnessing a capital game. Upon the 'Links' (a large play-ground near Leith) many excellent games are played; likewise on the Edinburgh Links, and on the Green, at Glasgow. But our Perth Inches excel all other play-grounds.

"Here, take a club in your hand. I will take another, and you must suppose we are the two parties playing. A party may consist of any number it pleases. Every player has a boy running behind him, with all his different clubs, from which he selects the

one most required for the stroke. Now, imagine this room to be the Links of Leith, or the Inches of Perth. There is the hole. (He marked out one with a bit of chalk.) But, oh! the chairs and tables are in our way. Ho! Mary, Mary! let the boys come here. Here, lads! pull the chairs, and tables, and sofa on one side!"

"Pray don't put yourself to so much trouble!"

"Not at all! not at all! not at all."

We cleared out the entire room, and, excepting the grass, it had a tolerably fair resemblance to the North Inch. The doors of some other rooms were also opened, and so we had a pretty long course, which was lighted up everywhere with candles. "So, now—strike out! right to the hole there! But we must play in miniature here, and only give slight strokes."

The entire explanation was now properly to proceed. But I must confess it well nigh ended with this beginning. My first ball flew among the ashes of the grate, and lay in rather a critical position. My friend called upon me to suppose the ashes a bed of sand in the field, and the pieces of turf which were lying about, as so many boulder-stones. And upon this circumstance my friend had much to remark,—what advantage or disadvantage it gave me,—with which club I could best get out the ball,—whether or not I had the right to disturb the ashes, and under what penalties, —whether it would be better for me to submit to the penalties, or try my luck at a stroke; and the whole of his observations were so intermixed with many peculiar Scottish and golfing expressions, as "tee," "holing," "caddy," "putters," and such like, whose meanings I could not make out,—that at length he became quite warm in his zeal, and the perspiration ran over his forehead. But the eyes of my understanding were ever darker. At length I left off my inquiries, and allowed my friend was perfectly in the right, when he said the game was not so simple as I supposed it to be; and, faint and weary, we both sank upon the sofa, which the boys in the meantime had brought back into its place.

In conclusion, in spite of my protestations, he wrote me several letters of introduction to the most celebrated golfers of Scotland, and gave me several references to books relating to golfing, from which I should be able to get accurately acquainted with the game.

Such people are to be found everywhere in Britain, who can impart the best and most rudimental information to whoever desires it. This arises from the entire zeal with which they enter upon any matter, usually making themselves thoroughly intimate with it. On this account, the caution which the Scotch observe,

in deciding or speaking authoritatively on a subject they do not perfectly understand, is remarkable. Thus, I addressed a few questions to my golfer on the game of curling. But, though he was probably ten times better acquainted with it than I, he parried an answer by saying, "In curling I have done but very little, and I cannot therefore speak precisely. But if you wish it, I will introduce you to several experienced curlers of our town." This he did, and from them I learned much of that which I have already in part communicated to my readers.

The goldsmiths of Perth are very celebrated for the neatness of their work. I visited several, and found these artists not less obliging and studious to point out to me the mysteries and products of their art than the curlers and golfers had been. The visit of the Queen, and the festivities it had given rise to, had at this time brought their skill into much request; and in consequence of the mania for Scottish dress and Scottish ornaments, awakened throughout Great Britain after the return of the Queen from Scotland, as well as in consequence of the various orders for trinkets intended as presents to this or that individual, their shops were at this time filled with all kinds of interesting articles. Scotland, like Ireland, boasts of once having possessed not insignificant gold mines; as, in general, every country appears to make it a glory and boast that gold has been found in it, although indeed there is in this nothing very particular. For gold is one of the most extensively diffused and commonest of metals, and is found nearly everywhere in nature, though seldom, alas! in the wished-for abundance. Pearls are also found in several Scottish streams, as they are likewise found in those of other countries.

The native gifts of this kind, however, made most use of by the goldsmiths of Perth, are the different beautiful pebbles and crystals which the hills of Scotland conceal, especially the cairngorms already described. Beautiful agates, cornelians, jaspers, and rock-crystals, are found in the various counties of Scotland; as, for instance, in Perthshire, on the hill on which Kinnoul Castle stands; then on the lofty Benlawers, in the upper valley of the Tay; and more particularly on the hill of Cairngorm, farther in the north. The mountain is stuck full of such gems. The people, however, have no arrangements for digging them, but seek and collect only those which have been detached, and are to be found among the debris of the mountain. Those which are washed down by the rains into the burns or brooks, along with pieces of rock, are to be found on several Scottish hills. Very beautiful topazes and beryls are also found in these burns, in fragments of granite. The beryls of Invercauld, the goldsmiths informed me, are the best. Inver-

cauld is the seat of the chieftain of the famous Clan Invercauld, and lies about ten German miles* from Aberdeen. The shepherds, who dwell in the wild mountains, usually collect the stones in their lonely walks by the burns, while their sheep are nibbling the fresh grass. Beryls are often found united with cairngorms; and one of my goldsmiths showed me a lovely little curiosity, which he had used in a pretty trinket, namely, a beryl which appeared to be imbedded in a cairngorm, or about which, rather, the latter had been formed. An interesting fact was mentioned to me by this goldsmith, that the cairngorms on the east of Scotland have more colour, and are often quite dark; whilst those on the west, or rather south-west, are paler.

At the ball given by the Marquis of Breadalbane, at his castle, Queen Victoria wore a beautiful large cairngorm, as an aigraffe to fasten the plaid upon her shoulder. "Highland brooches" are those of which most are seen at a goldsmith's. These brooches are, usually, a little gold St. Andrew's cross, upon which lies a thistle in bloom, in the midst of a wreath of Scottish pebbles, set in silver, —at least this is the present fashion. But there are also very old-fashioned brooches, which may have been worn by those Highland ladies of whom Dr. Johnson relates, that their usual dowry was a certain number of cows—the rich, twenty or thirty. "But ten, and even two cows," says the doctor, "were considered no bad dowry in some counties." Some such dames there must still be here and there, my jeweller said to me, as here and there some of these old brooches are still purchased. Among these old Highland brooches, a "Mary, Queen of Scots, brooch" frequently occurs. It is a letter M of gold, with a lily and thistle on either side, and surrounded by a similar wreath of stones to that described. I believe there are still many patriotic hearts that beat for the unfortunate Mary. It is highly probable that there are Prince Charlie brooches, though I did not observe them. We may have all read in our history-books that the battle of Culloden put an end to the contentions between the houses of Stuart and Hanover; and although, in after years, we may have forgotten the history of Prince Charlie, and all that pertains to it, we cannot believe that this has been the case in Scotland. "Bonny Prince Charlie," is still spoken of with tenderness and affection, and a traveller cannot avoid being reminded of him almost daily.

To many a patriotic Scot, Prince Charlie is, in a certain degree, the last ray of the Scottish sun of independence; and as he was never king, so beams he softer, milder, and for a longer time, into the Scottish heart, than the rays of many a riper sovereign.

* About forty English miles.

"Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel to our ancient glory!
Fareweel e'en to the Scottish name,
So fam'd in martial story!
Now Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands!"

sings Burns, on the union with England. And though such songs have no longer the practical signification which similar songs of Moore have in Ireland, yet nevertheless they have a great poetical and ethnographical meaning.

I also saw, in this place, several very magnificent Highland dirks, such as pertain to the full Highland costume of a chieftain. With the dirk a knife and fork is usually connected,—a very characteristic union, as the chieftain had often to earn his bread with sword and dagger. At the dinner parties of Highlandmen the "snuff-mull" commonly lies upon the table, and circulates as freely as the drinking horn. I may add to this, that, even in Scottish regiments, the national snuff-mull is usually found in the mess-room. The same people, who are so fond of their snuff-boxes, speak often of the tobacco pipe as the most abominable thing in the world.

All these pretty things, and many others, are purchased by the nobles, and those of lesser degree, who inhabit the Highlands, in the fair city of Perth, whose shops are amply stored with all such articles of luxury; and to all these pretty things which I had seen, and to the very many other interesting things in Perth, which to my regret I had not seen, I bade farewell the following morning, not however, I must say, without the greatest reluctance. For if there is any city that is worth a long sojourn, it is Perth, "the auld," "the fair," "the holy"—(it is called Saint Johnstoun from the principal church, dedicated to Saint John). Many cities in Scotland have, like Perth, a double name. But it is mostly a name arising out of the contraction of another. Thus Aberbrothwick is called Arbroath; Linlithgow, Lithgow, &c.

CHAPTER X.

FROM PERTH TO DUNKELD.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SCOTTISH DIALECT—AN IRISHMAN ON THE STAGE COACH—A TRACT DISTRIBUTOR—CHEAP TRACTS—BIRNAM FOREST—"A ROMANIS INVICTI, A GERMANIS VICTI"—ISLANDERS AND HIGHLANDERS—THE BOUNDARY OF THE HIGHLANDS—HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS—POPULATION OF THE HIGHLANDS—THE "BOUNDARY OF THE HIGHLAND DISTILLERY."

"Weel, sir, have you seen fair Perth toun?" began, mimicing the Scottish dialect, an Irishman who sat beside me on the coach, which, with its inside and outside passengers, was proceeding to the north. "Have you seen the bonnie lasses of Perth? *Gals* the cockneys call them, ha, ha!" "Bless my heart! and weel they are! and very gude besides; for these Scotch lasses, when they forgather wi' the lads, speak o' naething but the *unity of peace*, and the *glory of heaven*—of the Bible and the kirk; and so, love sneaks in, and a marriage is soon knocked up. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whisht! whisht!"—I was obliged to interrupt—"the Scotsmen sitting near us may take this joking amiss."

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense! The Scots know very well that we Irishmen, from home, are half heathens, and lost both in this world and the next. We have grown up in the darkness of Catholicism, and among the 'errors of popery.' They won't take it amiss, not they. Ha, ha! It's cold, sir. Will you not take a dram of toddy? Splendid stuff is toddy! Is it not, sir?" Perhaps my countenance expressed no wish to accept of his offer. "Bless my eyes! In the name of wonder! What a face you make. Ha, ha, ha! Why, sir, we may drink toddy to-day, and coach, and travel about; for this, you must know, is a lawful morning.* Ha, ha, ha!" I was truly annoyed with this continual blessing of the eyes, and blessing of the heart, which must have been very unpleasant to the serious Scots, for the less they were disposed to be amused, the more was he to have his laugh out. Irishmen are as well known in Scotland as black sheep are among white. Before us, on the front box, sat a Scotsman, with a grey plaid over his shoulders, stock still and silent. I merely observed,

* A "lawful morning," in Scotland, is one on which, according to law, a person may work or travel. Sundays and fast-days are not "lawful." "Every lawful morning the coach runs from Perth to Dunkeld," a coach proprietor will say, in announcing the hours of starting.

when we came up with any foot passengers or field labourers, that he made a movement, and threw a few little papers on the road for the people to pick up. I thought at first he was a surgeon, physician, or something of the kind, who took this method of making his address known. But after he had given me, also, some of his papers, I saw that upon each was printed a short prayer, and brief religious observations. They were various in their contents, and one of each sort was tied up together in a little packet. According to the appearance of people, he dived now in one pocket, now in another, and brought out one of these packets. Before coming up to a village, he had his packet ready before hand, lying on his knee. And where he observed people at their doors, children on the road, or poor hard-working men employed on the highways, he first began to attract their attention by calling out, and then dropped a few of his little papers. Working men rose to pick up his bills and see what they were, children jumped merrily up to catch the falling shower of leaves, and all appeared to peruse them diligently.

I, also, read some of his tracts, and preserved them. I must refrain from quoting any of them here, because they treat sacred things in far too extraordinary a manner, and it might appear as if I wished to make myself pleasant on serious matters; yet I must freely confess that their contents not a little astonished me, and that I am perfectly convinced that such works are not calculated to do the slightest good. The subjects treated in them were so perfectly unintelligible, that, if they did not exactly betoken the work of darkness, I must at least say there was not the smallest ray of human understanding in them, and consequently the foundation of all light was missing; and I cannot believe either that God looks down approvingly on these things, or that these poor hard-working people and ragged children can derive from them a single drop of heavenly comfort to sweeten the cup of their sorrows.

As my fellow-traveller had so many of these tracts, I remarked to him, that his liberality must cost him dear. "Ah, sir," he replied, "I reckon they only cost me sixpence a hundred on the average."

It was the Inverness coach by which we travelled, and the road it takes runs, at first, a good way along the valley of the Tay. On the elevated banks of the opposite shore of the river peeped out the old royal palace of Scone from its woodland scenery. We passed by several battle-fields, so old, I believe, that even the ghosts and manes of the fallen heroes have deserted the place. At length, we arrived at the "Highland Mouth" of Dunkeld. Here I left the coach, which went farther northward, in order to

continue my excursion into the Highlands with a gig, and farther afterwards on foot.

Before, however, we reached this point, we came to Birnam Forest, where the soldiers of Malcolm, as it is said, provided themselves with branches to march against Macbeth. I should have been pleased to ramble in the forest a little way, if any forest there had been. But I was assured that all that now remains of it is the name. The district called Birnam Forest lies near the Highland Mouth, and extends towards the Highlands. A hill near this is called "Duncan's Hill," because the court of that unfortunate king was held on it.

Beyond Birnam Forest the valley of the Tay contracts very much. For a considerable way we travel through a ravine or mountain pass, but which the people call "the Mouth." It is here that the Tay breaks through, and leaves the Highlands, to continue its farther course in the plains. A similar development of the Tay takes place near Dunkeld, as we have already remarked as taking place at Crieff; and as occurs in the Shee, near Blairgowrie, and in the Teith, near Callander, above Stirling. Near all these places are various "Mouths of the Highlands." On getting through the pass above mentioned, we come to a little opening or valley among the hills, in the centre of whose charming hollow the little town of Dunkeld is situated. We have now passed through the gate, and find ourselves in the Highlands, in the district of those Scots who support the armorial bearings of the Antiquarian Society of Perth, to which the motto, "*A Romanis invicti*," (unconquered by the Romans,) is subjoined. Indeed, the thought expressed in these few words is always the first that lays powerful hold upon my mind when I anywhere pass over the boundaries of the Roman empire. These "*intrepiden militairs*," as I once found them called, in an old German book of the last century, have founded an empire, the contemplation of which must for ever excite the wonder of the historian. I have now for several years been wandering about the limits of this empire, between the Black Sea and the Highland Mouths, over Wallachia, Hungary, Austria, Germany, and Belgium, everywhere visiting with eagerness the traces of their boundary-walls and encampments; and yet there can be no question that the traveller must have a long life who could complete such an inspection of the boundaries of the Roman empire. There is only one race, the limits of whose expansion it might be still more difficult to embrace. That race is the people who sprang up beyond the walls of the empire, and who first subdued the empire of Rome, and then the empire of the world, which the Romans never did. This people, the Germans, subdued, more-

over, the Highlands of Scotland; and when the Scots say, "*A Romanis invicti,*" they must confess in silence, "*A Germanis victi.*"

My jocular, graceless Irishman took leave of me at Dunkeld, by remarking, "Well, sir, now you are in the Highlands; the cockneys say ilands, as if it were islands." The Londoners, in general, omit the *h* where it should be sounded, and usually sound it where it should be omitted. Thus they pronounce *Islands* almost like *Highlands*, and say the *Highlanders of New Zealand.* It is a singular but inexplicable phenomenon, that there are very many nations, who, in the same manner, regularly retrench the *h* from words to which it belongs, and affix it to others to which it does not belong. The Lettes, for instance, regularly speak in this way.

It has been said, that the division of Scotland into Lowlands and Highlands is arbitrary and unnatural, as, strictly speaking, the whole country is intersected with mountains, and as those parts comprehended under the name of Lowlands are studded with hills very little inferior in elevation to those of the Highlands. This is certainly true. What are called the Lowlands, more particularly the south of Scotland, is a very hilly country, to which the name is in nowise so applicable as to the Lowlands of Germany (Holland and Belgium), which are perfectly level.

Nevertheless, the boundaries of the Highlands, as a whole, are remarkably well defined, both by the people and geographers of Scotland; and the distinction of Lowlands and Highlands holds good both in the physical aspect and history of the country.

I will first give the boundaries of the Highlands as understood in Scotland. According to the geographers and people of Scotland, the Highlands commence in the west, near the break which the Frith of Clyde makes in the land. The country to the north of the frith is, and always has been, considered as belonging to the Highlands, including the long peninsula which terminates in the Mull of Cantire, and the islands of Bute and Arran. To those who sail along the Frith of Clyde this appears very natural. For the mainland and islands mentioned are mountainous; while the counties on the south of the frith, Ayrshire and Renfrewshire, present, for the most part, a level appearance.

The hill country runs along the Clyde as far as Dunbarton, which is the last mountain-projection on its north bank. The steep hills at this point, between which the waters of Loch Lomond issue forth, form a great mountain-gate, which we may regard as one of the Highland mouths. Above Dunbarton, both sides of the Clyde become level, and the Highland boundary retreats into the interior of the country, generally following the chain

of hills which runs from this to Dunkeld, and which forms such a remarkable contrast to the greater part of the valley of Strathmore. From Stirling and Perth the mountain chains may be seen, proceeding generally in long lines; and here may be observed the "Highland Mouths," as they are called by the learned, and the people generally, of Kilmarnock, Callander, Crieff, Dunkeld, and Blairgowrie.

But from Blairgowrie, it appears, the boundary is somewhat uncertain, since some geographers draw a line from this to Aberdeen or Stonehaven, and say that all to the north of this line ought still to be included in the Highlands; while others, (the more distinguished, I believe,) draw the boundary line right over the extreme spur of the mountains, with a circuit to the Moray Frith and Inverness, and include the whole of the more or less level extent of sea coast on the east of Scotland with the Lowlands. Very remarkably, but at the same time, I believe, very properly, the whole narrow strip of coast about the Friths of Moray and Cromarty, as well as the little peninsula of Cromarty, lying between these two friths, would in that case be reckoned with the Lowlands. The strip of coast, thus separated from the Highlands, is here and there scarcely a mile in breadth, and extends from Nairn to Inverness, Kirkhill, Dingwall, Kiltearn, Tain, and finally terminates at Edderton, on the Frith of Tain.

This, then, is the boundary line of the Highlands, not only as it appears upon the most accurate maps, but as it is received and understood by the natives. All those parts of Scotland which lie to the north and west of this line are Highland, the western isles included. And all the inhabitants of these parts, whether dwelling in the mountains, the glens, or on the islands, are Highlanders.

If we now glance at the history of Scotland, this line is everywhere equally well defined. The Lowland district, just pointed out, is that which was occupied by the Romans, and afterwards by the Saxons, and in which they chiefly spread; while all to the north and west of the boundary was occupied by the original Celtic population, who maintained their territory in numberless battles, and fought against the Romans and Saxons, before their Highland gates.

As in the history, so in the physical aspect of the country, the distinction of Lowlands and Highlands is clearly marked; first, inasmuch as the Highlands fall more towards the north, and the Lowlands more towards the south; secondly, inasmuch as the Highlands incline more towards the Atlantic, and the Lowlands more towards the German Ocean (two circumstances that materially

influence the varieties of climate and condition of both divisions); and, thirdly, inasmuch as the southern part of the country is entirely different in its character from that of the northern, in respect to the mountains on either side of the boundary. For even if the southern mountains are not so very much lower than the northern, (the highest attaining an elevation of about 3,000 feet, whilst the highest of those in the north are only somewhat more than 4,000 feet,) they are nevertheless of an altogether different character. The southern have green, rounded, grassy summits, not so many wild, rugged precipices, chasms, and glens, more wood, and less heath and morass.

All these circumstances and conditions show, clearly and distinctly, that there exists a remarkable and characteristic difference between that part of Scotland called the Highlands, and that part called the Lowlands. The only questions can be, whether the marks of this distinction have been properly chosen, and whether the line of demarcation must be taken exactly as it has been taken —on the whole, two rather immaterial questions. For, if the distinction is clearly understood, names are of little importance. Besides, as by "Lowlands" we only mean that one part of the country is lower than another, and is not an entire level, and as neither the plains nor the hills of the Lowlands are really so high as those of the Highlands, nothing important can be objected to the names. It is, at least, certain, that, as regards the southern boundary, it could not have been better fixed than by the line that so strongly marks the contrast between the southern Lowlands and the north-western and higher parts of Scotland.

Some writers have entirely rejected this division of Scotland, and, regarding its external figure merely, have divided it into three parts—a northern, southern, and midland part. Although this division is not much regarded, it is still important. The distinctive characteristics of the Lowlands and the Highlands are entire throughout. The former are greener, more fertile, better wooded, flatter, or, at least, more rounded off, than the Highlands; which, on the other hand, are everywhere more barren, thinner populated, more naked, more abundant in moors and bogs, and altogether more wild and Celtic in their appearance, than the Lowlands.

In the two names are expressed the two greatest and most remarkable contrasts Scotland has to offer. That taken from the external figure of the country near Glenmore, can only be regarded as a subordinate portion. By this valley the northern Highlands are divided from the southern. From the southern, again, are parted off the western Highlands, under which the islands and long peninsulas of Argyleshire are understood. "Western" and

"Northern Highlands," are terms very often heard. "Eastern Highlands," is not a term in common use; because, on the east, the country is generally level, the mountains gradually sink into the plain, and, in form, they do not stand forth as a distinct and determined whole. We seldom hear, either, of the "Southern Highlands," as a peculiar division of the country; although, of course, there are people in the north who speak of the southern parts of the Highlands, as there are people in the west to whom some parts of the Highlands have an easterly situation, and so denote them.

The division of Scotland, then, into Lowlands and Highlands, is in nowise a mere idle conceit. Seen under the physical partition that ever exists, there is, even at the present day, a marked distinction between the inhabitants of the two parts of the country.

As soon as one enters the Highlands, he meets with another race of men, hears still, in some places, the Celtic language, and sees a people now first beginning to become Anglicised. He will still perceive, in the country, shadows of the ancient clans, hear of chieftains, and come upon wild and uncultivated tracts. The Highlands, though they comprise by far the greater half of Scotland, still contain a population six times smaller than the Lowlands, namely, 400,000 souls; and, on the average, they are probably seven or eight times more scantily populated. The Highland boundary has still some importance in a political point of view, namely, with regard to the distillation of spirits, which is subjected to other laws in the Highlands than in the Lowlands. The so-called "Boundary of the Highland Distillery," indicated upon most of the official maps, deviates only a little from the true Highland boundary.

CHAPTER XI.

DUNKELD.

ENVIRONMENT OF DUNKELD—THE DUKE OF ATHOL—PRINCE ALBERT—A PRINCE OF "WAMIR"—PLANTATIONS IN SCOTLAND—LARCHES—DUNKELD'S PARTICIPATION IN THE CIVILISATION OF THE HIGHLANDS—THE CLANS AND THE BISHOPS OF DUNKELD—THE CLANS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF DUNKELD AND QUEEN VICTORIA—THE FASHIONABLE TOUR—CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE COUNTY OF PERTH.

Dunkeld, an old Celtic name, is a place surrounded by hills, and these not in the distance, but quite near it. It is also the seat

of the chief of a clan, the Duke of Athol, the head of the great Clan Murray. A late Duke of Athol was a great planter of trees. It is said he planted 45,000 acres of ground, with not less than twelve millions of trees,—some say fifteen millions. It is no wonder, then, that the neighbourhood of his seat should appear shadowed all around with beautiful foliage. The majestic trees, the mountains that form themselves into a basin, the dark toppling crags, the clear waters of the Tay, twining so sweetly among the green pastures, and the Highland mouth, affording a glimpse of the Lowlands,—all invest the spot with the most attractive charms.

The town is very prettily situated. The park and mansion lie beyond it. Upon the park gates are displayed the family arms, as is usual with English dukes and lords, and underneath the motto of the Clan Murray, " Furth fortune, and fill the fetters." The Dukes of Athol are very famous in Scotland. The Dukes of Argyll and Buccleuch are alone their equals. It may perhaps be interesting to my readers to recite the various hereditary titles of such a Scottish grandee, that they may be able to compare them with the countless titles of our Bohemian and Austrian nobility.

The oldest title of the family is "Baron Murray of Tullibardine," as generally in Scotland the baronial is more ancient than the ducal title.* The other titles are as follows :—Earl of Tullibardine, Earl of Athol, Marquis of Athol, Viscount of Balquhidder, Baron Murray, Balvenie, and Gask, Duke of Athol, Marquis of Tullibardine, Earl of Strathtay and Strathardle, Viscount of Glenalmond and Glenlyon. These are the titles of the Murrays in the peerage of Scotland. In the peerage of England, (under the kings of England,) they were made Barons Strange of Knockyn. In the peerage of Great Britain, after the union of the two kingdoms, they became " Earls Strange, and Barons Murray of Stanley." The kernel upon which this load of hereditary titles is imposed, is neither more nor less than "John Murray." Such was the name of the first duke. By this name is he known before God, and on the baptismal register : in every-day life he is usually called "the Duke."

I went to walk in the park of this nobleman, conducted by an old man of the Clan Murray. He spake of nothing but "the Duke." The duke is the Murrays one and all. " This is natural, sir," said my old clansman, " for every Duke of Athol has a great swing in this country, in carrying elections you know, getting gentlemen into situations, and such things." The duke appears such an important personage to the Murrays, that he is held in

* The youngest barons are as old as the oldest dukes. The youngest baron of Scotland dates his title from 1690, and only one duke is older than 1645.

more account than the chief of the kingdom. My old man stoutly maintained that Prince Albert was a Prince of "Wamir," or "Wehmir." Probably he had somewhere heard of Weimar. I informed him however that he was a Prince of Coburg. "Weel, sir," he said, "the name is not of much consequence; the best is, that this country is so very well pleased with your countryman. He is such a quiet, nice, and gracious man. He does not meddle with politics at all, and a gentleman he is too."

The celebrated Dr. Johnson, who, in the year 1773, made a journey through Scotland to the Hebrides, says, that a tree is as great a rarity in this country as a horse in Venice. Thanks to the Duke of Athol and other industrious planters, this is no longer the case. Dr. Johnson further adds, that nearly all the trees he saw in Scotland appeared to have been recently planted. There are now so many beautiful woods everywhere in Scotland, that there must have been an extraordinary activity in this respect since the last century. Even in the most northern districts there are great forests, such as that of Dirry-Meanach, and the Forest of Tarf, which latter stretches away even to Cape Wrath. In Scotland, as in Ireland, it may be remarked, that the country has been twice covered with woods, and twice divested of them. The land was at first bare, as it emerged from the ocean. Then it became covered with woods; and thus wooded it was found by the Romans. The proof of this we have, partly, in the accounts left by the Romans; and, partly, in the fact, that even in the woodless districts of Scotland, nay in the almost desert Hebrides, trunks of the largest trees are found imbedded in the fens and morasses, as they are also found in the Irish bogs. Through man's bad husbandry and bad nurture, these ancient forests disappeared in the course of centuries, until they were again restored by the Goddess with a hundred breasts, the nurse with a thousand fostering arts; and the woods of Scotland are now the fairest she has to boast. Though, then, Dr. Johnson's expression, on the whole, holds good no longer, there are still, here and there, tolerably large tracts of country to which it is literally applicable, and which might afford ample employment to a few more such patriotic planters as the Dukes of Athol.

In the small portion of the Highlands through which I passed, I saw no tree so abundantly cultivated as the larch. The Scots at first imagined that this tree would only grow in a southern climate, until the Duke of Athol proved the contrary. The first larches which came here were imported in 1737, from the Tyrol, where, on the mountains of the valley of Etsch, there are magnificent forests of this beautiful and useful tree. They were first

planted in flower pots, and afterwards transplanted to the lawn before the duke's mansion, where I now saw them, grown up into great, beautiful, and lofty trees. My guide told me that one of them had been calculated to contain no less than 396 cubic feet of timber. These two larches reminded me of the two cypresses of the Crimea, which are the progenitors of all the cypresses in that country. The same Duke of Athol lived long enough to see a 36-gun frigate launched upon the waters, built of larch of his own planting. Few planters, alas! live to enjoy a similar pleasure; for which reason planting is regarded by private persons as a thankless undertaking, and thence becomes a matter which should be engaged in by the state, which is longer lived than an individual. Most of the trees in Scotland, like the larch, are of foreign origin. Of native trees there are only a very small number; and of these there are only a few species, of which specimens are but rarely met with.

Dunkeld was formerly a bishop's see, and, close to the mansion of the Duke of Athol, may be seen the ruins of a fine cathedral. Dunkeld, and several similar places on the borders of the Highlands and Lowlands, were once the seats of civilisation, from whence the light of religion and science penetrated into the Highlands. By the bishops of Dunkeld, missionaries, instructed in the Gaelic, were sent forth to preach in the Highlands; in the same manner as those monks who arrived from Ireland, and settled upon the celebrated island of Iona, on the western coast of Scotland, made missionary tours into the interior of the country. The bishops, however, had occasionally no little difficulty in maintaining their rights and possessions against the neighbouring clans. Yet it is still interesting to observe, says Mr. Chambers, that the terrors of the church, at times, did not fail to exercise their influence on the superstitious and half-civilised chieftains. The bishops often constrained them, even shortly after they had fallen upon their vassals sword in hand, or had stolen their cattle and burnt their barns, to appear before the altar in a shirt of hair, and there implore pardon of heaven and the bishop.

I should like much if some one were to collect all the various, most important, and most interesting features and events in the history of the clans. A history of every single clan were partly impossible, and probably would not be sufficiently interesting and important. But a classification and combination of all the known events in such a history, would be in the highest degree interesting, and would present altogether a peculiar picture of this singular condition of human society. In such a picture, features like the following would occur:—A certain clan lived in constant and im-

placable hostility with another; while, on the contrary, anotner clan was always united to a certain other in steady friendship. For the one clan, it would suffice to make use of the name of a certain clan, in order to be taken under all circumstances. The phenomenon would here arise, that one clan, jointly members of another clan, would be brought into hereditary slavery. Some of the clans had an extremely despotic constitution; as in the Hebrides, among others, it was more mild. Highly interesting, in such a treatise, would be the inquiry, how it happened, that, notwithstanding all the various hostilities of the clans against each other, one never preponderated over all the rest, and formed the whole into a great state. Does this originate merely in the mountainous nature of the country they inhabit?

The clans living in the neighbourhood of Dunkeld are the Mac Kays, the Mac Kenzies, the Stuarts, the Mac Inroys, and the Donnachies or Robertsons. (I should like to know why some clans have Germano-English names.) All these clans came down from their mountains when the Queen and Prince Albert were here. On the spacious lawn of Athol-house a tent was erected, where they took luncheon. Eight pipers were present. "Lord Glenlyon, who had capital spirits, had a hundred men of his own." This nobleman is heir to the title of Duke of Athol. The other clans were each headed by its own chieftain, and all in the Highland costume. Pipers were also stationed upon the beautiful bridge built by the late Duke of Athol, to welcome her Majesty. "The Queen reviewed all the clans most famously," and went along the line amid the friendly greetings of the people. It must have been a wonderfully pretty sight, this lively, variegated, regal scene, in the beautiful green park. Now all was still and silent. The leaves fell from the trees, the clans had retired to their quiet mountain dwellings, and the Duchess of Athol, who a few weeks previous was the occupant of the place, had now gone to her eternal rest. A short time after the Queen's visit, she was taken ill and died.

At the inn of Dunkeld, a pretty hostelry, I engaged a gig, and set out in the traces of the royal pair. I could not have done better. For the route taken by the Queen and Prince Albert in their Highland tour, presents some of the finest Highland scenery, —the Scots say the very finest. This route proceeds by Aberfeldy, Kenmore, (the noble seat of the noble Marquis of Breadalbane,) from hence to Loch Tay, through Killin to Loch Earn, and then back. This is one of the fashionable tours of Scotland, or "the fashionable route." And it is now anticipated by all the people on the road, that, since the Queen's visit, this and follow-

ing years will bring a stream of tourists in this direction. The county of Perth, to which all these points belong, is one of the three largest in Scotland, as the county of Cork is the largest in Ireland, and the county of York the largest in England. Of the sixteen millions of acres of the superficies of Scotland, Perthshire contains not much less than two millions, and upon this extent of surface possesses some of the finest and most magnificent Highland and Lowland scenery.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM DUNKELD TO TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

GAELIC SONGS—POTATOES IN THE HIGHLANDS—"PUNCH"—GAELIC NAMES FOR HIGHLAND GARB—SCOTLAND AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS—STABILITY IN THE LIFE OF NATIONS—THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY—BURNS' POEMS—BURNS, MOORE, BYRON—INGRATITUDE OF THE SCOTS TO BURNS—BURNS AND THE SCOTTISH DIALECT—ASSONANCE OF BURNS' POETRY.

I had engaged as a driver one mighty in the Gaelic; and from this man I learned, on the way, somewhat of the language, which has far less written literature than its sister tongue, the Erse of the Irish; because the latter applied themselves earlier to its proper cultivation and literature, while the Scottish Highlanders continued always in their barbaric wildness, and were first introduced to civilisation by means of the English language.

My driver told me, that the clan to which he belonged is called "Dschuer," part of which still exists. I asked him if he was acquainted with any old Gaelic songs; and he repeated several on the way. Of course I did not understand a single word of one of them; and when I asked him what they were all about, he answered, "All these songs contain a great deal about love, and such like." "They do not make so much poetry now, as in the olden times." I asked him farther what the Duke of Athol was called in Gaelic. He replied, "Cean na Murrich," the great head of the Murrays.

Potatoes, which, as well as turnips, have been only cultivated in Scotland in modern times, are here called "puntaht,"* a corruption seemingly of the English word. "Tohl-puntaht"† is the name of those little heaps or mounds, seen near every house, in which the potatoes are preserved, and which, by the English, are

* In Armstrong's Lexicon written "buntat."
† By Armstrong written "toll-buntat."

called "potato pits." The English word "sugar," the Highlanders have changed into "suchkars."*

It was very interesting to come upon the traces of the far-famed word punch, in this its native home. My friend assured me, that "punch" is a genuine Celtic word. "Believe me," he said, "punch is right from the bottom of the Gaelic." I know not whence the word comes. Many similar English words, as Punch, a Merry-Andrew,—punch, a kind of chisel,—puncheon, a wine measure, &c., may be conjectured to have a relationship to the French word "*poinçon.*" Foyer, in his travels, asserts that punch (the beverage) is an Indian word, signifying the number of the elements. This, however, is certain, that the word "punch," as well as punch itself, is well known in every Highland hut; whilst among us Germans, both the one and the other are only usual in those higher circles where Schiller's Punch-song is prized and understood. But here the thing is not composed of so many elements as the Schillerian punch. It is nothing more than simple hot water and whisky, and, instead of the lemon and sugar, the aroma of "peat-reek." Peat-reek is the flavour imparted to whisky in consequence of the malt from which it is distilled having been dried by the hot smoke or reek of peat or dried turf.

What particularly surprised me was, that, according to the assertion of people here (I have no other authority) the various names given to the Highland dress in the Lowlands, are not at all Gaelic. For the Lowland terms they gave me the following Gaelic. I write them exactly as the people pronounced them. I observed their lips closely, and made them repeat the words half-a-dozen times. The plaid, they said, in Gaelic, is "Prachk-kan;" the kilt, "Fehl;" and tartan, "Catha." I have not been able to find these words in any Gaelic dictionary.†

The sides of all the hills we passed were covered with larches, now in their red and yellow autumn colours. This is another of the beautiful labours of the Duke of Athol; all here about was formerly perfectly bare. We rolled along, besides, on an excellent turnpike. I cannot cease to wonder at the immense change Scotland has undergone, when I compare her present to her former condition. In this respect there cannot be a more interesting piece of reading than Dr. Johnson's‡ Journal of his tour in Scot-

* By Armstrong written "sucar."

† In Armstrong *breacan*, and *cadath*, are given for plaid and tartan. *Feile-breacan*, is a belted plaid; and *feile-beag* (philabeg), a kilt. Tartan, according to Logan, is derived from *tarstin*, or *tarsuin*—across.—TRANS.

‡ This learned man, however, is not to be trusted in all places, as he, like many Englishmen of his time, was a great *Scotophobist*.

and, made, as we have already stated, seventy years ago, which pictures the country in an utter state of barbarism, and speaks of it almost in the same tone as we speak of Krim Tartary, or any similar country. He travelled mostly on horseback, huts were his night quarters, oaten bread his fare, rocks and bogs his road, simple and unlettered mountaineers his conductors. Now there are good roads in all directions, and inns in abundance. Not only all the points on the coast, but also the islands, the Hebrides, the Orkneys, the Shetlands, and, since 1834, the remote St. Kilda, have all been connected with the mainland by steamboats, as with a wide extended net. If we glance at Scotland as it was in the beginning of the last century, and compare it with the Scotland of the present day, and take whatever branch of human activity, domestic or political economy we will, we find the things of the past so small, and those of the present so great, that it is with difficulty we can believe in the littleness of the one and the greatness of the other. We may compare the extent of population, the amount of revenue, the state of cultivation, of agriculture and horticulture, —may inquire into every single branch of industry, into land and water communications, and architecture,—we may select whatever we will, and yet shall find that all is now at least ten times, and many things at least twenty times, greater than formerly. Scotland, in the last century, we find so diminutively small, that, viewed from our present position, we can scarcely conceive why it was worth being mentioned in history at all. It formerly tacked behind all the other states of Europe; and now it sails along, like a rapid steam-frigate, among the first nations of the earth, and many of the great European ships of the line must now observe and imitate its manœuvres. For 1,700 years the words of Virgil, "*Penitus toto orbe Britannos*," were strictly applicable to Scotland. Within a century these words have first ceased to be applicable.

That there are many things in Scotland that have not advanced with this steam-ship rapidity, and which are exactly the same now as they were, and have been, may again be understood. In every country we experience the like. In Germany, I believe it would not be difficult to find such peasants' huts as the Romans saw. In the Appenines, no doubt, live herdsmen and robbers, very little different to what they were in the time of Horace. We may travel into the interior provinces of France, and behold things in pretty much the same state as Cæsar beheld them in ancient Gaul. So, on our way among the hills of Scotland, we beheld little hovels, which appeared exactly as the dwellings of the ancient Ossianic Picts and Scots may have appeared. They were thatched

with heather, which here and there hung down in great disorder. Heather,—in Gaelic "fraoch,"—is everywhere here the usual roofing. The houses, the stacks of hay, oats, &c., are thatched with it; and so, also, were the triumphal arches which had been erected on the way in honour of the Queen and Prince Albert; even their initials were twined in heather. Here and there, before these little hovels, I saw a well-trimmed spruce-fir; just as I had observed, before the doors of Irish hovels, a well-trimmed hawthorn. Beyond these heather huts, upon the mountains, the snow was lying in some places. This word snow,—in Gaelic *snechk*, —is one of those which may be found in every language in Europe, in the Latin as well as the German, in the Celtic as well as the Sclavonic; sometimes only the sibilant and sometimes the palatial sound is dropped.

It was getting dark by the time I reached Aberfeldy, and too late to visit the celebrated waterfall in its neighbourhood. There was still light, however, to read the pretty little song which Burns has composed upon it. The song is "The Birks of Aberfeldy," and its beauty chiefly consists in the poet, while painting the waterfall, always making the birches which hang over it the principal object of contemplation. Of course a "bonny lass" belongs to the song, whom the poet invites to go with him to the birches near the waterfall, and to whom the burden of every verse is addressed. Not only Aberfeldy, but Kenmore, Killin, and several other places in this direction, Burns, whom Scott calls the best of Scottish poets, has celebrated in his charming songs.

These songs of Burns can be as little dispensed with in Scotland as those of Moore in Ireland. Both are lyric poets, both love their native land, both have enjoyed an extraordinary popularity in their own country. With every beautiful scene in Ireland, and with every historical recollection, there is always entwined some lay of Moore's, and we can scarcely think of the one without at the same time thinking of the other. Exactly similar is the case with the songs of Burns in Scotland. As no Irishman can mention the ruins of Glendalough without beginning, with Thomas Moore, "On the lake, whose gloomy shore," or "Let Erin remember the days of old;" or hear tell of King Brian without recalling to memory, "Remember the glories of Brian the Brave;" even so, if somewhat incidentally you make mention of the battle of Bannockburn, in a company where a Scot is present, his eyes will begin to sparkle, and, smiling, he will ask you, "Eh, do ye ken that bonny sang o' Burns'—

'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led.'"

Do you wish to hear once more Burns' pretty song, commencing

"Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O"—

you have only to turn the conversation dexterously to the Highland lasses, soon to hear some Scotsman in your society humming it to himself. But perhaps you have often heard his song beginning—

"The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and monie a glen,
At length they discovered a bonny muir hen."*

You have heard this song too often already, or you may doubt, as some critics have doubted, whether it is really a song of Burns'; in which case keep your doubts to yourself, if you are crossing a heath with a Scotsman, or you will have the whole of it over again.

With the Scottish Burns, and the Irish Moore, a very suitable parallel might be drawn with the English Byron. All the three are modern lyric poets, prized and famed in nearly the same manner throughout the whole British nation, and each of them, more particularly, is idolized in his own especial country. All three are decidedly gifted geniuses. The chief distinction among them is, that Byron is so little of a patriot, which perhaps may arise from England standing highest in the union, a powerful, dominant, and fortunate country, while Ireland and Scotland, as oppressed or subjugated countries, stir more deeply the poetical tenderness of love and sympathy. It is also remarkable, that as the fatherland of Byron is the more powerful, so his genius is the strongest and most comprehensive of the three. The hearts of all three have been troubled by grief and saddened by melancholy. The wildest is Byron; the most sweetly melancholy, is the Irishman; but the Scotsman, too, is often not less wildly moved. Sorrowful and melancholy souls most British poets seem to have had. This, indeed, is the characteristic of British literature. It is remarkable that, in that country, the divine gifts of Apollo do not appear to have brought happiness to the bosom of the recipient.

Byron and Burns were chiefly unhappy through their own stormy and passionate minds. Moore appears more serene, when he does not strike the strings of the melancholy lyre of Erin. Moore, too, in outward circumstances of life, is at least more fortunate than Burns. Burns, of the three, was decidedly the most unfortunate.

* A "bonny muir hen" is, of course, a bonny Highland lass.

For though his poems from the very first, and even among his contemporaries, were extraordinarily successful, his countrymen did nothing particular for him. In opposition to this, one may say what he pleases, and lay all the blame upon the wild Burns that may really belong to him, and yet it must ever be a point of shame for Scotsmen, that they permitted a poet to die in want and misery who so much delighted them. On his death-bed Burns was obliged to write several letters, in order to raise a sum of about *five pounds* which he was indebted to a haberdasher, who threatened to throw him in prison.

Burns has made such excellent use of the material which the Scottish language afforded him, and has wrought out of it such fine and perfectly beautiful forms, that his songs no doubt must be reckoned "*aere perennius.*" Future generations will long continue to derive the same refreshment from them that they have yielded for the last fifty years. And yet such a man the Scots permitted to fall into decay, and suffer want! Coming generations will be unable to comprehend the indolence and indifference of his contemporaries; and when these appeal to the poet's failings, those may say, "Could you not bear, then, a little longer with his failings, for the sake of us and the world? Was there not a single good, kind heart among you to approach him, and care for him, when he was not in a condition to care for himself? Yea, was it not for you—who knew all that you and the world had done for him—among whom he lived not unknown—before whose eyes and ears he sang, to perform this holy duty by him?" But the world is so constituted that, it is a question, whether this benevolent-minded posterity would not sin against a Burns of their own times, in the same manner as have done their fathers.

What particularly distinguishes Burns from the two other poets named, is, that he did not belong to the so-called educated classes, and had little or no education. In the earlier times of Scotland, when there was no literature and no educated classes, this would have done him no particular injury. He would then, as one of the most enthusiastic of bards, have gone forth to battle. But now, this circumstance would naturally bring him into variance with the world and himself. For he was drawn into learned and literary circles, where neither his manners nor his acquirements could support him, and where, from the height of his genius, he must have looked down upon so many. As a genuine national Scottish poet, proceeding from the proper heart and kernel of the nation, he made use of the Scottish dialect in his poems. Here and there, perhaps, this may somewhat injure him in the eyes of Englishmen; whilst in the ears of Scotsmen it is his highest merit.

For as the Londoners find such endless and indescribable pleasure in the works of Dickens, in part because certain persons are introduced, who say, "I've" for "I have," and "fellor" for "fellow;" so, Scotsmen find, in part, similar endless and indescribable pleasure in the poems of Burns, where "wi' Wallace" is put for "with Wallace," "sae" for "so," "lassie" for "girl," "bonny" for "fine," "wha" for "who," "a'" for "all," "braw" for "brave," and so on. I say in part, for it does not appear to me right to put a lower value upon the really distinguished treatment the English language has received in the poems of Burns. Indeed, it is impossible not to be astonished at this uneducated man, who made the not very pliable material of the English language so flexible, sounding, musical, and powerful, that it would appear as if the choice of his words, and the composition of his verses, had resulted from the greatest and most refined art, while it was nothing more than mere Nature that directed his steps. We may observe a hundred better examples than we have chosen in the four following lines, to illustrate the musical beauty and delightful sequence of sounds in some of his English verses:—

> "Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
> Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
> Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
> Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods."

The alternation of sounds in the first lines is magnificent; and the re-echo of the same sound in "loud-pouring," is powerful and effective, painting to the ear the roar and echoes of a rushing flood.

Burns and his poems have out-flanked everything here in the North. For as far as the English language is known, so far are his poems; and there are even places in the Orkneys and Hebrides where nothing farther exists beyond the Bible in the way of literature, than the poems of Burns.

CHAPTER XIII.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

FOLLOW ME!"—"WELCOME TO BREADALBANE, QUEEN VICTORIA!"—THE CLAN CAMPBELL—CHIEF AND CHIEFTAIN—ASSURANCE—A REAL HIGHLANDMAN—ANGLES AND SAXONS—TO CLAN—GAELIC LANGUAGE—MANUSCRIPTS—"TO KILT"—PROHIBITION OF THE KILT—"THE SCOTCH FARMERS BEAT THE ENGLISH THREE TIMES OVER"—SCOTTISH DRAINING SYSTEM—PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE—THE LAST "SNUFF OF TOBACCO"—"HOW GRAND!"—THE FETE AT TAYMOUTH CASTLE—BURNS' PRAISE OF TAYMOUTH CASTLE—HEAD-PIPER—HIGHLAND OXEN—INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE—JOHN SOBIESKI STUART ON SCOTTISH TARTANS—LADY MARY RICH—AN OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING—QUEEN VICTORIA'S MIRROR AND PRINCE ALBERT'S STIRRUP CUP—TREE-PLANTING BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT—A DAIRY—CATTLE—GROUSE—WILD OXEN—BASQUE AND GAELIC LANGUAGES—"THESE WERE FINE DAYS."

"Follow me!" is the imperious sentence written under the arms of the Breadalbanes. We obeyed the summons, and taking the direct road from Aberfeldy, arrived towards dusk at the renowned seat of the family. When Queen Victoria was here, an arch was erected on the boundary of the estate, formed of branches of the birks of Aberfeldy, whereon stood the proud words "Welcome to Breadalbane, Queen Victoria!"

The castle is situated a little way from the eastern extremity of Loch Tay, in one of the most beautiful Highland districts, but which the darkness of the evening prevented us from seeing. Its English name is Taymouth Castle; its Celtic, Kenmore, as the English write it, or as it ought properly to be written, "Ceanmore," that is, the great chief, or great head.* Both names seem to be equally well known, not only in the locality, but also in maps, where sometimes the one and sometimes the other appears. There are many such places in Scotland, which have a Celtic and Saxon name at the same time. This is natural enough. I found, however, more particularly, that there are even some clans who bear a Celtic and English name in the same locality. Thus, the Clan Donnochy (the children of Duncan) have the name of Robertson. Another English clan-name is, the "Royal Stuart."

On the other hand, it is evident that the Saxons, in the Lowlands, have changed or Anglicised many Celtic names in their own fashion, as is also done in Ireland and Wales. Thus, the "Kaimbel" or "Caimbel" of the Celts, are called "Campbell."

* Cean signifies not only *head*, but also *end* or *extremity*, namely, of the lake.

The children of the Kaimbel, or Campbell, live here on Loch Tay, and the Marquis of Breadalbane himself is a Campbell. John Campbell is the name of the present marquis. He is not the chief of all the Campbells, this being the Duke of Argyll. The Breadalbanes are hence only the largest branch (not the stem) of the great house of Argyll, and the marquis is only the chieftain of a branch of the Campbells.*

Close to the lake there is also a pretty little village, called Kenmore, with a comfortable inn, in which I took up my abode. Alas! the accounts I heard of the possibility of getting a sight of the park and castle sounded very unfavourable: they were shown to no one, it was said. Besides, the marquis was absent, and the marchioness alone at home. I had, however, more than once lost the sight of somewhat important objects by similar representations, the beautiful palace and ruins of Scone, for instance, and I determined that the fair castle of Taymouth should not be lost so cheaply. I sat down, therefore, and addressed the following letter to the marchioness:—

"MADAM,—Permit a stranger to approach you with a petition, and deign a favourable hearing to a wanderer, who, at this late time of the year, and night, knocks at the portals of your palace.

"I come from the distant banks of the Danube, from the far-off shores of the Black Sea—I could wish I had penetrated farther.

"An irresistible impulse to behold the humble, alas! not always the happy, dwellings of the poor, and the proud palaces of the great, impels me to bear my pilgrim-staff, not always an easy one, as far into the world as my feeble strength will permit me.

"I have visited the three fair and great islands over which the majesty of Britain rules, and now I am arrived here among the poor inhabitants of the little village of Kenmore, who boast to have been attached to the illustrious family of Breadalbane, from time immemorial, as vassals and namesakes.

"I chose this place as the extreme limits of my journey in romantic Caledonia, beyond which I do not wish to carry my steps; while the battlements of the far-famed castle arise in its neighbourhood, under whose roof, as I am told, a pleasing altar has been

* The Scots make a distinction between chief and chieftain. The former is the head of the whole clan; the latter is only the head of a part or branch of the clan.

"The Saxon word thane, the *taini* of Domesday-book, is assuredly derived from the Celtic *tanaist*," says Logan. Hence probably the chief-thane or taini, (chieftain.) The tanaist, during the life of the chief, led the army, filling the office of captain-general to the chief—hence subordinate to the chief, as the thanes were subordinate to the king.—TRANS.

erected to the household gods of your ladyship; and while the lovely green carpet of its park is spread around, on which, as fame relates, the elves and water-nymphs, the dryads and wood-gods, have been particularly active in forming a picture of nature, worthy of being displayed before the windows of your castle.

"Night, indeed, now covers the valley with envious darkness; and some there are who would have inspired me with the fear, that the day of the Elysium in which your ladyship abides would never rise on me.

"But I cannot resign hope, and I now venture to appeal to your kindness, and to prefer the request, that, at your ladyship's commands, the closed gates of your palace may be opened to me, and that the hundred-eyed Helios may show me all that your palace contains. For your gracious attention to this request, the heart of a travelling philosopher will ever remain devoted and grateful."

I forwarded this letter to the park, made a visit in the meanwhile to the parish schoolmaster, and on my return received, through the hands of a captain in the service of Don Carlos V., a friendly and affirmative answer. Indeed, I had not doubted the receipt of such an answer. And I believe I may advise the foreign traveller in England, wherever he is told by the natives that such and such a place cannot possibly be seen, to apply direct to the owner, by letter, for permission. The British gentry have closed many of their seats and castles, because the stream of a curious public, which would otherwise rush in, would be far too great. But the foreign traveller, whose visits are more rare, and who may be supposed to be actuated by a higher degree of curiosity, is generally treated in all countries with more liberality and courtesy, and enjoys more privileges of this kind than the natives.

As I now anticipated an agreeable and pleasant morning, I invited a small party for the evening, as good as the little village of Kenmore could furnish, namely, mine host and his family, the schoolmaster of the place, and a farmer of the neighbourhood, whose acquaintance I had made upon my road. The latter was "a real Hielanman," one well versed in the Gaelic. For, as I was told, "strictly speaking, he who has the language is a Highlander." I must explain a little farther, what the Scots understand by a Highlander.

The Highlanders call themselves "Galach." Their country, the Celtic islands, they call "Kaltach."* The Lowlands, on the contrary, they call "Machair." In common with the Irish, they

* Such to my ear sounded the pronunciation of the words. Armstrong, however, writes the same words, "Gaidhealach," and "Gaidhealtached."

call Englishmen "Sass'nach," (Saxons,) and England "Sachsen."*

It is truly very remarkable that of the two Germanic races, the Angles and Saxons, who came over to England and became amalgamated, the English retained for themselves the name of Angles, because, as may still be read in their chronicles, the Angles were the more powerful and predominant of the two; whilst the Celts of Wales, Ireland, and Caledonia, on the contrary, chose the name of the other race, the Saxons, to denote their German foes; seeming thereby to intimate that the Saxons were the most important. The latter, indeed, appears to have been the case; for, we have a "Saxon," but no Anglian heptarchy—a "Saxon," but no Anglian period of art. In the old chronicles, too, those people whom the Normans defeated and subjugated are called Saxons, and never Angles; and it appears somewhat enigmatical, now, in this Anglo-Saxo-Norman mixture of people, the name of Saxon should at a later period prevail. Can it be that the name of Saxon had fallen into discredit through the Norman Conquest, and that the name of Angles (English), as a somewhat neutral and untainted name, was drawn from obscurity.

It is also singular that the word *clan*, so commonly used in Scotland to express the fraternization of Highland families, is not a Celtic, but an English word.† "To clan," in English, means to herd or congregate together; and hence "a clan" is a herd,—a family, or race of people. In Gaelic, a clan is called "fine;" and the English word "clansman" is, in Gaelic, "finneachan," or "ciennich," (pronounced *kinnich*,) probably derived from *cien* or *cean* (a head), and intended to signify one united to a head or chief.

One circumstance, respecting which I made particular inquiry of my friend the schoolmaster, was the disuse of the Gaelic among the people in his neighbourhood. He told me that, although he was well acquainted with the language, he was now no longer required to teach it. His predecessor had taught it, and the schoolmaster of Killin, at the western extremity of Loch Tay, still teaches it. At the eastern end of the loch, it is almost extinct as a conversational language; while on the western end there are many who, if addressed in English, will reply, "I ha'na English." But even there, as everywhere else, it is falling into disuse. This is remarkable, as the moment of the decay of the Gaelic

* Armstrong writes, "Sassunach," and "Sagsunn."

† It is doubtful whether clan is an English word. At all events, in O'Reilley's Irish Dictionary, *cland*, or *clann*, means descendants, children, a tribe; which is almost equivalent to *fine*, which means, a tribe, family, nation, &c.—TRANS.

language is that in which it is more actively cultivated by the learned than it has ever yet been, and in which, for the first time, the means of learning and teaching it have been afforded. Dr. Armstrong, the brother of my friend the schoolmaster, published the first Gaelic lexicon in 1822. Now there are several. Many grammars also exist. Yet the entire study of this language, now on the brink of the grave, is still in its infancy.

I remarked to the schoolmaster that, in the course of my rapid journey in Scotland, I had nowhere found Gaelic manuscripts in the hands of the people; whilst in Ireland, in the course of an equally rapid journey, I had found many manuscript poems in the Irish language. He told me, that he himself, for as long as he had lived in the Highlands, had never seen any such manuscript poems. The little I have been able to ascertain with certainty connected with this subject is, that the Scottish Gael have not their own alphabet, like the Irish, but use the English characters. At the present time this is actually the case. But whether it has been always so, I could not positively learn, although many assured me of the affirmative. This would bespeak a greater degree of barbarism among the Highland than the Irish Celts.

The conviction was strong among my guests, that the Highland costume had been introduced by the Romans. They told me they had all worn the kilt up to the age of fourteen, when, for the first time, they put on trousers. The peculiarity of the kilt is, that it has nothing in common with trousers, as the word indeed signifies. It is derived from the Scottish verb "to kilt," (that is, to shorten the clothes,) still in use among the lasses of Scotland, when they tuck up their petticoats to go a-washing. I have heard a girl say, "I kilted up my goun." I spoke against the kilt as a very unsuitable garment for such a cold mountain-climate. But I was assured, that the kilt is warmer than the English clothing with the trousers. The body and breast are better protected, which is a grand matter. The legs, after they have been accustomed to it, suffer as little from cold as the bare hands or face. It is very common for lads, when they lay aside the kilt and take to the English dress, to shiver, and indeed to catch cold. Old men, who have been accustomed to the kilt all their lives long, dare not lay it aside, for the *trews*,* on this account. Upon the suppression of the rebellion of 1745, the wearing of the kilt was prohibited, and the trews were ordered to be worn; but the opposition of the people was so strong, that the English government had much trouble in carrying their resolution (which was afterwards withdrawn) into effect. In order to obey this law, or at least that

* *Scotice*—trousers.

they might fulfil it in the letter, the people, in many districts, carried the obnoxious garment behind their backs, at the end of their travelling staves. This reminded me of the Tartars and gipsies of Russia, who were commanded to build houses, in order to break them of their nomadic habits; but who evaded the law by erecting tents close to their houses, which they left untenanted.

In another respect I was again reminded of the Tyrolese. The cut of their clothes has a remarkable similarity to those of the Highlanders. The Tyrolese, at least, have their legs half uncovered. Their short leathern breeches never come below the knee, which is always quite bare. The checked stuffs of the Tyrolese I have already mentioned. Are these the marks of the common Celtic origin of both races? All my friends were quite unanimous in opinion that children ought to wear the kilt until their fourteenth year; the reason for this being that children put into trousers are more indolent and lazy than those in the kilt, who are more active and lively. Why are our schoolmasters denied the power of applying this custom, as a simple means of making their scholars fresh and active!

It is impossible to sit with Scotsmen for any time, without the conversation turning upon the subject of agriculture. This is a branch of human industry which has made so much progress in Scotland in modern times, that it was no great exaggeration, when my friends asserted, that "the Scotch farmers beat the English three times over." The most important feature in Scottish farming is the "drainage." And I heard so much about drainage, draining, and drains, in Scotland, that my readers will be pleased if I lay somewhat of a matter before them, which they will admit is extremely interesting.

As a great portion of arid Persia is undermined with drains, in order to distribute the water in the country, so the fields of Scotland are almost undermined through and through, in order to carry off the water and dry the ground. These drains are very narrow, about a foot in breadth, and from three to four feet deep. They are narrower at the bottom than at the top. The bottom is covered with stones, upon which tiles are laid, and upon these again stones are loosely thrown, and the whole is enclosed with mould, and forms a narrow subterranean rill.

The object of these drains is to carry off the superfluous water of underground springs, and the superfluous water and swamps upon the surface of a field. As of all these there is a great overflow in Scotland, it is very necessary to provide every field with drains; or, as the Scots say, "to drain it." Of course, it is important to consider where and how the field may be best furnished

with drains. The water trickles downwards through the loosely imposed stones; and as the roof of the drain is not completely water-tight and impermeable, it reaches the bottom in this way, and so runs of. The branch-drains flow into the head-drains; and this confluence of drains is continued until the water is discharged into some rivulet or stream. This field-drainage resembles, on a small scale, the system adopted in our mines. The Scots and English deem the "draining-system" so important, that they cannot conceive how it is possible a field can do without it. While their drains excited my curiosity, the matter also awoke my astonishment that I had never seen the like in Germany. Perhaps among us it is not quite so requisite. Still I believe there are districts enough in Germany where drains would be serviceable, for they are far more efficient and take up less room than side ditches. Courland and Livonia, which are situated almost under the same degree of latitude as Scotland and the north of England, and whose lands are always more liable to wetness than to drought, would certainly be benefited in an extraordinary manner by the introduction of this British system of drainage.

When drains are judiciously laid out and well constructed, they will last twenty, thirty, or more years, without requiring to be renewed. In time, they naturally cease to act of themselves. The mole sometimes causes much annoyance to the farmer. When the nature of the ground is well studied, one drain may be so constructed as to carry off twenty springs at once. According to the nature of the ground, the drains are variously constructed. Sometimes this, sometimes that form of drain will be preferred, according to circumstances. A number of names have already been invented for the various kinds of drains. Of course there are many drains like ours,—quite open. A hundred years ago, drains were unknown in Scotland; and it is only within the last fifty years that the Scots have bored and undermined their fields like moles. The extraordinary progress which agriculture has made in Scotland, is the more remarkable phenomenon, as this branch of human activity is generally the latest to exhibit progress. It usually lies bound in the chains of ancient customs,—customs which it is always difficult to turn in the right direction; and it is in the hands of uneducated individuals, who live remote from cities, and the central points of civilisation and improvement. It would be really worth the trouble of any one to show how agriculture, in spite of its sluggish nature, has experienced a more sudden development in Scotland, than the freest and most unshackled branches of human industry have experienced in other countries.

As we were about to retire for the night, my schoolmaster beg-

ged me to take from his elegant silver snuff-mull, a parting pinch, or, as the Scotch say, "a last snuff of tobacco." The word "snufchen" (to snuff,) is Dutch. In Dutch and Flemish, they say, in the same manner, a snuff, (snufchen.) As the Saxons, who came over to England, did not bring snuff along with them, and much less the usual terms of the art of snuffing, this word appears to strengthen our conjecture, that the language of Scotland was formed in the spirit of the Lower-Saxon, and, on its separation from the stem of the mother-tongue, hit upon similar expressions in the course of its cultivation. Upon farther inquiry, it is probable that many other words would be met with, on both sides of the German Ocean, formed in a similar manner, without, however, the one having generated the other. The schoolmaster's silver snuff-box had been presented to him by his Highland scholars, "in respect," as the inscription said, "for his private and professional character."

Although I had permission to visit the park and castle next day at any time and hour I pleased, I resolved to see both in the morning, before breakfast, that I might not be in anywise troublesome to their fair mistress. It was a fresh and glorious autumn morning. The sun rose clear and bright over the snowy hills, and filled the park, the rushing waters of the Tay in its midst, the little glens and mountain sides, with joyous and sprightly lights and shadows. Johnson remarks, in his journey in Scotland, that the innumerable charming varieties of light and shade are unknown in that country. I must confess that this generality does great injustice to the country, and that if there are indeed districts in which it is literally true that shadows only prevail, a dark-brown earth and a grey sky, yet, on the other hand, there are many districts entirely excepted from this, in which the abundance of light and shade is sufficient to fill the eye of man with ravishment and delight. Of such districts is this part of the valley of the Tay, with Breadalbane Castle and its park.

"How grand!" were the first words Queen Victoria addressed to Breadalbane, as she stood up in her carriage, and glanced around upon the scene. Breadalbane, a handsome and vigorous man, welcomed her as chief of his clan, "plaided and plumed in his tartan array;" a lively huzza burst from the meadow where the clansmen of Breadalbane were stationed, clad in the colours of their clan; and beneath the wreathed triumphal arch and the gateways stood bands of welcoming young maidens. These were dressed in white, and waved their coloured scarfs in the air. The bands of I know not how many Highland regiments struck up the Highland Welcome, and all was mirrored and echoed again in the clear waters of the Tay, and the lofty hills of the valley. The

whole scene must have been wonderfully beautiful, and is said to have made so great an impression on the Queen and Prince Albert, that they declared they had seen nothing finer in Scotland. I, too, can never forget the view of Taymouth Castle and the surrounding scenery; and Burns was so enchanted by it, that he dedicates a beautiful poem to its honour:

"My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens on my view,
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides;
The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, imbosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride;
The palace rising on his verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fring'd in nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noon-tide beam;
* * * * *
Here poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild."

The palace is a grey, many-turreted building, of hewn stone, and, though new, has a venerable appearance, and is furnished with a variety of Gothic appendages and projections. In front of it are extended the beautiful lawns of the park. On this carpet of grass the Highland population were drawn forth on the Queen's visit; and, in the gleam of 60,000 variegated lamps, sent down from London for the occasion, and suspended to illuminate the valley, the national dance was performed, to the music of ten bagpipes, on the first evening of the presence of her Majesty. Even now, and generally the whole year round, when the proprietor is at home, a piper daily, about dinner time, marches up and down the lawn in front of the house, playing national airs. The Breadalbanes hold this old chieftain custom in some account, and their head piper is one of the most excellent in the country. The Scottish bagpipes sound uncommonly sharp and penetrating; for, as already mentioned, they are originally and chiefly intended for the tumultuous battle-field, and the open valleys of the mountains. The music of such a piper can only be heard and appreciated out of doors; in the house it would be too noisy. I can learn nothing of the man and his pipes, as he had been wounded in a stag-hunt a few days before, and was then confined to bed in his distant hut. There are many other Highland families who reckon a head piper as essential to their state as a head gardener or head groom.

The first thing I observed, on entering the noble hall of the castle, was the skull of a bull. Underneath it was an inscription, stating that it had belonged to a "dun bull of the purest West Highland breed, a good-figured and a brave-looking animal." There were several more skulls of oxen on the walls, and I never remember to have seen such an elegant display of oxes' skulls. I do not believe that in any other country has this love for certain distinguished individuals of the animal race been carried so far. The West Highland breed of oxen is one of the oldest and purest in Great Britain. They are aborigines of the soil, have the most desirable qualities, and, when driven from the poor, boggy Highland moors to pasture on the Lowland meadows, produce the finest beef in all England.

The interior of the rooms and halls of Taymouth Castle exhibit the richest and rarest furnishing I have ever seen; and to find such taste and luxury in the centre of the Highlands, in the midst of the "reek-houses" of the Highlanders, excited, in the highest degree, our surprise. I saw, at every step I took, that people had probably not at all overrated the fact, when they told me, that the possessions of the Breadalbanes run in an unbroken line from the eastern to the western ocean, an extent of 100 English miles. That in Russia there should be such estates is conceivable enough, because there the land is large enough to be divided into thousands of similar extent. But it must excite our astonishment that, in little Scotland, such large estates should be found. Perhaps there is no country in the world with such a powerful, wealthy, and at the same time less numerous oligarchy, than Scotland has had, and still has.

But it was less the greatness than the peculiarity of the luxury that arrested my attention. I believe that in Great Britain may be seen, to better advantage than anywhere else, the antique models and furniture of the age of chivalry, blended with modern taste, and the baronial halls of the middle ages adorned with all the magnificence and elegance which modern art and wealth can effect, without in any way sacrificing the peculiarities of ancient taste. The richness of the wood carvings on the furniture and cornices of the rooms; the abundance of hangings, and carpets of the choicest quality; the many paintings by distinguished masters, and the collection of books of the most select description, are all particularly worthy of admiration. Everything is perfectly unique and genuine. Even the armour placed in the banquetting-hall is not a wretched imitation, for one suit belonged to a French king, and another to an Austrian archduke. The Highland dress-ball, given to the Queen in these apartments, must have been a most enchanting spectacle. The tartans, which among the people are

made of coarse wool, have here a magnificent appearance, as they are made of fine velvet, and employed for covering the furniture.

The most remarkable book I observed in the library was a large illustrated work on the different Scottish tartans, recently published, and edited by John Sobieski Stuart. All the different little variegated threads are here represented in brilliant colours, in that combination in which they were settled and worn by every individual clan; and with each tartan a short notice of the clan, and remarks on the structure of the web, are to be found.

Of the paintings which adorn the various rooms, there is a splendid St. John by Reubens. But I was more interested by Van Dyke's portrait of the Lady Mary Rich, the same person whose portrait may be seen in Holyrood-house. Two hundred years ago, this lady was mistress of Taymouth Castle. She was the daughter of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, brother to the famous Earl of Warwick, called the "king-maker."* This lady, I was told, was one of the fairest and richest matches of her time, possessing not less than £10,000. Of the many gallants who sought her hand, John Campbell, the first Earl of Breadalbane, was the fortunate man. After their nuptials he took her with him to his castle on Loch Tay, which was then rather different from what it now is. His journey and entrance to his castle are thus described by Chambers:—"Upon one of the two Highland ponies which he had brought with him to London, he himself mounted, with his lady behind him; upon the other he disposed his ten thousand pounds, which was all in gold, and at each side of that precious horse-load he stationed a full-armed Highland gilly, who ran beside it as a guard. The strange cavalcade arrived safe in all its parts at Balloch; and a small room used to be shown in that old castle, which, for some time after their arrival, formed at once the parlour and bedroom of the happy pair. The truth of this curious legend seems to be confirmed by the ordinary books of the British peerage."

As I wish to confine myself to what is characteristically Scottish, I shall dwell no longer upon the regal magnificence of this castle, than merely to mention, that the little hand-mirror, which was placed on Queen Victoria's toilette table, was set in pearls from Scottish rivers; and a small "stirrup-cup" was shown me, manufactured out of beautiful Scottish rock-crystal for Prince Albert, and in which he was presented with a parting drink, called the stirrup-cup.

* The author here mistakes Robert Rich, twenty-second Earl of Warwick, celebrated as the parliamentarian lord high admiral of England, who died in 1658, for Richard Neville, sixteenth Earl of Warwick, known as the "king-maker," who was slain in 1471.

Both the Queen and Prince Albert perpetuated their visit to Taymouth Castle by planting two trees, an oak and a pine, in the soil of the grass-plat beneath the castle, amid the sounds of music and the cheers of the multitude. As already mentioned, one cannot better immortalize himself in Scotland, than by planting trees, and it was perhaps with this view that the royal pair selected this kind of memorial. How much must the example of the illustrious planters stimulate others to imitate them! And then it is certainly the most durable and most beautiful kind of monument which sovereigns can erect to their subjects, inasmuch as it expresses the wish—"May your race flourish, increase, and thrive, as long as these trees which we, your sovereigns, now plant."

The dairy in the park, which is built upon a gentle eminence among trees, struck me very agreeably. There are many English parks, indeed, in which the most charming and neatest dairies in the world may be seen. But this at Kenmore has the peculiarity, that it is entirely built of a snow-white limestone, found in abundance in the neighbourhood, giving the structure all the appearance of a palace of congealed milk. The milk dishes were of white porcelain, standing in a rill of Dutch tiles, through which purled a clear, cool stream. Even from Switzerland and Holland one must come to England to study this delicate branch of rural economy. I say "this delicate branch of rural economy;" for I believe there is something particularly agreeable and pleasing in the production and processes attending milk, on account of its beautiful white colour, and the tempting manner in which it is prepared, having to undergo no such disagreeable treatment as wine, beer, or even grain, and other products. The butter is turned out a beautiful yellow, and the cheese is always prepared in a tidy and pleasing manner. In short, every process which we set about with milk, in itself induces cleanliness. And then the quiet, contented, sleek cows and their fragrant green food, all beget a pleasing association of ideas. The manure, indeed! ah well, everything has its weak side.

What appeared to me most remarkable about the cattle of Scotland was, first, their small size; and, next, the circumstance that many of them were without horns. As regards the first, what struck me was, that the "black cattle," as they are called, of the Highlands, are even smaller than the cattle of Wales; which, again, are smaller than those on the level pastures of England. As the cattle in the north of Scotland are smaller still, and those in the Orkney and Shetland Isles smaller again, the phenomenon is established of a gradual diminution in the size of cattle, from the southern towards the northern parts of Great

Britain. Not only is the breed of cattle of a larger size in the larger plains than in the Highlands, but heavier animals are found on the larger islands than on the smaller ones; as if, on the latter, the cattle were afraid of taking up too much room. Does this arise from the better and more fattening nourishment to be found on plains and large islands, or does it arise from the operation of other natural influences?

The British gentry like to have their parks stocked with wild animals. Hence they have always stags and bucks in their neighbourhood. In the thickets of the park at Kenmore, they had even naturalized buffaloes. There were once as many as twelve. They had also attempted to acclimate the lama, and the American bison. Alas! I happened to see none of these animals in the course of my rambles; for when one wishes to see them, then it is, apparently, that they make themselves invisible. The owner of the castle has also attempted to domesticate the cock of the wood; and I was told that the attempt appears to succeed, and the birds to increase. As it is well known that the cock of the wood lives in pine and fir plantations, and feeds more particularly on the young needles of those trees, it is probable that with the increase of this kind of timber, the birds will increase.* In Gaelic, the cock of the wood is called "Capercailzie." Several were killed by the shooting party got up in honour of Prince Albert; and one was shown to the Queen, which had been shot by his royal highness, and which was afterwards stuffed and carried to London.

But the most remarkable instance of the protection and care of wild animals in Great Britain, is evidently in the means taken to preserve the offspring of the original race of wild oxen, which stocked the woods before the time of Cæsar. In Scotland, as already observed, there are several parks and forests in which this original race still exists. Here, too, as in England, they are distinguished from the tame breed of cattle by their milk-white colour, black ears and mouth, long legs, and erect horns. These animals, I was assured, are so accustomed to the wild freedom they are allowed in the park here, that they cannot endure the stall. With the exception of Lithuania, where, in the Bialowyser-Walde, wild oxen are also kept, I know of no country in Europe where anything similar exists. It is to the credit of the British that, with all their devotion to cultivation, they have still found a little space for their wild oxen. Every country should strive to conserve

* This bird was formerly to be found in Scotland, England, and Ireland; but the entire race was gradually exterminated. Since the attempt has been made, in modern times, to re-introduce it into Scotland, the birds have been brought from Sweden.

a specimen of any of its animals that may appear to be upon the decline. Breadalbane, I was told, had another herd of wild Caledonian cattle, at some place the name of which has escaped me. The Duke of Hamilton possesses the largest number of these animals to be found in Scotland.

A most interesting fact, which I learned from the Spanish captain who had brought me the letter on the previous evening, in his capacity of secretary to the marquis—to which office he had been appointed on being obliged to leave his native country,—was this, that there is not the slightest resemblance between the Gaelic and the Basque languages. He was a Basque, and, at the same time, well acquainted with Gaelic,—a man of good education and manners, with a sharp, intelligent eye. As it is very seldom that a Basque, through the circumstances of his life, is brought to learn Gaelic, his remarks upon the two languages were not unimportant. I begged him to present my acknowledgments to his worthy mistress, and the same morning proceeded on my farther journey, on foot, after having enjoyed a tolerable portion of roast beef, although not quite so much as the Highlanders who exhibited their games and dances before the Queen, in the park of Kenmore, who dispatched 163 sheep, 11 oxen, and I know not how many calves. In the hunt in the surrounding country, not less than 80 deer and 950 hares were killed, and so many grouse and other birds, that it was requisite to bring them home in carts. These numbers will long be remembered and repeated in the neighbouring glens, and told, as a tradition, to children. "These were the glorious days," some one will say, "when the Queen of England paid a visit to Breadalbane. Then there were lights, and reels, and dances,—then were the eleven oxen killed, and the sheep, and the eighty stags, not forgetting the capercailzie."

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM TAYMOUTH CASTLE TO LOCH TAY.

THE WATERFALL OF ACHERN-DEN—"NATURAL CLEWS"—BURNS' VERSES ON THE WATERFALL—"A THATCHED HOUSE"—TARRING SHEEP—WINTERING OF SHEEP—THE GRAZIERS AND SIR ROBERT PEEL—"A BONNY PEEP"—GLEN-LYON—LANDSEER'S "HIGHLAND DROVERS."

Where the roads are not particularly good, the traveller cannot do better than proceed on foot, in company with a cheerful Highlandman, because he encounters pedestrians only, and is not an-

noyed with carriages, as upon the great turnpikes, and because he has everywhere a better opportunity of seeing the country. I chose the road on the south side of the lake, which, though not so good as that on the north side, is prettier. Here we have the finest views of Ben Lawers, and other mountains, on the opposite side, and meet with some of the loveliest scenery; among others, the waterfall of Achern-Den, the immediate object of my journey. The name Achern reminds me of Lake Achern, in the Tyrol, which is likewise a name of Celtic origin. "Achern," my guide told me, "means a waterfall." No doubt the word has something to do with water, for the syllable *Ach* is to be found in combination with all Celtic, and indeed some other European words, signifying water. In Scotland, "Ach" signifies more particularly low, damp soils and fields. "Den" means a chasm or cleft in the rocks,—something deeper than a glen. "Achernden," then, is the "chasm of the waterfall."

At first, I experienced no particular pleasure on being enticed from my way, to ascend the steep mountain path leading to the cascade. But I did not repent my determination, for it is indeed a pretty sight, and has its own peculiarities. I have never yet seen a waterfall that has not been worth seeing, on account of characteristics peculiar to itself.

The first peculiarity is the approach to the lovely scene. As the water is precipitated into the den or chasm, and is on all hands surrounded by abrupt and rugged rocks, it is difficult to approach the spectacle. Neither from above nor from beneath can it be well seen. Nothing remains but to penetrate through the rocks. This is effected by a hollow passage, partly natural and partly artificial, which finally terminates in a kind of chamber opening on the steep face of the rock, directly opposite the middle of the fall. The charming picture meets the eye as soon as one emerges from the dark passage into this neat little moss-covered hermitage. The English, who always refine in such matters, in order to gain the best point of view, know very well that, for a waterfall, that point is right in the midway of its descent.

The second peculiarity in the fall is, that it is broken in the middle of its descent, and is then precipitated from this point, not in a perpendicular leap, like most cascades, but in an oblique direction. This is occasioned by the interposition of an obliquely slanting rock, which projects the water to one side, adding nothing, certainly, to the beauty of the fall, but giving it the originality and peculiarity already alluded to. The trees and rocks around form altogether a charming picture. The height of the fall is 250 feet; the length of the oblique fall, 140 feet.

Alas! one can only see such things for himself, and bring little of them home to his readers. The only thing I found for them, in my hermit-cave, was a little curiosity of Loch Tay, which I shall here describe, because I have never seen the like in other countries, and because they may be even a singularity in Scotland. These were several "natural clews," as my Scot called them, of the needles of the larch. These clews (or balls), the people told me, originate in a natural rolling together of the needles of the larch, which drop into the lake, through the action of the winds and waves. Several of these balls are placed in the hermitage, along with other natural curiosities. I had permission to take one of them with me, and plucked it in pieces to see in what it consisted. The ball was about three inches in diameter, and, like all the rest, perfectly round, resembling the large balls of matted hair found in the stomachs of cows. The little needles were in a certain order, and pretty firmly caked together, so that it was not quite so easy to detach them. Finally, in the centre, I found a little chip of wood. I was told that something of this sort is always found in them,—either a bit of wood, a leaf, a corn seed, or a blade of grass. These balls are found in the greatest numbers about November, when the lake is strongly agitated by the winds. To me it is incomprehensible how the winds and waves, or the water-sprites and wind-gods, produce these balls so spherical and regular, and that more especially in the water, where one should suppose the resinous sap would lose its adhesiveness.

Here also we hear and read again (for the verses are inscribed in the hermitage,) what Burns has sung to this same waterfall:

> "Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
> Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell,
> The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,
> Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods."

We returned to the lake by a roundabout way over the hill, which brought us again upon our road. I profitted by this detour to visit on my way one of the little smoky huts of the natives, which are fitly built upon the declivities. "All these huts," exclaimed my conductor, an old Highlander, "are built in the usual Highland fashion. They are only 'thatched houses.'" I must confess I did not then know, what any English dictionary might have informed me, that a "thatched house" is one roofed with straw. I therefore asked my old man what that might be, when he gave me the following definition:—"To thatch a house, sir,—that means, for instance, when any one is thatching a house, and you go up to him and say, 'Weel, good man, are you thatching today?'—that means to thatch a house, sir!"

Our straw-thatched house was built of wood. Within, an old man sat warming himself by the fire, as old men usually warm themselves. Over the chimney, a great wooden box was fixed. This was the salt-box. Nowhere but in Scotland, I believe, are the salt-boxes so large, and placed in such a central and imposing position. On one side was affixed something like a hencoop, but in which, instead of chickens, the plates and dishes of the house were arranged. Before the door stood a large cheese-press, very simply contrived, a heavy stone serving the purpose. A similar cheese-press is generally to be seen in Scotland, standing outside the house, as one of its most distinguished appurtenances. These districts, if they do not produce particularly noted cheese, still produce a considerable quantity.

The old man, and a younger one who shortly entered, had their hands as black as a Moor's; and as this surprised me not a little, they told me, they had just "tarred the sheep." Through this incident I became acquainted with a peculiar process applied to sheep, which, as far as I know, is confined to this part of Scotland.* The sheep are tarred, I was told, partly that they may be less susceptible of the winter's cold; and, partly, to preserve them from the attacks of vermin and the rot. For this purpose a certain quantity of butter is added to the tar, which is boiled until the two are intimately mixed. They then take the sheep, or rather the lambs of that year, (for it is only on the latter, I was told, the operation is performed,) and smear them with the mixture in the following manner:—The wool is parted along the back with the finger, and into the channel thus formed a small portion of the tar is poured, and well rubbed in. Both sides are smeared with the mixture in the same manner, and also the legs, where the wool is long. The hands of the people get so stained through performing this operation, that they have no occasion to buy gloves for their dances all the winter long, while they have this natural substitute. Tar is variously applied for keeping off vermin, from both men and animals. I was reminded here of the Russian shepherds, who soak their shirts in tar, and, when they have become somewhat dry, put them on and wear them constantly. A shirt of this sort has certainly the merit of never getting dirty.

About Loch Tay, only a few of the sheep are wintered in the hills, the greater part being driven into the Lowlands, where they can be wintered with more safety and at a cheaper rate; because fodder is there more abundant, and because turnips and the like are extensively cultivated for this very object, and are there more easily to be obtained. Of a flock of 500 sheep, 300 would be sent

* The practice is common throughout the whole of Scotland.—TRANS.

down to the Lowlands after the young had been well tarred. The remaining 200 graze on the poor Highland pastures during the winter. The time when they are sent into the Lowlands is usually about Martinmas (the 15th of November), and they are brought back again about the 15th of May. Here I speak only of that part of the country where we then were. In other parts of Scotland — for almost everywhere such migrations take place— other times may possibly be selected.

The preceding summer it was impossible for one to be long in the company of sheep and cattle dealers without observing, that, as soon as the conversation turned upon politics, Sir Robert Peel and his tariff, as it respected their branch of business, was sure to be the topic. In the opinion of my two experienced old men, Sir Robert Peel was, indeed, one of the best politicians in the country. "In one respect, however," they said, "he is quite wrong, as he will allow foreign cattle to be imported, and entirely destroy our market. It is really an inconceivable blunder of his; for there had been no talk of altering the duties on foreign cattle. All the outcry was against dear bread and dear corn. England was supplied from Scotland and Ireland with the best beasts in the world, and was quite contented with them. The best meat is still purchased by those in easy circumstances, to whom it is of very little consequence whether they have to pay a few pence more or less. Through the admission of foreign cattle Sir Robert has made no friends, but has raised up a great many enemies. Bread and corn, indeed, are quite another matter. These the poor ought to have as cheaply as possible, and their importation cannot be allowed on sufficiently easy terms."

So spake my grazier friends. Their conversation reminded me of a similar one I had in Ireland with a farmer, who admitted that Sir Robert was one of the greatest statesmen in England, but that on one point he was quite wrong,—in relation to free-trade. Through this he had struck a blow at the very core of the most important class of people in the community,—the agriculturists, who have been making every effort to improve the state of agriculture, relying upon the protection now afforded it by law. The manufacturers, we know, reason in quite another strain for their own interest.

From our little smoky hut we had a delightful view of the lake, or, as the old man expressed himself, "a bonny peep on the loch." I crept beneath the low doorway, and sat down on the stone-bench before the house, to enjoy this "bonny peep." The heath and straw, with which the house was thatched, hung long and ragged down the walls. The projecting roof, beneath which we sat, was

supported by rough trunks of trees, to which stumps of branches were still attached. On these branches of the half-natural, half-artificial pillars, dried fish were hanging. Under this projection, too, was the cheese-press. My two aged acquaintances sat down by my side, smoking their short pipes, and before us a pair of long-haired "collies" were stretched in the grass. On the right grazed a little white Highland pony; and on the left were pasturing a few black-faced wedders. Looking downwards, we could behold the long, narrow strips of Loch Tay, and beyond it the lofty Glen Lyon, (so called, from a stream named the Lyon,) and, above all, Ben Lawers, one of the highest mountains in Scotland, its altitude being 4,015 feet, and only surpassed by Ben Nevis, which is 350 feet higher. On the green declivities, over which we look towards Ben Lawers, innumerable herds of sheep and cattle were feeding in the distance.

It occurred to me, while gazing upon this scene, that I had once before beheld it. I thought for a moment, and then I had it. I had beheld this scene once in Berlin, accurately delineated in a beautiful engraving of a painting by Edwin Landseer, well known under the title of "The Highland Drovers." This magnificent painting, which gives as good an idea of Scotland as any Scottish romance in three volumes—(and by this comparison I do not mean to detract in any way from the merits of these romances, masterpieces of their kind)—is now in the possession of Mr. J. Sheepshanks, of London, to whose obliging kindness I am indebted for the pleasure of having seen it. It ought properly to be suspended upon the borders of Scotland, that every one travelling into the country may know something of it beforehand.

Were all the painted views of Scottish scenery equal only to Landseer's "Drovers," the foreign traveller could adopt no better plan of making his countrymen acquainted with all that is interesting, than by collecting little copies of them all, and attaching a commentary to each. As this, however, cannot be done, I shall at least attempt a commentary upon Landseer's Drovers, making use of an anonymous English writer on the subject, that those of my countrymen who have seen the picture may perhaps understand it a little better, and that those who have not, may long to have the pleasure.

CHAPTER XV.

HIGHLAND DROVERS.

RAIDS—FORMING A DROVE—THE TOPSMAN—THE DROVER AND HIGHWAYMAN—FAREWELL EMOTIONS—THE BACKGROUND—BLUE BONNETS—THE HOUSEWIFE—AGED PEOPLE IN SCOTLAND—THE LOVERS—WHITE HORSES AND BLACK CATTLE—THE FOREGROUND—LANDSEER'S SCOTTISH PAINTINGS—VALUE OF PICTORIAL REPRESENTATIONS OF A COUNTRY.

In the wild former times, the glens and hills of Scotland sent forth their armed bands, under a Campbell, a Cameron, or M'Gregor, into the Lowlands, or neighbouring English provinces, to seize with a strong hand on that which their own poor country had denied them,—money, corn, clothing, even cattle, and other useful commodities, that they might enjoy plenty at their own hearths. An expedition of this kind to the rich south was called "a raid."

In modern times, more especially since the union with England, and since the suppression of the clans in 1746, peaceful "droves" have taken the place of these warlike raids. These hills and glens now pour forth, over the north of England and the southern plains of Scotland, the yearly supply of black cattle which have been reared for the English markets, "where a tit-bit is always welcome." Most welcome are the "Galloways" and "Argyles," which, as an English grazier informed me, are superior to all Scotch varieties in their capacity to fatten on the rich meadows and excellent fodder of England. For these Highland oxen must still be fattened in England; and so must the Irish, whose fattening is not enough for the English. England and London are circumstanced in this respect to Scotland and Ireland, as Upper Italy and Milan are to the Alps and Appenines,—as Austria and Vienna to Hungaria and Galicia,—as the Baltic provinces and St. Petersburg to the Ukraine and Steppes.

The oxen, constituting the drove, are assembled at an appointed time and place,—at the foot of a hill, on the border of a lake, beneath an old castle, in the neighbourhood of a large village, and probably in that of an old and famous battle-field,—for in such localities do the herdsmen now assemble, as formerly assembled warriors for the campaign. Herdsmen are selected to conduct the different portions into which the entire drove is divided; while over the whole, there is a kind of head-leader, or "topsman," as he is called in Scotland.

This topsman directs all the movements of the drove, transacts all the business connected with it, and is answerable to the pro-

prietors of the cattle for the profits. He gives the word of command and concerted signals, when to halt, and when to continue the march. He is always active and in motion, sometimes at the head of the line, sometimes at the rear, and his subordinates consult him in all cases of difficulty. He knows the best and safest roads, even in the wildest parts of the mountains. Shap-Fell is as well known to him as Shehallion. He prefers, when a choice offers, the grassy pathways, which are more agreeable to the hoofs of the animals entrusted to his care, and at the same time afford them a mouthful of food. Hence he usually chooses the bye-roads, as the hard and dusty public highways are injurious to the hoofs of the cattle, and afford them little nourishment.

These topsmen in general receive a regular salary for their labour and trouble; and as there are now banks everywhere in Great Britain, so the money transactions are mostly conducted by the bankers of the little towns through which the drove may pass. But formerly, and at no very distant date, the Highland proprietor would often conduct his drove to the south himself, and would then return back to the hills with his gains. At that time, such events would sometimes happen as the following, related of a Scottish drover and an English highwayman:—The latter, an elegantly-dressed gentleman, met with the former as he was returning homewards, having his well-filled purse about him, with his "wallet" on his back, his staff in his hand, and by his side his faithful dog, Bran. They travelled a part of the way together, and the gentleman expressed his astonishment that a poor Highland herdsman should venture to travel alone, on an insecure English highway, with so much British money about him. "I'm not so much alone," answered the Highlandman: "and if I have English gold in my purse, I have Scotch steel in my sheath; and" —touching at the same time the handle of his dirk—"with an Andrew Ferrara, and Bran here," patting his wild, shaggy wolf-dog on the head, "I have no fear of a highwayman."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the highwayman: "is your dirk a real Ferrara? Such blades are rather rare."

"Look at it yourself, sir!" said the Highlander, while he drew his dirk, and pointed out to his companion the date, and name of the maker.

"It is, in fact, just as you say," replied the other, laying hold of the dagger by the blade.

"Take it by the hilt, man!" said the Scot somewhat sharply; "for everything, you must know, has got a right and a wrong end!"

The Englishman accordingly seized the dirk by the handle, struck the unconscious Bran, who was trotting on before, a

disabling wound in the belly, and immediately throwing himself upon his companion, laid hold of him, and exclaimed, "Your money or your life! You see now that a Highlander may be outwitted!"

The Highlander, who saw no way of escape, and that resistance would be useless, sorrowfully gave up his purse, and sighed —"Who in Breadalbane will believe, that, with such a dog, with such an arm, and with such a capital blade, I could have been robbed by an English highwayman!"

"Oh, make yourself easy on that score!" returned the Englishman, who still held him fast, "for I have overcome far better men than you before now. And, besides, I shall give you a mark, that your people may know that you have been robbed by me. All the world knows that I always strike off the right hand of those I have plundered. Lay your right hand on the stump of that tree there!"

"He is as grave as a Spaniard, as sly as a fox, and as slippery as an eel," said Mackay, an English spy, in 1716, of that old Earl of Breadalbane who was then living in his castle, in his eighty-first year, and whom Mackay was sent to discover. More or less this might be said of all Scotsmen. That it applied more particularly to our Highlander, who found himself in such danger by the latter part of the robber's sentence, he immediately showed. For while the highwayman addressed him in the foregoing manner, a thought struck him, and a ray of hope began to dawn upon him. He laid down his right hand upon the old tree stump, but narrowly watching the eye of the other, he suddenly withdrew it as the heavy stroke of the sword descended. The sword sank deep into the wood; and while the highwayman vainly exerted himself to withdraw it, the Scot seized him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and dealt him a few lusty Highland blows, that tolerably disabled him, and put him quite in his power. He then bound him hand and foot, took his own purse again, and then went and told a magistrate where he would find a rogue fit for the gallows.

Such stories and traditions of Highland drovers, and probably some even more interesting than these, appear to have been floating in the mind of the painter already named, when he set about the celebrated picture. But not to be satisfied with what these stories and his own fancy supplied, Landseer went to the north, and took his landscape and scenes from life and nature. Hence his picture, in every point of view, and to the smallest detail, is a masterpiece of poesy, artistical treatment, and execution, as well as of ethnographic truth.

The time chosen for the drove to commence its march to the south is morning. At the appointed hour the hills send forth their cattle, and the glens their sons and daughters; and it may be questioned whether, in former times, an ancient chief,

"When plaided and plumed in his tartan array,"

to march forth to battle, made a deeper impression upon the northern spirit, than do these gatherings of the droves, unattended by the clang of arms or the shrill notes of the war-pipe. Every event of life has its own emotions. Here the young men, ready to depart for the south, are taking a farewell of their huts, their parents, mayhap of their sweethearts; while the old people, anxious and uncertain on sending their property into another country, may be wishing for a welcome profit on their return in its stead. They are not mere lads who are sent out on such occasions. The topsmen are generally married, and depart from house and home, from wife and child. The artist has felt all this, and has infused into the colours of his painting a certain air of melancholy, the proper characteristic of a farewell scene.

The landscape belongs to the central part of the Highlands, to the very spot where I was now tarrying. A range of dim and hazy mountains is seen on the background; beyond which appear the fair level southern counties, through which the journey is taken. The waters of a lake are extended at the foot of the mountains. Upon its shores are the ruins of a tenantless castle, situated on a tongue of land. This tells of stormy times and warlike chieftains, happily now gone by; while here and there, in a barren glen, where corn grows not, a birch, an ash, or a dark pine, springing from the clefts of a rock in search of life and nourishment, shows that the land is resigned to flocks and wild animals, and that there sterility prevails.

At the foot of this wild country, in the distance, the leading divisions of the drove may be discerned on their way to the south, not keeping a straight line, but as oxen usually do when left to themselves,—some straggling on the heath, cropping a mouthful of herbage, and here and there running to drink the waters of the lake. They are now so distant that their various colours can scarcely be discerned, and the herdsmen follow them with earnest steps, like men upon the commencement of a great undertaking. The second division follows the first. They are kept apart from one another by their drivers. Some of the herdsmen of the last division are still lingering behind, partaking of a parting cup, before a little erection which heath, straw, and smoke denote to be a human habitation. In front of the house stands a two-wheeled cart, whose wheels and wicker body denote that society is, in this

part of the country, still in that primitive condition so favourable to the efforts of the painter.

The line of cattle, the hills, the drovers, the huts, the cart, form a picture of themselves. But all these are placed on the retiring background, and the painter has not squandered his efforts on matters of minor importance. He has reserved his principal objects and strongest colours for the foreground. Here we find the last portion of the drove, with which the topsman himself, who is placed in the centre, is about to depart. The objects in the foreground are so abundant, that, were we to describe them all, it might appear to the reader as if the picture were overburdened with them. And yet everything is so prettily and nicely adjusted, and so skilfully grouped, that the spectator nowhere perceives a redundancy, but an entire and perfect whole.

The central and largest figure in the picture is, as we have said, the topsman. From his head the group falls off to the right and left, in charming undulating lines, like those from the head of Joseph, in Raphael's Holy Family. The topsman is in his full travelling dress, with the kilt, a plaid on his shoulders, sandals on his feet, and on his head a "blue bonnet," probably made in Kilmarnock; for only in this little manufacturing place, say the Scots, can these wide, thick, woollen blue bonnets, with a tassel in the centre, be properly made. He holds his youngest son in his arms, and appears to cast him a last farewell look. Perhaps it would not again have occurred to the rough, unsentimental Highlander, to take this tender farewell of his infant, had he not been put in his arms by his wife, who, meanwhile, is filling his travelling flask with liquor. The little one has laid hold of his father's prettily-mounted dirk, and is bearing its hilt, where children bear everything that seems pretty to them—to his mouth.

His wife, as we have said, is busily filling his travelling flask. This is made out of a curved ram's horn; and the liquor is whisky. What can a loving, anxious Scottish housewife better give her husband, or more comforting to take with him, than a flask of whisky,—this grand comforter and enlivening drink throughout the entire cold north. The wife, who turns her face directly to the spectator, is a masterly representation. We recognise in her, at the first glance, the mother and the industrious housewife. The third principal figure in the picture, if not the most distinguished of all, is the aged father of the topsman, who has come out, and is seated on a chair before the hut, to be present at the scene, and to witness the departure of his son, and the cattle he may perhaps himself have in the drove. He is bare-headed, and his thin snow-white hair falling behind his ears, his stooping

form, and the furrows on his forehead, bespeak his high and venerable age. His trembling right hand, with its stiff and wrinkled fingers, rests on the top of the staff with which he supports himself. He appears to be somewhat deaf, for his unmarried, fresh, and dark-haired daughter bends towards his ear, cautioning him to keep himself warm, while she draws the thick woollen plaid closer over his chest, to protect him from the fresh morning air of the hills.

It is perhaps the last time the aged father may behold the lively scene, and perhaps not; for, in Scotland, individuals attain almost as great an age as in Russia and Norway. It has been remarked, that, though the age of men in Scotland does not exceed that in Russia, where there are many above 100, nay over 150 and 160 years, yet the number of those between 70 and 100 years of age is as great as in any other country. In 1821, there were in Scotland, in a population of 2,093,000 inhabitants, not less than 150,000 above the age of 60, which is about one old man of that age in every thirteen. When possible, we may consider and inquire into the influence which such a circumstance must have upon the state of morals in a nation. How beneficially must it operate in families, when everywhere an aged grandmother and a kind grandfather stand at their head. It must very much further the patriarchal, or, as Scots would say, the clannish constitution of families.

The aged grandmother is also to be seen in Landseer's painting. She is placed in a stooping posture, between the aged sire and her tall and strapping son, and looks towards the old man, who perhaps has just said something to his son, (who, as topsman, has undertaken a great responsibility,) that may be serviceable to him on his journey. She has one hand raised, and it appears to me almost as if she were about to tap her son on the shoulder, and whisper to him, "Mind what is said to you! Don't forget to do as your father says!"

At a little distance, on one side of this anxious group, a loving pair are seated on a grassy bank. They turn their backs towards the rest, as lovers, who find enough in themselves, usually turn their backs on all the world. It is a young hearty fellow, who holds his staff in his hand, and who will set out to the south with the topsman as a herdsman. The poor maiden appears much affected by melancholy and anxious thoughts. Mournfully supporting her head, she looks out on the far distance with pale features and sorrowful eyes; whilst her lover presses her hand, and bends towards her, to assure her of his fidelity, and of his early return. Her countenance is one of real Scottish beauty; and we must

certainly have often seen such physiognomies among the highest as well as among the lowest in Great Britain.

Even so with the little, shaggy, short-legged, thick-lipped white pony, which is ready saddled for the topsman, and which is tugging its last mouthful from the turf, where it may know almost every herb, behind the backs of the lovers. Exactly as Landseer has represented him, exactly so he may be seen, hundreds and hundreds of times, upon the hill sides of Scotland; and I had seen at least a dozen such animals, in the course of that day, on my road along Loch Tay.

The horses in Scotland are generally white; the cattle, on the contrary, are mostly black; and hence Highland cattle are usually called "black cattle." A pair of excellently painted specimens of this kind of cattle stand behind the pony. They are not eating, and appear to experience a certain uneasiness at all that is going on around them. One looks vacantly into the distance, and lows after the retiring herds; another, with its erect horns and pricked up ears, gazes on the group of individuals, with that knowing sort of stare so proper sometimes to these dumb brutes, as if it would like to ask what was passing among them. On the border of the picture lie a Highland sheep and wedder, deep sunk in their thick woolly coats and usual stupidity.

The near foreground of the picture takes in several lesser objects,—a hen with her chickens, a few dogs, and a little shepherd-boy, who tease one another to their heart's content. These little scenes are also excellently pourtrayed: each is a little picture in itself, and the whole are admirably linked into the common chain. The hen is about to seize on a little playful puppy, which takes the whole affair as a joke, while the hen takes it in bitter earnestness. Her rage makes all her feathers stand on end, her eyes roll, she flaps her wings, and strikes with her beak. In short, her vehemence forms the most comical contrast with the playful attacks of the puppy. Even the chickens are all treated by the artist with great and yet not overstrained effect. One of them hops, incautiously and awkwardly, near the horse's head, to pick up some grains of corn. The bare-footed shepherd boy appears to carry on the same game with a little dog. But here it is the dog that takes the sport for earnest. It is a little, wild, snappish Scotch terrier, which barks beneath the chair, and springs at the little urchin who teases and worries him. Between the two sits a great Scotch colly, which fulfils a twofold duty. She nourishes a little sucking puppy, and presses fast and true to the side of her master, even to the gray-haired old man, the good man of the house.

From this tedious description—all descriptions of paintings are tedious—one must not judge of the picture itself. Yet should the reader happen to see it after this, he will find how easily and beautifully every group and idea are harmoniously associated and naturally combined. Hence, in every delineation, there is a faithful impression and expression of the country, which must be committed to memory line by line, by any one who would make himself acquainted with the country.

Landseer, as far as I know, has produced no second Scottish landscape, equally great and comprehensive with this his Highland Drovers. Still there are in existence several of his performances characteristic of Scotland, and possessing great interest. But, alas! they are dispersed in the galleries of the great. I saw one, for example, over the mantelpiece of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Pictures of this sort ought to be collected for the interests of geography and ethnography, in like manner as are books treating of a particular country, the former being usually not less instructive than the latter.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM LOCH TAY TO KILLIN.

DISTRICT NAMES—"NEVER MIND, WE'LL BRISE YONT"—FIGURE OF SCOTTISH LOCHS—THEIR DEPTH—"SIR ROBERT, WE ARE FULL HERE"—SCOTTISH CRITIQUE ON LEGS—THE BONNY LEGS—THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT ON THE LAKE—THE SILVER-MOUNTED PIPE—THE BENS—THE HILLS—THE BURNS—HIGH PRICES—CLAN STUART—THE ROYAL STUARTS—THE MAC GREGORS AND MAC INTYRES—LITTLE MOUNTS—LIMEKILNS—CULTIVATION AND UNCULTIVATION—PEAT-CARTS—MOSSES AND MUIRS.

I shook hands with the gray-haired tottering old man at his own door, and gave my arm to another—there are plenty of old men in Scotland, as I have said—to proceed on my farther journey.

The entire country on the western extremity of Loch Tay, the whole of Glen Lyon, and some other parts, belong to the district still called by the people "Breadalbane." This is one of those local denominations no longer officially recognised, but which will long, perhaps for ever, remain in the memories of the people. Before the division of the Highlands into shires was carried out in 1746, they were entirely divided into similar districts, over which one of the great landed proprietors or clan-chieftains had jurisdiction. These peculiar jurisdictions have been long abolished. Glenorchy, Lochaber, Morvern, Glenely, Assynt, are names of districts which have disappeared in official statements, but are still to be found in the mouths of the people. They exist also in the

titles of lords and barons. It is remarkable that the names of clans cleave merely to persons and families, and are not attached to districts and localities. There is, I believe, not a single instance known, where the name of a clan is at the same time the name of a district; while it is well known that single clans have occupied an entire district, glen, or island. Ulva, a little Hebridean island, was, and still is, inhabited by a people of the name of Macquarry. Why was it never called Macquarry? Other islands are entirely filled with Macleans or Macdonalds; in some glens live none but Stuarts; in others, only Campbells; and yet these islands and glens were never called by the name of such families.* These and other questions relating to the clans have never been satisfactorily examined by Scottish writers.

The possessions of the Breadalbanes extend far beyond the district of that name. As already stated, they extend 100 miles in length towards the Atlantic Ocean. Whether they really extend from ocean to ocean, as some people told me, I have not been able to ascertain exactly. I do not believe it. In Taydale they do not extend far east from Taymouth Castle,—to Aberfeldy only. Taymouth Castle, at first called Balloch, was built by Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenorchy, in the year 1580, on the extreme eastern limits of the Breadalbane property. It is said, that when the inconvenient situation of his house was pointed out to this gentleman, he replied, "Never mind, we'll brise yont," (*i. e.* push beyond towards the east.) But I know not how far he carried out this threat or prophecy, which reminds me of a similar one by Peter the Great, when he had built St. Petersburg.

Loch Tay is "a fine piece of water," say the English, who have generally more standing phrases to serve them upon occasions than we have. It is formed like almost every other Scottish lake, that is to say, extremely narrow, long, and almost quite straight. Loch Erich, Loch Lochy, Loch Ness, Loch Shin, Loch Rannoch, and others, have all, like Loch Tay, these three peculiarities in a high degree. My conductor assured me, and I was told the same at Killin, that the salmon of the Tay ascend even to the loch. These fish hold their lives at the pleasure of the Breadalbanes, who have the right of fishing the whole seventeen miles length of the lake. This right formerly pertained to a priory of Augustine monks, situated on an islet in the lake. It was founded by Alexander I.; and his wife, Sybilla, daughter of Henry I. of England,

* Some castles are an exception to this, as Castle Douglas, Castle Campbell, Castle Kennedy, &c.

Forbes, a parish in the north of Scotland, was the country of the Forbes', and may form another exception.

is buried in this lonely island. The reformation most probably destroyed the priory, and gave its endowments into the hands of the Breadalbanes.

Like Loch Ness, and most other Scottish lakes, Loch Tay is of an extraordinary depth, exceeding, in some places, 100 fathoms. It is remarkable that most of these lakes harmonise so very much in this respect. Most of them exceed 100 fathoms in depth,—150 fathoms is the greatest depth that has been met with. They are nothing more than deep mountain chasms, filled with clear water. The mountain tops, measured from the bottom of these lochs—and the measurement is not uninteresting—have an elevation of about 5,000 feet.

"Our loch never freezes," the people assured me. Dr. Johnson was assured the same of Loch Ness, and was incautious enough to disbelieve it. But it is quite possible that the great depth of the lakes, and their being enclosed by the protecting ranges of mountains, may preserve them from being frozen.

I ever saw, in imagination, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in their elegant gondola, and followed by their royal retinue, gliding along the clear and lonely waters; for she performed this part of her journey on the lake.

"I believe," said my aged guide, "our Queen would have gladly tarried longer with us at Taymouth Castle; and indeed she staid a day longer than it was at first determined. But Sir Robert, her premier, would give her no peace, alleging that affairs of state made her departure requisite. I believe the Queen wished him small thanks for the same; and when she entered her gondola, and her premier was about to follow her, she turned about and said to him, 'Sir Robert, we are full here!' and he was obliged to go into another boat with Lord Aberdeen. The gilded barges, all the rowers in coloured dresses, and other persons in their tartan array, made our loch more lively and pretty than it has ever yet been. The Spanish captain, whose acquaintance you made at the castle, was very smartly dressed. He was as nice a person as ever I saw in a kilt. I never had imagined that he had such nice legs. The only mistake was his bonnet,—it was a little too large. But his legs were capital. They were well proportioned, not too lean nor too stout. Thick legs are not always the bonny legs, sir!—not those which look the best under the kilt. The knees must be round and full; the calves must sit right under the knees, and begin thick and plump. There are some people, sir, whose calves are too low: that is not so pretty! The calf and leg must taper off elegantly to the ankle, to which a little foot must be nicely attached. These are the best legs for the kilt, sir!"

I should never have imagined that the wearing of the kilt would have brought about, among the humbler classes of Scotland, such acute and perfect criticism on the beauty of the legs. I was also much struck by the accuracy with which the old man related all the occurrences that took place during the Queen's visit, which he stated almost to a minute:—The Queen came to Taymouth Castle on a Wednesday, about six o'clock in the evening. From nine to eleven o'clock the dancing was carried on in the park. Next morning, between nine and ten, the Queen walked with the Duchess of Sutherland in the park, and visited the little dairy. The same morning, before nine, Prince Albert and the Marquis of Breadalbane went out a shooting. About two hours after, Prince Albert returned. After luncheon, they went into "his lordship's vegetable garden." On the second day, Prince Albert came down from the hills, where he had been shooting, about half-past one. The Queen had taken a walk with the marchioness about eleven. There was then "very soft weather, and wet in the afternoon." From three to five o'clock, the company were in the balcony, witnessing the Highland dances, and then rode out to enjoy a sight of the country from the various beautiful points of view. Two of his lordship's servants, in the Highland dress, rode before; then came the chariot with the Queen and Prince Albert; behind them, two footmen, "in scarlet dress;" next, five chariots, with the invited guests, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Norfolk, "and such as that." At nine o'clock the ball commenced in the hall. The same evening the 10,000 lamps were lighted in the park. "His lordship"—the old man always put him first—and Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and the Duchess of Norfolk, opened the ball, which ended at twelve o'clock. Next morning, about half-past ten, the trees were planted. And about a quarter-past eleven, the whole company were embarked on the lake. The band of the 92d regiment was in one boat, and the Queen had two pipers in another, of which his lordship's piper, Mackenzie, was the best. He played wonderfully well on the lake, upon a "silver-mounted pipe," which he had gained as a prize from the Edinburgh Pipers' Society. I believe if all this were to be compared with the accurate reports in the accurate English journals, the statements of my surprising old man would be found to correspond completely.

The heads of the mountains, on the opposite side of the loch, were all coiffured in the fashion of the last century,—covered with a white powdered peruke of snow; particularly Ben Lawers, which rises almost in the form of a regular pyramid. This is generally the form which most of the great hills of Scotland assume. Ben

Nevis, also, rises pretty regularly to a pyramidal point. Most of these mountain-pyramids in Scotland are called *Ben*, or, as the word is written in Gaelic, "Beann," or "Beinne;"* as Ben Nevis, Ben Lawers, Ben More, Ben Ledi, Ben Lomond, Ben Avon, &c. It is apparently a Celtic word, used in Germano-Scottish and English to denote a high mountain. Some, but only a few, of the highest mountains are without this prefix, as Cairngorm (4,095 feet high), Cairntoul (4,245 feet high), &c.

For the lower mountain heights, the Scots have the word "hill," no doubt a contraction of the German word "hügel;" as Wisp-hill (1,830 feet high), Soutra-hill (1,716 feet high). But as, neither in nature nor in human language, is there anything without an exception, so there are also several mountains called "hills," which are higher than some "Bens." Thus Baltoch-hill is 2,611 feet in height; while Ben Clach is only 2,359. Thus too, Dunrich-hill is 2,421 feet high, and Ben Ormen only 2,307. These exceptions, however, are not arbitrary, for there are usually some good grounds for them. For instance, Ben Clach is the highest of the Ochil range, and, among its lower neighbours, is consequently the Ben. Besides, the word hill,—*hügel-collines*—has attained a higher honour in Scotland than in any other country. For entire ranges of mountains they commonly use no other word than "hills." Thus they speak of the Ochil hills, and the Grampian hills, which, as mountain ranges, far exceed our Hartz mountains and others in height, and surpass them in wildness and ruggedness. "Mounts and mountains" I did not meet with in Scotland. These expressions occur indeed in English works on Scotland, but are never found in the mouths of the people as geographical terms.

Many little brooks descend on both sides of Loch Tay. The beds of these are usually deeply cut into the rocks. Such streams the English call *rivulets*, the Scots *burns*, the Gaels *uilgh*. We had to leap and cross several of these on our side of the loch. But on the other side the number is greater, indeed almost countless. The declivities of the hills are furrowed with them, like a ploughed field.

On our way we passed through several little villages, Achimig, Skiag, Margmor. In the latter, which is situated about half way between the extremities of the loch, we took luncheon. This consisted of a bit of Highland cheese, a glass of toddy, (compounded of whisky, hot water, and sugar,) and oat-cakes at discretion. This was pretty simple fare, I should think, and yet we were obliged to pay tenpence a-head for it, which, all things considered,

* We recognise this Celtic word again in the "pennines,"—as, Appennines.

was dearer, I believe, than would have been charged in any other part of the world. The high charges generally, in these poor, unpopulous Highland districts, is a phenomenon I cannot understand. A breakfast for which, in an English hotel, we have commonly to pay two shillings, and in the elegant clubs of London only one shilling, would be charged three shillings in this part of the Highlands. A lodging for the night, in one even of the humblest inns, is likewise three shillings, as much as we should have to pay in the best hotels in English cities, where it is usually two shillings or two shillings and sixpence. For a guide I was obliged to pay from six to eight shillings a day; and though I was the only traveller at this period of the year, and there was no particular demand for guides, they were generally dissatisfied when I would not give more. A one-horse gig cost no less than a shilling per mile. Add to this the tolls, and "what the driver expects," and a journey in this part of the world usually costs six or eight shillings the German mile.* I could not understand such charges, among so poor a people as the Highlanders are. It is not probable that these prices exist only on the so-called fashionable tour; for were they considerably lower a little farther on, competition would soon reduce the charges on the fashionable tour. In this respect what a contrast exists between Scotland and Norway, although the latter is in so many respects similar, and equally poor!†

To reconcile us to our meagre mid-day meal, we were told that the Queen and Prince Albert had partaken of similar fare. They had tasted in Dunkeld that preparation of whisky called "Athol brose." There it was made of beautiful honey, which ought properly to be used; but here, alas! they had nothing better than sugar.

In the villages about Loch Tay, the Campbells are not numerous,—the Stuarts are the most so. Everywhere, on my way from hence to Killin, and from there to Loch Earn and Loch Katrine, I found very many Stuarts, or Stewarts, or Stewards, or, as they are called in Gaelic, "Stuartich." This, again, is another instance of a clan taking an English name. The Stuarts have taken

* The German is rather better than four English miles.

† English travellers are the cause of these exorbitant charges—time was when a Highlander would have thought himself insulted by the offer of money for any little attention paid to the passing stranger. The manner, however, in which well-fed Englishmen toss their coin about, has destroyed the feeling of honest pride and courtesy to travellers, and given place to that selfish greediness so offensively conspicuous to him who travels among Highlanders and Welchmen. When will John Bull learn that there are few things more vulgar in appearance, and prejudicial in their effects, than the ostentatious and indiscriminate scattering of his gold?—TRANS.

their name from the English word "Steward." The Norman knight, Sir Walter Fitzalan, was "Royal steward" in the household of David I.; and the name of this office (I believe the office too) became hereditary in his family, and then passed to the clan he had founded. Even to this day, when the entire clan is spoken of, they do not say merely Stuarts, but "Royal Stuarts." I know not whether there is another Clan Stuart, that is *not* "royal."* Neither do I know whether this clan is called "royal," because of those monarchs who sprung from the family of its founder, or whether the title has been in use since the time when the Fitzalans were "Royal stewards." At all events, I am acquainted with several instances, in Scottish history, of the change of titles into family-names. This may have arisen from the many hereditary titles and offices which existed, and hence the official title became amalgamated, so to speak, with the family itself. Hereabout, also, there are several Mac Gregors, or, as the Gaels pronounce the name, "Machk Krekars." Most of these, however, are to be found about Aberfeldy. My guide was a Mac Intire; his Christian name was Duncan. This clan is not very large. Duncan informed me that "the Mac Intires go under the same badge with the Mac Donalds." Have these two clans the same colours, or the same arms? Are they fraternized, or related to each other? Were there generally such fraternized or consanguineous clans? Did one clan sometimes proceed from another? Was one clan at times split into several others? I scarcely like beginning to ask so many questions about the clans, as I know not how I shall procure an answer to those that occur to me, on a matter so extremely interesting to the historian and psychologist.

I have said above, that there are no *mounts* in Scotland; but I make an exception to this in favour of the little artificial hills, which are sometimes seen in Scotland, if not so plentifully as in Ireland. The little conical heaps of earth my friend Duncan always called "little mounts." We saw several about Loch Tay. They were tolerably round, commonly covered with trees, sometimes surrounded with stone walls. They are probably such *tumuli* as we have already described in Ireland, or such moats as, in olden times, the chieftain ascended to dispense justice to his clansmen. At both ends of Loch Tay, as well at Kenmore as at Killin, there are the remains of ancient Druidical temples. At Kenmore, in fact, they are very considerable.

I was surprised to find, near almost every farm-house on the hills, small limekilns, intended merely for the wants of the farm. Lime here, as in Ireland, is applied in extraordinary quantities to

* The Royal family of Scotland are spelt "Stuart."

the fields as a fertilizer, and indeed appears to be the principal means of improving this muirland soil. The small limekiln is often nothing more than a funnel-shaped hollow, on the face of the hill, with a little opening beneath to admit a draft to the fire.

The young people in the villages all wore the kilt and spoke Gaelic.

The small land-proprietors now-a-days plant abundance of trees. A person of the name of Marcus was named to me, who has planted 25,000 pines here, not far from the lake. So different are countries, that what in one is the subject of praise, and held as one of the signs of improvement, in another is regarded as a sign of barbarism. Of the Highlands of Scotland one would say, "This country is still far back in culture, for it is almost entirely bare;" and in the same point of view he would complain of Poland, "The whole country is still barbarous, and half forest." In Poland, the rooting out of much forest is regarded as a sign of improvement. But in Scotland it is held as a great good, not only when a sturdy forest occupies the place of ill-cultivated land, but also when such a well-managed sheep-farm as the small cotters in Scotland conduct, is substituted for wretched tillage. All about Ben Lawers, and all upon the opposite side of Loch Tay, the land is either recently planted, or in sheep-farms. "All the hills there are under sheep-farms," the people said.

The small black Highland cow; the little white shaggy pony; great, black-faced, tarred sheep; low, heath-thatched, smoky huts; Ben Lawers on the right, Ben Lawers on the left, Ben Lawers before, and Ben Lawers behind,—for we went quite round it; and, lastly, a countless number of such little wicker-bodied carts as we may see in Landseer's picture,—these were the objects we met with during the remainder of our journey to Killin. The latter, the little carts, serve "for taking down the peat from the hills," and with this article, as important here as in Ireland, were they all loaded. The carts are made so small because the peat (or dried turf) must be brought down by very inconvenient roads from the hills, where it is mostly found. In the glens and dales, turf and bogs are either driven out by cultivation, or not permitted. And if even here and there, in some wild glens, peat is to be found, it is not so good as that upon the hills, as it has been mixed with the sand, stones, and debris brought down by rivers. Clean, useful turf is only to be found upon the hills. The Scots distinguish between a "moss" (morass) and a "muir." The former is the wet swamp or bog; the latter, the proper turf moor. It is a remarkable and inexplicable phenomenon that these mosses have increased in modern times. This, at least, appears to be the wide-

spread belief in Scotland. It is also supposed that the climate of Scotland has been deteriorated in modern times in consequence. Or may the reverse of this be supposed—that the deterioration and colder state of the climate is the cause of these increases in bogs? I only allude to this matter, because a similar belief, with regard to the increase of bogs, prevails in Ireland. It is highly probable, however, that the bogs and mosses will now disappear before the woods, the improved tillage, and the extending fields, and that the climate of Scotland will again be ameliorated.

CHAPTER XVII.

KILLIN.

CELTIC NAMES OF PLACES IN SCOTLAND—SABBATH EVE—TENDENCY TO CATHOLICISM—CATHOLIC CONGREGATIONS—GERMANY IN 1776, BY WILLIAM GUTHRIE—HOSPITALITY AND FRANKNESS OF THE GERMANS—THEIR LOVE OF TITLES—THEIR INDUSTRY, BRAVERY—NUMBER OF HOLIDAYS AMONG THE GERMANS—BULL-FIGHTS AND BEAR-BAITING—BOARS—STAGS OF ALL COLOURS—THE GLUTTON—GERMAN FENS AND MINERAL WATERS—LATE INTRODUCTION OF AGRICULTURE—CHEAP PROVISIONS—SLEDGES—GERMAN LADIES—VASSALS—GERMAN BOOKS AND AUTHORS—TEDIOUS PROGRESS OF NEW OPINIONS.

We reached Killin in the evening, a little place on the other end of the lake, surrounded by woods and delightful mountain scenery. The same evening I made my usual visit to the minister and schoolmaster of the place, two most agreeable and intelligent gentlemen. The schoolmaster had written, upon a map of Scotland, the old Celtic names of many of the places; and I found there, what I had long wished to find, the ancient Celtic names of Edinburgh, Perth, Stirling, and others. Edinburgh is called *Duneden;* Stirling, *Shruila;* Perth, *Perschti.* The Celtic names of Scotland, *Albin* and *Alba*, I have already mentioned, as well as that of the Scots, *Albanach.** Still I imagined that this word was pronounced by the Highlanders more or less like "Allopa" and "Allopanih." It has also occurred to me whether this word may not be connected with the name of Alps. "Alb," or "Alp," generally signifies a mountain; and "Albin," in Scotland, signifies a mountain-land. The names of English kings must also suffer a little change in the mouths of their Gaelic subjects. George, for example, becomes "Seorus," pronounced Shorus; as Shorus IV.,

* This word means all the Scots: the word "Gaidhealach," already quoted, means only the Highlanders.

George IV. The late King William was called "Uielleam." For Victoria they have no proper Gaelic form; and it is remarkable that this queen, of all the English rulers, is the only one whose name has remained unchanged in the mouths of all the people.

The pastor dismissed me with the warning that I should not be able to continue my journey on the following day, as I would find it difficult to get any one to carry my parcels, and indeed that I would scarcely find a soul on the road of whom I could inquire my way. And the schoolmaster met me with the following words of welcome, as I stood shuddering with cold upon his threshold:—"Step in, sir; but I must remark that this is the eve of the Sabbath, and must beg you to talk with me only on serious subjects." The Sabbath is more strictly observed in these Highland glens than in any other part of Britain. I shall here mention a remarkable fact, which I ought to have learned in Dunkeld, that a Roman Catholic convert had there built an entirely new Catholic chapel. I heard of several instances of newly-built Catholic chapels in the Highlands; and also found that a remarkable increase of Catholics is taking place, not only in Great Britain and Europe generally, but also in these remote Highland glens. "Particularly among the Highlanders and the upper classes, this tendency to Catholicism may be observed," was repeated to me by several people who were acquainted with the fact. Taking this in conjunction with the efforts and reforms of the Puseyites and other people, who proceed in the spirit of the Catholic hierarchy, one may assume, that, like as Luther began a reformation 300 years ago, these Puseyites and other people are now beginning a counter-reformation. The building of Catholic chapels is extending from Ireland all over Great Britain. The Catholic converts in England, if I may judge from the few I have seen and heard of, are the most zealous and ardent in the world.

As the Irish Catholics have had their Maynooth College in modern times, so the Scottish Catholics have, since 1829, had their St. Mary's College, near Aberdeen. This is intended for the education of young men dedicated to the priesthood, and it is usually attended by about fifty students. According to the Edinburgh Almanac, there were forty-two students in the year 1836. I am not aware whether it is known to all my readers, that, in spite of the fanaticism of the Reformation in Scotland, there are everywhere Catholic congregations, about fifty in all, I believe. In the large cities, however, if the Irish are left out of consideration, there are proportionally fewer Catholics than in the rural districts; and in the Lowlands there are proportionally fewer

than in the Highlands. The eastern Roman Catholic bishopric of Scotland, or the eastern district, as it is called, comprising nearly the whole of the Lowlands, contains only twelve congregations; while the western and northern districts, which, excepting Glasgow and Greenock, comprehend almost the whole of the Highlands, contain forty congregations. Taking the entire population of the two last-named districts at 800,000 inhabitants, the highest that can be given them, and the first-named district at 1,600,000, which is certainly its minimum population, it results, that there is one Catholic congregation for every 20,000 inhabitants in the Highlands, but in the Lowlands only one congregation to every 130,000 inhabitants. The Reformation, as well as civilisation and the Saxon language, have principally prevailed and made most progress in the Lowlands, while they have not been able everywhere to penetrate into the Highlands. On the islands belonging to Scotland the same phenomena are observable; for whilst upon the largest islands the doctrines of the Reformation have been adopted by nearly the whole, there are several of the smaller which have remained quite Catholic, or at least Catholic congregations are found exclusively upon such little islands as Barra, Eig, and South Uist.

I was sadly in want of amusement this evening at Killin, as I could not venture to intrude my company too long upon my Sabbath friends.

I therefore borrowed from one of them an old book upon Germany, written by William Guthrie, in 1776. I selected this book because I had seen one of the people in Killin reading it, and because I was anxious to ascertain what the people read and knew about my own fatherland.

It may be objected, that we cannot form a correct opinion, from a book written in 1776, how the people of Great Britain think of Germany in the present day, and that we ought to look into more recent publications. This is in part true. But there are a great many differently situated people in a nation—first, such as can read and study new publications, and advance with the age, who sit at the sources of knowledge, or live in such large cities as London and Edinburgh; and then such as those who reside in the Highlands and Hebrides, who can only obtain here and there an old book upon Germany, probably handed down from father to son, who do not advance with the age, and are still beset with old ideas. And such old ideas not only occupy the heads of old-fashioned people, but long remain in the minds, or in the blood, so to speak, of the better informed, whom they are seen here and there haunting like spectres. Many of Guthrie's statements reminded me of questions

that had been asked me about Germany. Several observations occur which I have read in modern English works. Modern books on Germany are not very numerous in England; for the English have to read so much of countries lying beyond the equator, that Germany is one of those countries about which they only trouble themselves incidentally, and then take some old Guthrie into their counsels on the subject. After all, then, this book is in nowise so very antiquated that it is not in a position to indicate what thousands of people daily read and learn about us.

In our praise Guthrie says, "The Germans are naturally a frank, honest, hospitable people, free from artifice and disguise." This is an ancient verity: it is to be found in Tacitus; and recently I saw the same theme in one of the Edinburgh papers, circumstantially carried out with reference to the whole Germanic races.

"The higher orders in Germany are ridiculously proud of titles, ancestry, and show." These German characteristics, then, we find asserted in Britain,—a country in which titles, at least those which are hereditary, are more highly regarded than perhaps in any other country.

"Industry, application, and perseverance, are the great characteristics of the German nation." And this we find best attested in the instance of our English brethren.

"The Germans are brave, and, when commanded by able generals, especially the Italians, have done great things."

"No people have more feasting at marriages, funerals, and birthdays." This I take to be true; at least neither in France, Russia, or Spain, are there so many holidays, fair-days, dancing and jaunting-days—so many pleasure-grounds, music-rooms, coffee, milk, and cake gardens, as in Germany.

"No people have more field sports, hunting, bull and bear-baiting, and the like." The taste for these, in modern times, appears to have passed over to England: at least several of the sports named are now quite antiquated in Germany. In Austria, there was only a bear-baiting here and there in the middle of last century; but in England, the German traveller is still sometimes asked how a bear-baiting is conducted, and whether he has ever seen one.

"The vast passion which the Germans have for hunting the wild boar, is probably the reason why there are more woods and chaces yet standing in Germany than in most other countries. The Hercynian forest, which in Cæsar's time was nine days' journey in length, is now cut down in many places. Almost every count, baron, or gentleman has a chace or park, well stocked with game,

viz. deer, of which there are seven or eight sorts, as roebucks, stags, &c., of all sizes and colours;—(of course, then, dwarf-stags and giant-stags, green, yellow, and purple stags!)—plenty of hares, conies, foxes, bears, wolves, and boars. They abound so much with wild-fowl, that, in many places, the peasants use them, and venison, for their ordinary food. The glutton of Germany is the most voracious of all animals. It feeds so ravenously, that it falls into a torpid state, and so becomes a prey to the Germans—(the whole nation?) They also kill bears and wolves, but do not usually eat their flesh." Here the author might have added, that we do not usually eat horse-flesh and dog-flesh. Would it be believed that such a book, which represents us in almost the same light as we should have appeared in a second edition of the "Germania" of Tacitus, could have been written in England towards the end of the last century, and still read in the middle of the present? I was once in conversation with an English squire, who had heard that the glutton was rather a formidable animal in Germany, and who said, "I have a wonderful idea of your glutton; do tell me a little about this wonderful German animal." He would scarcely believe me when I told him that I had never seen one, except in a museum; and still less would he believe that this frightful animal is not larger than a moderate-sized dog.

"The two principal rivers are the Rhine and the Danube, and the two principal lakes those of Constance and Bregentz. Besides these lakes and rivers, Germany contains large noxious bodies of standing water, which are next to pestilential, and afflict the neighbouring natives with many deplorable disorders." We Germans usually lay these fens in Hungary and Poland. Regarded from England, the figure of Eastern Europe appears more contracted, and the "bodies of standing water," gleaming to us in the distance, appear to the English to be standing still in the midst of Germany.

"As an antidote to these pestiferous swamps, nature has bestowed on Germany a multitude of wholesome mineral waters. Some of these waters, it is said, have the effect of intoxicating those who drink them, and are therefore enclosed."

"Had the Germans, before the middle of this century, been acquainted with agriculture, their country would have been the most fruitful of any in Europe." Gracious powers! It would almost appear to the English squires and farmers, that, before this time, we were in the nomadic state of our ancestors, and lived in woods. In the worst cultivated and poorest parts of Ireland, I could scarcely make the people believe that we had better cultivated fields than they.

"Even in its present rude state, provisions are more cheap and plentiful in Germany than in any other country perhaps in the world: witness the prodigious armies which the most uncultivated parts of it maintained."

"In winter, when the several branches of the Danube are frozen over, the ladies take their recreation in sledges of different shapes, such as griffins, tigers, swans, scollop-shells, &c. Here the lady sits, dressed in velvet lined with rich furs, and adorned with laces and jewels, having on her head a velvet cap, and the sledge is drawn by a horse, stag, or other creature,—(perhaps by wild-boars, bears, or gluttons?)—decorated with plumes of feathers, ribbons, and bells." One must think how the reading of such a book must warm the fancy of a Highland chieftain, a laird in the Hebrides, a sheep-farmer, or a schoolmaster in the Orkney or Shetland islands, respecting the Germans.

"The ladies have generally fine complexions; and some of them, especially in Saxony, have all the delicacy of features and shape that are so bewitching in some other countries. At some courts they appear in rich furs; and all of them are loaded with jewels, if they can obtain them. The female part of burgher families, in many cities, dress in a very different manner, and some of them inconceivably fantastic, as may be seen in many prints published in books of travels."

"The most unhappy part of the Germans are the tenants of little needy princes, who squeeze them to keep up their own grandeur."

"Printing is encouraged to a fault: every man of letters is an author; they multiply books without number. Every prince, baron, and gentleman is a chemist or natural philosopher."

"Germany has also produced good political writers, geographers, and historians; but they have no good taste, or capacity for works of wit and entertainment, as poetry, plays, romances, and novels. Their writings are extremely prolix, dry, voluminous, and mechanical; and they know nothing of the valuable art of mixing the pleasant with the useful."

It is said that when a new star arises in the firmament of heaven, and an old star sets, it is long before we dwellers upon earth perceive the rising of the one or the setting of the other; because it is long before the rays of the new star reach our mundane sphere, and the old star, after its disappearance, continues long in its orbit. And even if astronomers and sages have given notice of the new phenomena, it is long before they are known to schoolboys and the masses of the people. So it is with the knowledge which people of different countries have reciprocally one of the other. In this

point of view, I believe that Guthrie's book pronounces a multitude of opinions on Germany, which, however erroneous, will for a long time be the "standard opinions" of masses of the English people.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM KILLIN TO LOCH KATRINE.

GLEN LOCHY AND GLEN DOCHART—FINGAL'S GRAVE—THE FAIR-HAIRED FINGAL — PHEASANTS — BLACK CATTLE — SCOTTISH REELS — GOING THROUGH THE FIGURE OF EIGHT—THE SCOTTISH HARP—GLEN OGLE—FALLS OF ROCK—SABBATH—SCENES IN SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVELS—MANY CLEVER MEN AND A STUPID—ROB ROY'S GRAVE—RUDE SCULPTURE—"LES SAUVAGES DE L'ECOSSE"—SALT-BOXES—WANT OF FOOT-PATHS—A HIGHLAND WILDERNESS—GOING ASTRAY—HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE—A HIGHLAND TAILOR—"SCOTCH MAHOGANY"—A VERY LONESOME PLACE—LARGE GRAZIERS—GENEALOGICAL KNOWLEDGE OF SCOTTISH PEASANTS—THE EARL OF MORAY—THE SERVANTS' HALL AND JEAN FISHER—SMUIRING THE SHEEP—DRIED TOBACCO—HEALTH DRINKING—THE "GARAMALTJACH"—"A RUSSIAN OR A PRUSSIAN GERMAN"—EDUCATION OF THE SCOTS—EDUCATION IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND—INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON EDUCATION—THE SECOND SIGHT—GLEN BUCKIE BY MOONLIGHT—THE "ACHS"—STUART'S INN.

On the following day, after having with some difficulty found a guide, I set out on my farther journey on foot. As I wished to reach Loch Katrine the same day, and there were a good many hills to climb, I started about six in the morning. It was a singularly clear but cold November morning. The little pools along the road were covered with brittle ice, and the dazzling white summits of the mountains stood out in clear, sharp lines against the heavenly blue, brighter than I had ever expected to witness in gray misty Scotland.

Two glens unite near Killin, Glen Dochart and Glen Lochy, and pour their united streams into the head of the lake. On this cleaving of the country by two great valleys, or rather by three, (for the valley of the lake may be taken as the third,) depends chiefly the highly-prized beauty of the mountain scenery about Killin. Along the valley of the lake the eye rests on Ben Lawers; along Glen Dochart, the summit of Ben More is distinctly visible; and over Glen Lochy, towers the Mealchrom. All the three mountains lie about the same distance from this spot. A tolerably large bridge is carried over the Dochart, which we walked along, to enjoy for a little the beautiful spectacle of a cataract, or rapid

of the river, situated opposite the bridge. The waters of the river rush and dash along a broad rocky bottom, for a considerable distance, and descend, torn and divided, between an extraordinary number of immense square blocks of stone, that lie scattered about the middle and sides of the table-rock. These blocks look almost like building-stones; and, thinking on the great nature-architect of Scotland and Ireland, I asked my guide whether Fingal had not been here once upon a time? "Yes, sir," he replied, "and he is buried not far from the western end of the loch: you had only to go a few steps out of the way you came yesterday evening, to have seen his grave." There is a wonderfully beautiful spot, in the neighbourhood of old Finlanrig Castle, where the family of the Breadalbanes resided before they removed to the eastern end of the lake. Near this castle there is a pretty retired kirkyard, called Innish-Muc, where several members of the Clan Mac Nab, and, according to tradition, Fingal, are buried. But the grave of Fingal, like that of his son Ossian, is pointed out in several places; and Fingal's name echoes from every cave, from every hill, and from every extraordinary scene in nature. I do not here allude to such an extraordinary cave as that called Fingal's, in the Isle of Staffa. Even this is insignificant in comparison with others. Dr. Johnson, if I remember rightly, visited several caverns so known in the island of Coll. In one he found an extraordinary large square rock, called by the natives "Fingal's Table." My guide gave me a little information about Fingal, which I had never heard or read of before. "Fin," he told me, is derived from a Gaelic word "facun," signifying white, fair-coloured. Hence Fingal is equivalent to the "white one," the "fair one." "Perhaps he had fair hair?" I observed to my guide. "Yes, sir, he was fair-haired," he replied, as readily and seriously as if he had really seen him.

Either this etymology is true, which is interesting, or it is not true, and nevertheless believed by the people, which is also interesting. To be "fair-haired," is regarded as a distinction by the natives of Erin and the Scottish Highlands; and hence, I believe, they would with difficulty recognise their Fingal in hair of any other colour. It is sometimes usual among the Scots to surname their heroes from the colour of their hair; thus "Rob Roy," (the Red Robert,) "Roderic Dhu," (the Black Roderick.)

I was surprised at the number of pheasants I saw in the fields on both sides of the way. They were as numerous as chickens in a poultry-yard. It seems to me that pheasants are not only far more abundant in Britain than in Germany, but also much wilder. If I am rightly informed, as I believe I am, they are allowed to

remain in the open air both summer and winter; whilst our pheasants, during a hard winter, must be kept in a pheasantry. In England, a box with food is placed in the wood or park, because what they can obtain out of doors is not always sufficient. In Scotland I saw some very pretty and ingenious boxes of this kind, for the pheasants. They were of iron, painted green. Hence, when exposed, they are neither easily spoiled, stolen, or overturned. They consist of two divisions, one of which is enclosed, and serves as a little magazine, out of which the gamekeeper takes their food; and the other is merely covered with a swing flap, or lid, and contains the portion of food set apart for them. In front of this division, iron rods are placed, for the pheasants to hop upon. These rods, by a simple piece of mechanism, are so connected with the lid, that when the pheasant hops upon one of them it immediately opens, and as soon as the bird has eaten to satisfy itself, and flies away, the lid shuts again by its own weight, and thus their food is kept dry.

"All these hills," said my guide, "have been farmed out by Breadalbane to different gentlemen, for sheep-farming, shooting-quarters, peat-digging, and such like. A gentleman lives yonder, who farms a range of hills, fifteen miles in extent." For their cattle, many of these gentlemen, like the Highlanders generally, have nothing more in the shape of an erection than what are called "sheds." These sheds are often without the whole roof; or, at least, they are only provided with a half roof on one side, like some I have seen for wintering cattle in Southern Russia.

On our way we met many long-haired black cattle, returning from the different markets held on the borders of the Highlands in autumn. The people had little cheering to relate about the markets. Sir Robert's tariff, to which they all attributed the depression, produced in them sad thoughts and melancholy visages. The prices had been so low that they had only sold a few of their cattle; and now they had to keep them over the winter, in the hope of obtaining better prices in the spring. They were all anxious to reach Killin, which they had not been able to do the preceding evening, in order to keep their Sabbath.

After these drovers had passed us, we did not meet with a single soul on our way, nor see anybody outside the huts which lay here and there along the road. "It's not kirk time yet," said my guide, "and now they are all sitting at home, reading the Bible."

My guide was a mountain Scot, who, as he told me, was sometimes musician to his countrymen at their dances. I had already heard him praised in Killin, as the best fiddler. In this capacity, he informed me, he had travelled into almost every glen in Scot-

land, and had several times been as far as Inverness. He assured me that he knew many glens in the Highlands where the Highland garb is still generally worn. In several, the "lads" have two suits,—an English coat and trousers, and a kilt without trousers; the latter being worn only upon particular occasions.

As I had never had an opportunity of witnessing a "reel" in Scotland, and had now a man before me who might be relied upon in the matter, I asked him what might be the peculiarity of the Scottish reel, as a dance. But, alas! I could arrive at nothing very satisfactory through my friend on the subject. The "reel," in English, is properly a winch, or kind of spinning-wheel; and "to reel," signifies to turn or wheel about. Should this have anything to do with the name of the dance, it would awaken no particular partiality for the art, or gracefulness of the dance. According to the definitions of my fiddler, I saw nothing very artificial about it. The reel, he said, is danced by four persons, two lads and two lasses, "who keep constantly tacht to the tune, and make their manœuvres." "Farther than this," he said, "there is nothing particular in a Scotch reel." I asked him in what these manœuvres consisted. "Firstly, as I have already said, in keeping tacht, and then they go through the figure of an echt," (an eight.) I asked him again, what he meant by going through the figure of an eight? He answered, "To go through the figure of an echt is all the same as saying, 'to go through the reel.'" And then he made the figure ∞ in the sand on the road. In order, in their movements, that the dancers may be always *tacht* with the music, and that they may be constantly keeping in the figure of *echt*, each returns always exactly to his own place. And this, then, is the peculiar reel. I believe, after this description, my readers will have a tolerably correct notion of the rude way in which the Highlanders dance this dance.*

I had seen numbers of harps, in the hands of even the common people, in Ireland and Wales, and anxious to know whether it was used among the Celtic Highlanders, I asked my friend whether he knew this to be the case, and whether the harp was to be found in the Highlands? He replied that he knew a harp very well, for he had seen one in Glasgow; but although he had grown old among the hills, and had wandered throughout their length and breadth, he had never seen one in the hands of the people. This is remarkable, and it becomes a question whether we must not dismiss our notions of Scottish bards with harps, and even tear the strings from the harp of Ossian, in as far as we understand by these a Scottish and not an Irish Ossian. Those prints and pic-

* Now that I have seen several Scottish reels, I can confirm all this.

tures, where we represent the heroes of Ossian playing upon harps, belong entirely to Ireland, and not to Scotland.

The cross glen leading from the Dochart to the Earn, is called Glen Ogle. It is a wild valley, wholly uncultivated. The dark rocks in its bosom appear like masses of cast-iron. The summits of the mountains, and the tops of the rocks, are covered with long heather. From the hills a number of little burns descend, and here and there, by their borders, grows a lonely, stunted birch. Beyond this, there is not the slightest vestige of vegetation. Fragments of rock, in extraordinary numbers, cover the sides of the mountains. I was told that large fragments and immense blocks are sometimes detached from the face of the rocks, and descend over the road and plain, splitting into a thousand pieces. My guide pointed out a spot where such a disruption of the rocks had taken place a few years before. There are many such wild glens in Scotland, indeed many much wilder; and great waste, savage, mountain districts. I had a small proof of this in the course of the same day. I remarked that, in Ireland, the tops of the highest mountains are usually occupied by a pair or several pairs of eagles. My guide said, that it was just the same in Scotland, and added, "Every hill, sir, called a ben in Scotland, is no doubt a place for eagles." I would take the opportunity of remarking here, that the Highlanders appeared to me to pronounce this word "behn," and not like "benn." Ben Nevis they pronounce "Behn Nivesh," and Ben Lawers as "Behn Larrs."

We trudged along through the wild glen, and at length came in sight of the inn of Lochearnhead, on Loch Earn. I know not whether it was this cheering sight, or some passing thought, that set me a-whistling. However I did whistle a little. "Leave off whistling," said my guide, "for they will be wondering to hear a person whistling on the Sabbath day!"

The whole of this part of the country, through the history of Scotland, and Sir Walter Scott's masterly delineations, has become classic ground; and we have the twofold pleasure not only of roaming through the wild, romantic, and interesting scenery of the glens, but also the pleasure arising from knowing that it was seen by one in the magic-mirror of the imagination,—that magic-mirror in which it is now daily seen by hundreds and thousands. Thus, Glen Dochart was the scene of the attack on Robert Bruce by the Mac Dougal of Lorn, his incarnate enemy, and of the exploits of Bruce against him and his followers. Thus, also, in a wild rocky region near Lochearnhead, called Crichmachkranach,—the very word sounds like the crash of rocks and stones—may be seen one of the many "Robert the Bruce's caves," in which this much-en-

during hero remained concealed during his adventurous and long retreat. And thus I was now travelling in the mountains towards Rob Roy's grave.

I was, unfortunately, obliged to take a new guide at Lochearnhead. I therefore cast upon the beautiful Loch Earn, which descends towards Crieff and the country of the Drummonds, a hurried glance, at once a greeting and an adieu, and proceeded on my journey with my new man, one of the most stupid it had ever been my fate to have for a guide. If I asked him relative to an individual, of whom I wished to know something, he would ever answer, stuttering, "That was a very clever man, sir!" Thus he told me that Robert Bruce "was a very clever man, and king of Scotland." Of Rob Roy he knew nothing further than, "he was a very clever man, sir, and a great robber." In the same way he told me that Mr. Stuart was a very clever man, and proprietor of Ardvoirlich Castle, on Loch Earn. Some people from good sense, and others from stupidity, look upon all other men as extremely clever. The worst of the matter was, I soon observed that my new friend knew nothing but a footpath leading directly over the hills to Loch Katrine, and that I might probably lose my way through his guidance. This really happened, and that very soon too.

We found our way to Balquhidder right enough; indeed, we could not well have missed it, as a straight road leads to it. A little beyond Balquhidder, however, we did miss it, as a road is no longer to be found, not even a footpath,—nothing but rocks and a mountain wilderness. Balquhidder is famous on account of its little churchyard, which contains Rob Roy's grave. The cottages of this pretty little village are scattered about the eastern end of Loch Voil. The kirk stands a little higher, on a projecting hill; and on both sides the village is enclosed by wild and lofty mountains, the most celebrated of which is a rugged rocky region, called "the Braes o' Balquhidder," well known in Scottish song.

The burial-ground lies below the little church, on the green hill-side. Public worship was going on at the time, and hence I could scarcely prevail upon my guide to walk with me into the kirkyard. He was afraid, he said, that they might see us from the lower windows of the kirk, and that we might offend the congregation, were they to see us lounging idly about during kirk-time. I thought of Catholic churches, in which a stranger may walk about and gratify his curiosity, even during the service, without being taken any notice of. I told my guide, that we could walk in gently and cautiously, that I must at least have a peep at Rob Roy's grave, after I had come all this way to see it, and that he must forthwith point it out to me. Somewhat against his will,

he laid down my effects behind a stone at the kirkyard gate; for to have appeared with them there would have been, to him, particularly scandalous; and then he sneaked along with the air of a culprit, and pointed out to me Rob Roy's grave.

It is distinguished by nothing more than a rude block of stone, on which an equally rude figure of a large sword, I cannot say has been cut with the chisel, but I must say has been scratched. There are several tombstones of the same description here, most of which appear to have been erected in Rob Roy's time, and even later, about the beginning and middle of the last century.* They look, however, as if they had been executed in the times of the Druids, for they are nothing more than rude, almost entirely unhewn, stones from the fields, on which the figure of a great long sword, similar to that already described, is scratched into the stone in rough and uncertain lines. I have never in my life seen such extremely rude gravestones. If the men who sleep here were like the stones that cover them, true blocks they must have been. On some there was no figure of a sword, this being, I believe, only found on the tombs of chieftains. On one I recognised an entire human figure, almost as elegant as those chalked by boys upon the doors and walls of houses in defiance of the prohibitions of the police; but whether it was intended for a dame or a knight, an old woman or a robber, I could not well make out. When the French, in the middle of the last century, spoke of "*les sauvages de l'Ecosse*," meaning the natives of the Highlands and Hebrides, they rightly described these specimens of art on the gravestones of Balquhidder. Upon some stones there are other hieroglyphics to be seen, which I could not decypher.

"In the journey you have sketched out for yourself in Scotland, you will find a specimen of everything which constitutes a characteristic element and feature of the Highlands: some lovely lakes, tolerably like all our other lakes; some lofty bens, which look like all our bens; some wild romantic glens, which will give you some idea of all our other glens; some beautiful forest scenery, which you must not increase by too high a multiplier; some rivers, burns, and waterfalls, which will serve you as a model of all the rest." So I had been addressed upon my intended tour. And certainly I had already met with all these elements of a Scottish landscape. I only wanted farther a Scottish waste of rocks and bogs, which I could multiply in imagination by a very large multiplier, in order to have an idea of all the other wastes in Scotland and its islands.

* A few weeks ago, it was reported in the public journals, that some outrageous Vandals had desecrated Rob Roy's grave by removing or destroying his gravestone.—Trans.

I found a magnificent specimen of the kind, the same day, between Balquhidder and Loch Katrine. In a direct line, these two places are indeed only ten miles distant from each other. But because there is a rough mountain back, which we must scramble up and down, the distance is at least twenty; and because we find ourselves in a perfect desert, and see nothing but wildness, every step being more disagreeable than another, the road appears as long as one of fifty miles.

At first we had an ordinary footpath, and here and there encountered individuals, particularly shepherds, who were always attended by a surprising number of dogs. We entered the last little hut, in order to be instructed once more as to our right direction. A few people were sitting about the fire, and behind the fire was placed a great stone, blackened by the smoke from the turf. On the stone again stood the great Scottish salt-box (*saut backet,*) already alluded to. It looked almost like a little dog's kennel, for, like this, it had a small round hole in it. This hole, however, is only intended for the arm of the cook. I asked the people why, in Scotland, the salt-box always occupies so prominent a place? They replied, that it was partly to have the salt handy for cooking, and partly to keep it dry. "Does not the Bible say, 'Ye are the salt of the earth?'" said an old man; "and according to this text, is not salt in a certain manner sacred, and is it not thereby intended that it is one of the best of things for our use? That is why we hang the salt-box over our hearths." Then came a description of the road we were to take. This seemed rather a matter of some enterprise. For the ground is either rock or bog; and as these do not retain the impression of footsteps, there is no footpath, nor any traces of one, notwithstanding the number of people who must have passed this way since the wilderness first existed. Besides, as the whole route is equally unpleasant, every one takes that direction most agreeable to himself; and as no two perhaps take the same direction, a beaten footpath is in no part to be found.

Nothing then remained for us but to do like others, and choose our own road, after first taking notice of the knolls and gaps by which we were to pass. There is nothing more dreary and comfortless than this Scottish wilderness. After we had ascended a little way, we could see for some distance around us. Every glen and peak has its name, though, properly, none of them are entitled to a name. Glen Shini, Glen Man, and Glen Finlas, were named to me, and the mountains Ben Ledi and Mealaonack; but I took no trouble to inform myself accurately about these names, and the heights and hollows to which they belong, because, where the

whole runs wildly together, it is of little importance to attend to worthless divisions.

As the greater part of the Scottish Highlands, however, and decidedly the greatest portion of the surface of the Hebrides, and the Orkney and Shetland islands, have the same aspect, it may not be uninteresting to my readers to have a somewhat nearer view of this appearance of the country. The most striking feature is, that not a bush or tree is anywhere to be seen. The whole is waste and bare. The summits of the hills, the glens, the chasms, are all bleak and naked. The sides of the hills and the glens are covered with prodigious quantities of blocks and fragments of rock, and these are mostly overgrown and slippery with dank moss and heather, and steps one between these stones he steps in bog. Here and there a little green spot is sometimes to be seen. To these we hastily advance, hoping once more to rest the wounded feet on the green sward. But soon we discover that these are only deceptive reeds, below which a quagmire has collected, and that we must clamber carefully upon rocks, across the slime, if we care to have solid ground beneath our feet. Thus the entire landscape has a dark, bleak, and melancholy appearance. The only thing the eye lights upon at all cheerful, is the snowy tops of the mountains; and the only thing useful to man in the whole hilly range, is the turf on the "miurs," or "muirs," (I could never rightly decide which of these two ways the Scots pronounce the word).

As already mentioned, the greatest part of the Hebrides have the same appearance. Hence it can be easily understood why Lord Huntly should without hesitation offer the entire archipelago of these islands to James VI. for £10,000 Scots (£800 sterling). An acre of this land is perhaps of about as much use to a man as a few rods in the more fertile parts of the Lowlands. In 1810, the rent of an acre of land in Edinburghshire, was £1 4s. 6¼d., or 294¼ pence; whilst, in the same year, the rent of an acre of land in Argyleshire, one of the Highland counties, was only 1s. 11d., or 23 pence. Hence the price of productive and unproductive land may be ascertained. In the Orkneys, however, an acre of land was only eightpence, and in the Shetlands only threepence—land in the latter being consequently nearly 300 times cheaper than in the Lowlands. This may give an idea of the extraordinary difference of the average prices of land in the Lowlands and Highlands. The contrast would be greater still, if a comparison were made between the produce of the fertile Lowland and the unfertile Highland districts.

After we had proceeded for some hours on this irksome, comfortless journey, I at length sat down by a little troubled spring,

despairing and heated, and began to quarrel with my stupid, blundering guide. His name was Mac Pherson, or Ferguson, that is, the son of Fergus. Several Scottish kings bore the name of Fergus, and these may have been the founders of the clan of the "children of Macpherson," which the English have now changed into Ferguson; for, in Gaelic, the name of the clan is properly Machkpherash. I paid little attention, however, to these pretensions to regal descent, and scolded my Macpherson with all the warmth which the irritation of the moment inspired. "Sir, if you are so angry with me, you had better give me my money, and let me go home again. Why do you rate me so? What would you have of me?"—"Above all things, I would have you have better roads with you."—"Indeed, sir, how can I change the roads? I wish myself they were better, for to-morrow I shall be obliged to have my shoes clouted."—"Why have you led me so confoundedly astray, and why didn't you choose the right way?"—"I tell you again, I didn't know, and don't know, the right way: that I certainly have not concealed from you!"—"Why, then, oh miserable man, did you offer yourself as my guide?"—"God bless me, sir! a day's wages are now low enough; one would earn a little more, and I am even doing the best I can that way!"—"If you would only sweeten this dreary journey a little to me by your conversation, but you are as dull as a log! Rob Roy has been in this wilderness: can't you tell me anything interesting about him?"—"I have already told you what people say, that he was a very clever man and a robber, and I know nothing more about him."—"Why does a stranger take you for his guide, but that, best knowing your native country, you should tell him something about the nature of it?"—"Well, sir, as to the nature of the country, you can judge best for yourself. Look about you. It is a poor wretched country!"—"Can't you tell me something about the living of the people in the hills here?"—"Of the living of the people? That, indeed, can I. If you had only asked me that, I could have told you long ago. The people here live mostly on potatoes and milk. The potatoes are mashed, and the milk is boiled and poured over them. On high-days they boil a piece of mutton, and make brose."—"Very good indeed!—quiet now—pack up, and let us proceed!"

We again commenced our *salto mortales* from one stone to another, when, happening to cast up my eyes, I perceived to my great joy a living figure moving in the distance. We stood still, to ascertain what it might be. Sometimes it disappeared and again re-appeared, till at length we recognised an active sort of person toiling towards us, shouting and beckoning with his hand.

We welcomed him joyfully, made him acquainted with our disagreeable plight, and that we wanted to find our way to Loch Katrine, or rather to Miss Stuart's inn.

The man had a handsome Glengarry bonnet on his head, adorned with a feather, which became him very well, and I took him at first for a huntsman, particularly from his sprightly gait, and firm tread over the rugged stones. But he soon informed me that he was only a tailor, proceeding to a farmer's in the vicinity of the lake. Tailors, who travel from house to house over the country, have always something lively in their constitution. As they are acquainted with many persons, they have always plenty of news; and as their light and sedentary occupation disposes them more to conversation than smiths, carpenters, and the like, they are usually good conversable travelling companions in a wilderness. The farmer to whose house he was going was named Stuart, and nearly all the people who live here about, in Glen Shini, Glen Finlas, and on Loch Katrine, are Stuarts. "You can go with me there," he said, "and after resting yourself a little, may be able to reach Miss Stuart's inn towards night." We accepted his proposal with much pleasure, attained the summit of the ridge, and were now wandering on the other side, down to Glen Finlas, I believe. Here the road was not at all improved, but as we had better society it appeared so.

Mr. Tytler, who has written a comprehensive, and, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, the best history of Scotland, gives a sketch of the forests of Scotland in the times of Wallace and Bruce, from which it appears that, even then, the country was still covered with immense forests. This period is, proportionally, not so very remote (500 years ago); and hence it is quite a riddle how and by what circumstances the country has been so frightfully deforested and denuded of trees. When we came a little "laigher down" (lower), we found again some lonely trees, which my people called "Scotch mahogany." Unfortunately, I cannot recollect what kind of trees they were.

The first inhabitant we came near was Kristy M'Claran. But we only saw the old woman's house in the far distance, in "a very lonesome place," on the low grounds, near the opening of two wild uncultivated glens. They told me that the old woman lives there quite alone, without a soul near her, and that her only support are a cow and two sheep, for which she finds a scanty nourishment among the neighbouring rocks. She had acquired this right from the wealthy farmer Stuart, for I know not how few pence of yearly rent, and had lived there for an inconceivable length of time, quite alone. The old woman's little, dark speck of a hovel, in the heart of the

wilderness, has an almost frightful appearance. This was no doubt one of such old women as Scott depicts, who kept the place as a rendezvous for smugglers, and illicit distillers of whisky.

At length we came to a tolerable thicket, and pressing through, ran down a smooth green hill-side, and straightway reached the spacious farm-house of Mr. Stuart, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the hill, in a lovely space cleared from the thicket.

There were no less than six "Stuartich"—six farmers of the name of Stuart—who have been settled here for a great number of years, as extensive sheep-farmers. According to what the people told me, the whole six families appear to live in a kind of farming community together. They told me, they were the greatest graziers in all the country, far and wide. Altogether, they had between 5,000 and 6,000 sheep. The proprietor of the grounds and soil is Lord Doune. "The Earl of Moray, you ought properly to say," remarked the elder Stuart, into whose house we had entered about twilight, and by whose fire we had seated ourselves; "for Lord or Baron Doune is only *the second title* of 'Francis Stuart.' Earl of Moray is his first and most distinguished title, and by this he is known in public." These peasants are well acquainted with the titles of their lords. In these, a foreigner is always committing mistakes. The Earl of Moray is not to be confounded with the Murrays, which is not a title, but the name of a clan. Neither must the Scottish Lord Doune be confounded with the Irish Lord Down. The Earls of Moray are the richest and most distinguished of all the Stuarts, and, I believe, are regarded as their chiefs. They are not, however, the only Stuarts in the Scottish peerage. The Earls of Galloway, the Earls of Dumfries and Bute, the Barons Blantyre, and the Earls of Traquair, are also Stuarts. The Stuarts and Douglases are, I believe, the names that occur most frequently in the Scottish peerage.

Although, as I have said, it was nearly dark, Mr. Stuart nevertheless showed me his house and farm-yard in detail. He had divided his dwelling, as it appeared, into two parts—one for the stabling, the men-servants and maid-servants, and the every-day life; and one for his guests, for Sundays and festive occasions. Even in the first, everything was orderly and cleanly; but in the latter everything was as handsome and elegant as I have ever seen in the best farm-houses in England. Not only his parlours, but his stairs and apartments, were all carpeted; and his rooms were so neat and proper, that I scarcely ventured to enter them in my soiled and tattered travelling costume. As I had just come out of a wilderness, where I had been travelling all day, without being

gratified by the sight of the meanest hut, I was seized with all the surprise of a savage brought into the heart of a metropolis. With the exception of his share in the 6,000 sheep, my friend had only nine cows and two horses, as the cultivation of oats, barley, and potatoes is not very great here.

Afterwards, we sat down again by the fire, in the great "servants'-hall," where the master, the men, the neighbours, the maid-servants, the tailor, and my guide were assembled. A charming damsel—Jeanie Fisher by name—did the honours of the table, with beautiful Highland milk, much sweeter than that of the Lowlands, and "barley scones"—a preparation of barley-meal and water (already described at Muthill), baked on a flat plate of iron, called a "girdle." Jean was prettier than her name, and had a set of features such as I have certainly rarely witnessed among damsels of the peasant class in other countries.

The men all wore those sort of gloves I had already seen at Loch Tay, namely, the stains of tar. For they had been engaged for some days in the important business of "smuiring" the sheep. There were six great tubsful of the smearing composition in the court-yard, besides a whole row of tar barrels, some full, some partly empty, lying in the same place. Next day the "smuiring" or "smiuhring,"* was to be re-commenced. For a flock of 5,000 to 6,000, it will readily be conceived that this is no insignificant matter, and that a good deal of time, labour, tar, and butter must be expended upon it. For thirty sheep, they told me, they used a tubful, consisting of ten pints of tar, and a stone (of 14 lbs.) of butter. For 3,000 sheep, then, 1,000 pints of tar and 1,400 lbs. of butter would be used yearly. As there are many farms where 3,000 sheep have to be smeared, it will be seen that the operation is not an unimportant one. Here, too, the "smuiring" is regarded as essential: "the tar keeps them warm and clean," they will reply to the stranger who protests against the practice. In other countries, equally cold, people know nothing about this tarring; but here it is looked upon as an essential. In the economy of every nation may be found branches of husbandry and arrangements, about which the natives give themselves a vast amount of trouble, because they hold them as indispensable; whilst people in other countries know nothing at all about them, and yet get through the world untarred and unsmeared.

How different soever we may find countries and their customs in many respects, there is, on the other hand, a remarkable simi-

* According to the rules of Scottish pronunciation, *ui* ought to be pronounced like the French *u* or the German *ü*; but I always found it pronounced as above.

larity in some of their features. Thus, I once thought, when I saw the Lettes in Courland taking fish at night, by means of a torch, and a many-pronged harpoon, with which they strike them through, that this was entirely a Lettish custom. And now I learned that this mode of fishing, and even the same instrument, is known in Scotland; and I have since read that in North America, and several other parts of the world, fish are taken in a similar way. Even so, I once believed, that only the Ossetes in the Caucasus, and the Tartars of the Crimea, were accustomed to make up their fires, so that one end of a thick log of wood was kindled and pushed gradually into the burning mass as it was consumed. And now I saw this very evening, in the house of my Scottish farmer, a fire resembling the Tartar fire, almost to a hair. They had a great long stump of a tree, one end of which lay in the flame, and the other rested upon its branches. The lighted end was surrounded with peats, which kept it always burning. In this way, they informed me, they can make up a roaring fire when it is very cold.

Now and then I saw them put something on the end of a stick, and then expose a brown-looking piece of rag to the fire. I could not rightly make out what it was, and my first thought was one of horror, lest it should be "mutton chops;" for I recollected that in the same manner the people often cooked a bit of chop on the fire, which I had been afterwards obliged to get through, to the annoyance of my teeth. For my consolation, I soon came to understand that it was only tobacco leaves. The people keep their tobacco in rolls, from which they cut off a piece as they want it. This piece they unrol, and then hold it to the fire, in the manner described, until it is quite dry and brittle; they then crumble it between their fingers, and stuff it lightly into their short pipes. This was another operation in tobacco-smoking which I had never seen before, and which circumstances here render necessary. My hospitable entertainer handed my guide a "dram," as he had done to some of his neighbours; and remarkable to me was the ceremonious manner in which they drank each other's health. "Your good health, lad!"—"Your good health, Stuart!"—"Here's wishing you well, Robert!" were the salutations that went round, ere the dram was tasted and quaffed off. Among the higher classes of Scotland and England, health-drinking is less customary than among us. Perhaps, too, more ceremony is observed with ardent spirits than with wine or beer, because they are stronger, and because one is rather bashful to drink them *sans façon.*

Not long after we had taken our dram, and some little intimacy had taken place, they asked me after my clan and native country.

"My clan," I replied, "is not so considerable, nor so royal in its descent, as the Royal Clan Stuart. By country, however, I am a 'Garamaltjach,'"* as my countrymen, "the Germans," had been named to me by one profound in Gaelic. No doubt the word is a corruption of the English word "German." Thereupon they began to speak in praise of the Garamaltjachs; and several, who knew the fact, stated, that of all foreigners, the Germans were those who visited the lake in greatest numbers. "You Germans are, like us Scots, a wandering people. You have a liking for strange countries, and travel about everywhere. In this respect you are unlike our nearest neighbours, the French, whom we should expect to see here in the greatest numbers, but whom we seldom catch a sight of. And yet your native country is seventeen times greater than France, so that you have far more room in it than the French have in theirs. When I consider the great extent of your country, your love of travelling surprises me; I cannot understand it. It is not so surprising in us Scots, as our native country is so small, that every two or three leagues we travel brings us to the sea. It is quite natural, then, we should sometimes long to pass over the sea to other countries. But with you, indeed, all countries are connected together, and foreign and native are all the same."

All that my Highlander said was very reasonable, until he came to the seventeen times greater size of Germany. And even that was not so unnatural. I have already observed that Germany, to people here, appears much larger than it really is, because they reckon in Hungary and the provinces of the Danube, when they are told that the Danube is a German river. Germany is, here, the great extended east beyond France; and often they hardly know whether or not Russia also is German. I was once asked by a Scottish merchant, to whom I mentioned that I was a German—"Are you a Russian or a Prussian German?" The unfortunate rhyming of Russia to Prussia, leads frequently, I believe, to many such mistakes.

It remains to be observed, that the Highlanders throughout are a very intelligent, and, generally speaking, a well-informed people. Not only do we find them so now, but Dr. Johnson and other travellers have so found them, and have remarked, that, notwithstanding their wild and rude manners, and their impoverished mode of life, yet not only the sharpness of their understanding, but also the compass of their knowledge and degree of information, were remarkably striking. Dr. Johnson, in many parts of his book, expresses his astonishment that so much understanding and so much information should exist at the same time with such wild and war-

* Armstrong writes "Gearmalteach."

like manners, and such great poverty. In a remarkable work, published by the "Poor-law Commissioners" in 1841, on the education of the children of the poor, and where much information is to be found respecting Great Britain, may be read, among other things, several interesting statements made by large manufacturers, on the national character of the various workmen employed in their works. I shall here give the evidence of one or two of these gentlemen, respecting Scottish workmen.

"We find that Scottish workmen succeed far better on the Continent than English, which I chiefly ascribe to their better education, which enables them to adapt themselves easier to circumstances, better to conciliate their fellow-workmen, and to maintain an agreeable and friendly intercourse with all they may happen to come in contact with. As they have usually been taught their own language grammatically, they stand in a position to acquire a foreign language with greater facility. They have a great taste for reading, always seek for becoming society, and to obtain respectable friends. They are prudent in their behaviour, and desirous of acquiring such knowledge as is suited to the better classes of society." This is the evidence given by Mr. Escher, one of the most extensive manufacturers of Zurich.

Another manufacturer, a Mr. Fairbairn, of Manchester, who employs 680 persons there, and 500 in another establishment in London, expresses himself of the Scots in the following manner:—"The workmen who come from Scotland, and from the north of England, from Cumberland and Northumberland, have received, on the whole, a tolerably good elementary education. Those from Scotland have been commonly educated in the parish schools; they can read and write, are in general useful arithmeticians, have a good knowledge of the lower branches of mathematics, and some of them draw not indifferently. The English workmen, from the northern counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, are similarly but not so carefully educated as the Scots; and I ascribe this to the want of parochial schools, which, in my opinion, are invaluable to Scotland. The workmen from Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and the south of England, stand in point of education far below those from the north. Workmen from the north of Ireland range, in respect of school learning, with the English of the northern counties, although in technical skill they are inferior to them."

These interesting statements correspond as well with what earlier travellers have said, as with what modern travellers may observe. Thus I found among my farmers, not only much good taste in their conversation, but Farmer Stuart also showed me his library, consisting of several statistical, religious, geographical, and

philosophical works. He also took in a journal, called the "Gazetteer." And yet the homestead was encompassed on three sides by a wilderness, and on the fourth by a wood, already mentioned, through which I afterwards walked. I must repeat an important remark, that all the different village inns, in which I happened to lodge, were generally provided with a select and neatly-arranged little library. The farmers, their men, and all present, assured me that they all could read and write, and that, in general, every one hereabout exercises those arts. This, however, is not to be understood of all Highland wildernesses.

What strikes me as remarkable in the statements of the last-named manufacturer is, that he found the English from the northern counties better educated than those from other parts of England, though not so good as the Scots, and the northern Irish almost as good as the northern English. It is well known that some of the northern provinces he names were often and long in possession of the Scots, and are furnished with a population which is almost half Scotch. It is also well known that the north of Ireland is inhabited by people of Scottish descent. The desire for knowledge, and of a better education, then, appears to belong peculiarly to the Scottish race, and to exist in the blood of Scotsmen as something national.

We are reminded by what is said of the extensive reading and education of the Scots, of the knowledge and information of a people lying still farther remote from the central points of literature, namely, the Islanders; and, in our opinion, the northern parts of almost every country holds the same parallel. Northern France is no doubt, on the whole, better educated than Southern France, and the people read and write better. The same may be said of Holland, as compared with Belgium, that it is better informed and better schooled. Even so, if we turn our attention to Germany: in its northern parts there is a finer education, and a greater literary cultivation, than in its southern parts. In a similar point of view, Milan and the north of Italy are to be preferred to Naples. In Russia, the centre of intelligence is in the north.

What is asserted of individual countries of Europe, may be asserted of Europe as a whole. In the north of Europe there is a greater amount of reading, a greater amount of scientific knowledge, and a better education among the people, than in the south. This certainly depends in some measure on the circumstances of climate. The long northern winter evenings, the domestic and family circles they draw together, from men having less occupation in the fields, the streets, and out of doors, contribute much to the pleasures of reading and writing, and consequently to more extended knowledge

and cultivation. The circumstances of climate may also be the reason why the light of science first arose beneath a southern sky. As long as learning is conveyed by tradition from mouth to mouth, as among the Greeks and Romans, it must remain in the south. But after the discovery of printing, when men have opportunities of reading, this learning must wander to the north.

Dr. Johnson says he would have objected to the remarkable faculty of "second sight," if he had not made personal inquiries about it in the Highlands. He brings many interesting matters to light, which can only be read in his book. I too thought of the "second sight," when I found myself among such intelligent people as the Stuarts; but I was not fortunate enough to glean anything new. Only to the question, whether there was a Gaelic name for the phenomenon, could I receive an answer. They said it was called "Darschul."*

If there is any foundation for this, as I believe there is, it would appear, that the remarkable soul-phenomenon of "second sight" is not only well known to the common people of Scotland, but also to the Celtic population of the country.† I quite believe, however,

* Armstrong writes, "Darasuil," but the real word is *Taibsdearachol.*

† The belief in the "second sight" is extremely prevalent in the western isles of Scotland, where many extraordinary instances of this marvellous faculty are narrated, and their truth attested with a degree of fervour that can only result from the most implicit faith. A few years ago, during an excursion from Oban to the Isle of Skye, the conversation of those on board the steamer naturally reverted to this topic. One by one the passengers, especially the females, were yielding to the superstitious feelings which the subject under discussion was so well calculated to arouse, and a general gloom was rapidly pervading the whole party. The night set in somewhat dark and stormy; the navigation was, in many parts, extremely intricate, and beset with dangers; and although the captain was well skilled in all the perils of the voyage, many a heart beat with apprehension, as, between the various pauses in the fearful tales which were related, the sudden rushing of the waves, and the fitful howlings of the blast, were occasionally heard. The party included a respectable and intelligent farmer from Skye, named M'Leod, who, during the conversation, had been engaged with a companion in all the bewildering fascinations of a game at chess, which he had just concluded, when he was appealed to for his confirmation of a most extraordinary instance of the exercise of second sight which had just been related. This confirmation he at once afforded, and assuming an air of the most imperturbable gravity, he added—"Ill would it become me to doubt the possession of this faculty in others, when I know that I am myself so often gifted with the same power." His auditors, aroused from their gloomy thoughts, turned towards the speaker with looks of incredulous amazement. That tales of this description should be narrated, and believed by many, was not so *very* extraordinary; but that an actual, living, flesh-and-blood possessor of the second sight should stand before them, was almost incomprehensible. Without appearing to notice the sensation which his announcement had created, he continued:—"There is, however, one sin-

that this mental Fata Morgana, as the "second sight" may be aptly designated, is more Celtic than Saxo-Germanic in its origin. It seems to me to belong entirely to the other peculiarities of the Celtic mind. Unfortunately, I am not aware whether the second sight belongs to Ireland; although, from the instances of the many things which Ireland and the Scottish Highlands have in common, we might suppose as much.

Like beauty, so wisdom, in its simple garbs, is especially attractive, and hence it was difficult to take leave of my sensible farmers. But as the plan of my journey obliged me to reach Miss Stuart's inn that evening, or at least that night, I started by moonlight to perform the last five miles of my journey. As I neither wanted nor wished for any farther proofs of the uncertainty of my guide, I was very glad when some of those present offered to conduct us to the lake, from which we could no longer mistake our way to Miss Stuart's.

Glen Buckie is the name of the pretty, little, narrow, and wooded valley which conducted us to the lake, and whose pictorial beauties we could only indistinctly recognise in the feeble moonlight. I

gular peculiarity in my exercise of this power—and that is, that I never possess it except when I am at sea, and I am never at sea that I am not under its influence."—"Wonderful!" "Astonishing!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at the same moment. "That being the case," said an elderly lady, who had hitherto taken little part in the conversation, "you can doubtless enlighten us with a revelation of your experience on the present voyage."—"Certainly, madam," replied M'Leod, "were it not that my visions have been of such a nature as will hardly bear recital in the presence of ladies!" The company, however, were unanimously resolved that he should not thus evade the gratification of that curiosity he had excited; and at length, having wound up their anticipations to the highest pitch, he thus proceeded:—"Well, then, since you insist upon my informing you in what manner I am affected, you must know that, during every voyage I undertake, however short the distance, I am invariably subject to sea-sickness, and no sooner am I thus attacked than I am gifted with the second sight." Here he paused; but this explanation was no little elucidatory of the mystery, that he was again urged to afford a more explicit solution, by relating what he had seen during the present voyage.—"Why," he replied, "only this—that during one of the most violent paroxysms of my sickness, the mangled and mutilated remains of the hearty breakfast I ate at Oban this morning suddenly presented themselves on the deck before me, and revealed to me a *second sight* which I can assure you was much less gratifying than had been my *first sight* of the savoury viands—a truth which I have no doubt will be fully attested by that very numerous portion of the sea-going public who, like myself, behold for a second time what they have erewhile deposited, in imagined security, in the secret recesses of the stomach!" Long and loud were the peals of laughter which followed M'Leod's explanation of the second sight, and amid the mirth which ensued, it was admitted on all hands that his definition was at least more conformable to reason than any other that had been offered.—TRANS.

say, it was woody; for it is usually the case with Highland glens, that they are somewhat woody in the gorge, but farther on are bare wastes. In the deeps of the glens, in their openings, and on the margins of the lakes, the Highland woods are thinly spread, while the peaks and crags, the long promontories, and the broad plateaus, are mostly entirely bare. What a contrast this presents to other mountains, to the Thuringian Walde, for instance, where every height and knoll, and every mountain ridge, is seen covered with forest, whilst in the deeps and valleys trees are banished from the fields.

After an hour's walk we came to the principal valley of the lake. This is similar to Loch Tay, and to the many long lakes in Scotland; with this difference only, that the water is not in a single piece, but has collected in three small lengthened divisions: the greatest and longest, lying westward, is called Loch Katrine; a smaller, lying eastward, is called Loch Venachar; and the smallest, situated between the two, is called Loch Achray. The lofty Ben Lomond and the hills of Menteith in the south, Ben Ledi and Mealonach in the north, form the lofty walls and summits between which the valleys of the lakes are sunk. We arrived in the neighbourhood of Loch Venachar; and after my friends had partaken of a stiff dram, in a remote little house situated on a romantic part of the lake, they pointed out to us the road along the valley, which leads direct to Miss Stuart's. We passed by various lovely scenes, formed of woods and rocks; and then close by the banks of the little Loch Achray, which was gleaming in the moonshine, and in whose name I again found the Ach (aqua), which so often occurs in the names of places in Scotland. In the neighbourhood of these lakes alone, I find in my map, the following Achs: the village Ach, the villages Acharn, Achoan, Achirgarn, Achessan, Achinver, Achaltic, Achnagillin, Achenboni, Achnacrieve, Achanellan, Tros-achs, Venachar, &c. &c.

Miss Stuart's hostelry is usually called "Stuart's Inn," only, probably because it, as well as the country all around, has been so long in the possession of Stuarts. It is a fine, large, convenient building, and as I was the only guest, I had the whole accommodation to myself; and after the people had shown me to bed, they closed the doors, and retired to the back apartments. The Lady of the Lake, however, was with me,—I mean a copy of Scott's "Lady of the Lake,"—with the reading of which I banished from my solitary dwelling the hours of night, which, on account of the excessive toils I had undergone in the mountain wilds, was to me a sleepless one

CHAPTER XIX.

LOCH KATRINE.

VARIOUS DERIVATIONS AND NAMES OF THE LAKE — THE TROSACHS — A ROUGH PLACE, A BROKEN AND BRISTLED TERRITORY — ARDKENACH-ROCAN—THE BLACK AND THE WHITE BEAUTIES—SIMILARITY OF IRISH AND SCOTTISH LAKES—CLASSIC SPOTS ON LOCH KATRINE—PICTURESQUE FORMS OF TREES — FOREST CURIOSITIES — BEALACHNAM-BO— VIEW OF BEN LOMOND—ROB ROY'S WIFE.

Like most Celtic names in Ireland and Scotland, that of this lake has a number of different English orthographies. Walter Scott writes Loch Katrine, Chambers Loch Katterin, and on some maps we find it written Katherine. The people pronounce it Loch Catteren. I know not whence the lake has received its names. The first thing we naturally think of is, that the fair Lady of the Lake, the object of Walter Scott's poem, as well as of the love of the royal huntsman, may have been called Katrine, and hence the lake may have had its name. This, however, is not stated in the poem. Besides, it is improbable that the people should have so named the lake in consideration of the event, upon the whole unimportant, which gave occasion to the poet's beautiful narrative. The name Katrine occurs more than once in Scotland. Thus, for instance, the castle of the Stuarts, in Ayrshire, is called Catrine. Hence it appears better to suppose, that both the castle and lake were named in honour of the "Caterans," those famous freebooters who, for a long time, played such an important part in Scottish history.

A Gael gave me another derivation of the name. The lake, in Gaelic, he said, is properly "Loch Cearn," (pronounced *kairn*,) meaning the Lake of Lords or Heroes, and which became afterwards corrupted, like many other Gaelic words, into Katrine.

The inn lies about a mile distant from the lake; and between the two rises that remarkable rocky region, famous in Scotland, under the name of the "Trosachs." This Gaelic word signifies, according to the explanation of the excellent and well-informed guide with whom I walked next morning to the lake,—"a rough place, a broken and bristled territory." And such indeed are the Trosachs in the very highest degree. They are formed of a lofty reef of rocks, which stretches right across the valley, from one steep mountain side to another. It is not, however, a uniform rocky wall: the rocks are rather rent and broken into a variety of

clefts and chasms; toppling crags impend above, and the cliffs and summits of the rocks are covered with birches, oaks, hazels, and other trees. The reef may have formerly confined the waters of the upper lake in a basin of considerable depth, and the overflowing waters may have dashed over it in beautiful cascades. But now the lake, having forced a passage for itself, flows gently from its opened prison, by the foot of rocks several hundred feet high. The place on which Stuart's Inn stands, and the whole ground near the foot of this rocky region, is called Ardkenachrocan. I know not what this word signifies, but no doubt it contains some allusion to the "bristled and broken territory;" and this Highland compound is perhaps used to give a tolerable conception of the appearance of the Trosachs, which hold the same position, among the conditions of the earth's surface, that Ardkenachrocan holds among the combination of sounds.

My guide would have had me to enter and go all about the rocks; because, as he said, if I entered the defiles, and stood on the precipices, I might be able to comprehend how the Trosachs enjoy such a fame in Scotland. As my feet, however, still bore some unpleasant memorials of my former day's journey over the mountains, I protested against this, and we sneaked along a fair level path, leading through the pass, which had perhaps an appearance of faint-heartedness, but was certainly very convenient, and thus we reached a charming little bay on the lake, where a handsome boat awaited us, among

"——— mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaves high his forehead bare."

An Italian, comparing the lakes of Scotland and their charms with those of his own country, once said, "You Scots have the black beauty, and we have the white."* Many foreigners regard the Scottish lakes with great contempt, and will not allow them to rank among the extolled and beautiful spots on earth. But the Italian, I think, has decided the question very fairly. A philoso-

* Chambers says, that this remark was made by a Swiss, in comparing Loch Lomond and Lake Lausanne. "Our lake," he said, "be de fair beauty; yours be de black."—TRANS.

phic observer must not hold all criticism on African beauties as worthless, because they are black, and their features differ from those of European beauties. Many roads lead to the ideal of beauty, as to every other object, and from every side Many of these lead directly to the object; others only approach it more or less. Black beauties do not come up to this ideal; and the Scottish lakes far less than the Italian, however much trouble Scottish poets and patriots may give themselves to make it appear so.

What struck me most with regard to these lakes is, their great resemblance to the lakes of Killarney. This resemblance descends even to minor features. The form of the rocks, the dull colour of the landscape, the gray stones, the dark tints lying here and there on the moors and mosses, the brown peat-water, the clambering trees on the rocks, the woody little islands on the lakes, the eagles on the summit of Benvenue, the gorge through which the waters of the lake escape, the desolation of the lofty mountain regions, even the colour of the heavens,—all these reminded me once more of Killarney, and not only of Killarney, but also of several other lakes in Ireland and Scotland, and in the wild northern parts of Wales. Loch Lomond has the same characteristic features, and so have the celebrated English lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Windermere, &c. One may hence assume a certain character in common to all the lakes and hills in the wild mountainous parts of Great Britain, and speak of its peculiar mountain lakes, which are often so delusively alike to the minutest feature, that the traveller is astonished how, at such great distances apart, these striking resemblances in geological forms, in climate, and vegetative influences, could have been brought about.

Upon the whole, there is nothing excessively striking in Loch Katrine, as everything about it has too gray and too gloomy an appearance. There is not a sufficiency of different-coloured masses to produce a considerable impression. We miss, too, the sky-phenomena of the Alps and Italy, by which blue, violet, and red mountains, and the bluish distance, are produced. Every distance —one may look and be convinced for himself, whether I am stating the fact—every distance is here dark gray or quite black.*

Notwithstanding this, there are a multitude of lovely and pretty

* Mr. Kohl seems to have lost sight of another fact of equal importance, viz. the advanced period of the season at which he visited these celebrated scenes. In the gloom of a Scottish November, he surely did not expect to meet with the variegated tints of blue, purple, and gold which he praises in the Alpine scenery. But if he will visit Loch Katrine and the Trosachs whilst lighted up by the warm sunny rays of June, he may perchance behold at sunset a more gorgeous landscape than even fair Italy, with all its charms, can offer to his sight.—Trans

scenes in the neighbourhood, for the pencil of the artist and the needle of the engraver. We first landed on the island on which lived the banished family of the Douglas, celebrated in "The Lady of the Lake." We have pointed out to us every scene in the poem,—that where the king scrambled down the rocks in pursuit of the stag,—that where, wrapped in his plaid, he passed the night, —that where first he saw the beautiful maiden of the wilderness. My guide knew the whole poem by heart, and at every spot recited to me the requisite lines. Although, with the exception of the beautiful poetic truth, there is scarcely anything true in the history, yet thousands are brought here annually, to behold the various places, and to revel in bewitching representations and poetic imageries. A few years ago, a little hut was to be found upon the island, which completed the illusion, that this was the abode of the banished beauty. But incautious cigar-smokers had for some time dispelled the illusion in smoke and flame.

Magnificent, however, is the old oak tree, which overshadows the anchorage of the island, with its far-projecting branches. A multitude of interesting and picturesque positions of trees are to be seen everywhere about the lake, in the rifts of the mountains. Here and there, thick oaks seemed to spring out of the bare face of the rock. Sometimes a stately ash had taken entire possession of the summit of a crag, and there unfolded its royal and commanding branches. It seemed almost as if the trees here had learned to clamber like goats among the rocks and cliffs, and to perform various antics which we do not see them accomplish on ordinary ground. Thus I saw a large and magnificent tree, with all its boughs, of which I counted more than thirty, grown again into the soil. Where the boughs had taken root, branches sprouted forth on all sides; and these again had been bent to the ground, and had once more taken root. Some of these branches had laid hold of the ground with a hundred little twigs, each of which had struck its root into the grass. It appears as if it were an unnatural tendency of the tree, effected by the configuration of the ground. Another similar forest curiosity, of which I had never before seen the like, was composed of an alder tree and a mountain-ash, which had so grown into one another, that the strong roots of the latter had penetrated the thick trunk of the former, through which they completely passed, and then first reached the ground. Probably the seed of the mountain-ash had fallen into a hollow of the alder, and had there taken root and life, and the serpent which the alder had nursed in its bosom thereupon bored through its trunk. Yet the crowns of both trees mixed friendlily together. The most remarkable part of the matter, however, was, that this eating through

and enclosing takes place several times. I had never until now seen anything resembling it. Nor had I ever before seen, what I saw here, an oak, which, in the course of its growth, had pressed to that degree against a rock, that it appeared to have entirely lost one-half of its trunk. It covered the rock with a broad, irregular, vegetable mass of bark and wood, which represented its trunk, and which rose against the rock in a semicircular form. As already stated, only half the trunk was there; or rather it was an irregular mass, compressed into that form. Through this mass, however, the sap penetrated, and farther up it was regularly formed, perfectly round, and had large boughs, projecting outward from the rock. This, I say, is nothing but a curious little antic, which only trees in such an extraordinary rocky soil could accomplish. To some of these singular trees the people living by the lake have given equally singular names. One of those which sprung up from the bare crown of a rock, with many boughs like the antlers of a stag, has been called "the stag's head." Among the rocks, where the outflow of the lake takes place, another diminutive lake is formed, called Loch Lium. This is properly the most interesting spot, and here we can see a remarkable pass through the neighbouring mountain masses of Benvenue, called Bealachnam-Bo (the pass of cattle), because the herds of cattle coming down from the mountain must pass this place.

I suffered myself at length to be conducted to the top of some rocks on the opposite side of the lake, to obtain a view of the majestic Ben Lomond, whose hoary summit commands the whole surrounding country. Although it was only a *little* majesty, which in Switzerland would scarcely occupy the place of an insignificant warder, yet I must stoop before it, as in this country it was alone powerful. The great and powerful of the earth, and even the little great, everywhere desire that we should bow before them; and a traveller in Africa must pay his respects to a despotic negro prince, even as in Europe to a mighty king.

On the extreme western point of Loch Katrine we saw the mountains which form the pass between this lake and Loch Lomond. "In the pass between these two lochs," said my guide, "Rob Roy had his 'property.' Before he turned freebooter—so Rob Roy and his comrades are always called here—he was a drover, and he got on very well in the droving line. He himself, as you know, was a Mac Gregor, but his mother was a Campbell. His wife, as all the people about the loch say, who had it from their ancestors, was 'of a very quiet disposition,' and in nowise a woman of the overbearing, heroic character in which Walter Scott represents her."

I departed at length from the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, pleased and contented with the prospect of again returning to fair Stirling. For though I would not wish to rob the "Highland scenery" and lakes of any of their peculiar merits, I must nevertheless confess, that, *summa summarum*, I have seen nothing more beautiful in Scotland than Stirling and the surrounding country.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM LOCH KATRINE TO CALLANDER.

TAR-FLAVOURED SNUFF—"IT IS STRENGTHENING, SIR"—SCARLET, AND SCARLET CLOAKS—FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAINS—ROMAN CAMP—FOOT-BALL.

I returned by the road I came the previous evening, passed Loch Venachar, and so arrived at Callander, which, like Dunbarton, Crieff, Dunkeld, and others, is situated in one of the openings of the Highlands into the Lowlands. I met with nothing particular on the road. I merely made the discovery, when my guide offered me his snuff-box, that about this time every pinch of snuff in the country smells of tar, arising from the now general "smuiring" process. Not only does the herdsman impregnate his own snuff with a tarry flavour, but as every one dips into the box of his friend, the flavour is communicated from one box to another, and hence it is as impossible now to find a snuff-box free from it, as to find whisky without a peat-reek flavour, or Russian goods without the smell of Russia leather.

We had nothing on our journey but a few oat-cakes. "They are very strengthening, sir," I was told, "but rather heating to the blood." Hence, it appears, we may find in Scotland our German bye-word, "oats make him frisky,"* not only figuratively, but quite literally applied.

Now and then I met with an old woman in a scarlet cloak. This singular garment, and colour of garment, I had not only seen in Wales, where I supposed it to be peculiarly native, but also in most of the counties of England, and now again in Scotland. We

* *Es sticht ihn der hafer*,—he is saucy, or, it makes him grow saucy. The Scottish reader will recognise in *hafer* (oats) a familiar synonyme of *haver* in the song—

"O whar gat ye that haver-meal bannock;" &c.

TRANS.

may hence consider a scarlet cloak as a garment generally worn in Britain by old women. In Great Britain, old women, soldiers, and the students of the Glasgow and Aberdeen colleges, are clothed in scarlet. It is not the case in the university of Edinburgh. Old women have, in consequence, been mistaken occasionally for soldiers. I was told that once, in Wales, when an enemy was about to land on the coast, and no troops were present, the old women were drawn up on the hills in their scarlet cloaks, which so alarmed the enemy, who mistook them for soldiers, that they desisted from their enterprise, and withdrew their ships. But this, perhaps, is only an anecdote invented. Soldiers, it is said, are clothed in scarlet that wounds and the flow of blood may not be seen so readily, or occasion unnecessary terror. But why women and students should wear scarlet, which was once reserved for kings, is to me inexplicable.

At our Callander inn we got excellent brose to our oat-cakes, and I revelled in the enjoyment of both, because it was now the national food of the country I travelled in.

Callander lies at the foot of Ben Ledi, which signifies, the Hill of God. In Druidical times, there was a place upon its summit for religious worship. Even in later times, the people came here to kindle fires in honour of Baal, the god of the Sun. The first of May is called "Baltein,"* to the present day. This put me in mind of *Bal* and *Bel*, as applied to mountains I had seen in Ireland, and on which, too, fires were kindled in honour of the Sun-god of that name; and now my thoughts traversed the wide region between this extreme north of Scotland and Ireland and the towers of Babylon, in which probably everywhere homage had been paid to Baal.

From Callander I took with me the last Highland guide who was to conduct me on my journey. For here I pronounced my farewell to the Highlands:—

> "Farewell to the Highlands high covered with snow,
> Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
> Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods,
> Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods."

Others pronounce this farewell at Doune, ten miles farther on, because they consider that there the Highlands first terminate, although at Callander the last chain of hills ends, and we enter upon the plains. Callander is rather Highland. Many people

* *Baal or Bale fires.* "The practice of lighting fires on the first of May or Midsummer, arose from the circumstance of the Druids at that time causing all fires to be extinguished, to be rekindled at the sacred fire that was never allowed to expire."—*Logan's Scottish Gaël.*

here understand only the Gaelic, and their children still wear the kilt. An old man is now living here, seventy-two years of age, who all his life long has never worn trousers, nothing but the kilt, and to whom, for this reason, the Highland Society awarded a medal, adorned with which he shows himself at church on Sunday. This wearing of the kilt ceases at Callander; and therefore I am at a loss to know what circumstances induce some geographers to bring the Highland boundary line so low as Doune.

Close to this hospitable little place, the walls of a Roman camp were pointed out to me. The wall is irregular, winding, and evidently artificial, beginning at the lower bank of the river Teith, and returning, in a semicircular form, to the banks of the same river again. The wall is covered with trees, and an agreeable walk goes round it. That it is an artificial wall, erected by man's hands, and not, as some suppose, by the action of the river, must be clear to every beholder. But whether it is a Roman erection may be doubted. The trees that stand upon it are very aged pines. Its position, however, at the Highland Mouth, and on the boundary of the fruitful plains, would certainly adapt it for a military post. Even the name Callander appears to reproduce a Roman sound.

The interior of this Roman circumvallation is a beautiful level meadow, used by the inhabitants as a play-ground. Their principal game is "foot-ball," which must be similar in its action to the description given of golf.*

* Foot-ball is too well known to the English reader to require description. It may be stated, however, that in no one point has the game the least resemblance to golf. It is in some degree analogous to "shinty," with this difference, that in the latter sport the ball, which is similar to that used in golf, is struck by clubs or sticks.—TRANS.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM CALLANDER TO STIRLING.

THE MEN OF PEACE—FUNSHIES—KELPIES AND BROWNIES—"FINE WEATHER TO-DAY, SIR"—ARMS ON INNS—THE BELLMAN—DR. JOHN MAC NAB—ELECTION OF A CHAIRMAN—A MEDICAL LECTURE—THE HUMAN BODY A MACHINE—THE PROPER INSIGHT—PATRONAGE—FORTUNATE CURES—GOOD FOOD, CHEAP BREAD, HIGH WAGES—TEMPERANCE! VENTILATION!—"HERE IS MY ADDRESS"—AN IMMORTAL PHYSICIAN—REMEDIES FOR PARTICULAR DISEASES—A BOX-BED—VILLAGE LIBRARIES—DOUNE CASTLE—DOUNE LODGE—BLACK CATTLE—LADY VICTORIA—TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ALLANBRIDGE—THE BUSY BEE OF ALLANBRIDGE.

My Highlandman was a lively fellow, and on the road sang me a number of songs, which unfortunately I have quite forgotten again. I can only recollect that something about "a mountain rose" often occurred. He was well acquainted, too, with all that obtains among the hills about ghosts and witches. I was not a little astonished to hear almost the very same stories about the beings I had heard so much of in Ireland—the fairies. They are called here, as in Ireland, the "good people," or the "men of peace." "That is an extraordinary name for such people," I remarked. "Yes, sir," replied my friend, "for they are always leaping and kicking about for some mischief. *Funshies*, or *Kelpies*,* is their name in Gaelic, which means as much as *men*

* Either Mr. Kohl must have misunderstood his guide, or his guide must have misinformed him upon the subject; at all events there is here an evident confusion of the popular mythology of Scotland. The Gaelic for fairies or the "still folk," and "guid people," is *sithich*, or *duine sith*, which latter word, or perhaps *buidseach*,—a witch, (pronounced *vudshy*,) may be intended by our traveller's word *funshy*. Fairies and elves, again, are a distinct order of beings from *kelpies*—these being malignant water-spirits, which popular superstition has invested with the form of a horse. In the Shetland islands the kelpie is called *shoopiltee*, and in the likeness of a beautiful little horse (a shelty), entices people upon his back, and then rides off with them, and plunges into the sea.

By *brumes*, Mr. Kohl no doubt means *brownies*,—often a helpful household spirit. They were the *lares*, apparently, of some of the western islanders, by whom they were propitiated by milk, wort, &c., poured into the brownie stone for their use. "Not above forty or fifty years ago," says Brand, in his Description of Orkney, "almost every family had a Brownie, or evil spirit, so called, which served them, to whom they gave a sacrifice for its service; as when they churned their milk, they took a part thereof and sprinkled every corner of the house with it for Brownie's use; likewise, when they brewed, they had a stone, which they called Brownie's stone, wherein there was a little hole, into which they poured some wort for a sacrifice to Brownie."

of peace. 'Brunies,' sir, is the name of another kind of beings. The latter are little dwarfs, who thresh the farmer's corn for him over night, so that in the morning, to his surprise, he finds his

Brownies would sometimes resent a slight by spoiling the milk and beer, but upon the whole were regarded as serviceable spirits, with a strong antipathy to the Bible. The following ballad, published some years ago by William Nicholson, "the Galloway poet," presents a graphic idea of the popular belief respecting "the brownies," and of their kindly nature when well treated.—TRANS.

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
And the fient a body did him ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glare like the glow o' the west,
When the drumlie cloud has it half o'ercast;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.
O sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi a gape and a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak,
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

O had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight,
As he stauket in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, Aiken-drum!

Sauf us! quoth Jock, d'ye see sic een;
Cries Kate, there's a hole where a nose should hae been;
And the mouth's like a gash which a horn had ri'en;
Wow! keep's frae Aiken-drum!

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brack as he men't the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his ee nae bard hath exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen,
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
And his knotted knees played ay knoit between;
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

work done. Once on a time, a *funshy* met in the forest a poor smuggler, who was carrying to the Lowlands the whisky he had distilled in a hidden glen. The funshy begged him to set down his barrel for a moment, rest himself, and then dance with her.

But he drew a score, himsel did sain,
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
And tr ned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canny auld wife cam till her breath,
And she deemed the Bible might ward off scaith,
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it fear'd na Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld gudeman;
"What wad ye, whare won ye—by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye speak—by the Beuk in my haun!"
What a grane gae Aiken-drum.

"I lived in a lan' whar we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot whare a burn rins na by;
But I'se dwall now wi you, if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

"I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,*
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
And baa the bairns wi an unken'd tune,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirn the kirn, and I'll turn the bread;
And the wildest fillie that ever ran rede
I'se tame't," quoth Aiken-drum!

"To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell—
To gather the dew frae the heather bell—
And to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

"I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
I use nae beddin, shoon, nor sark;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light and dark,
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

Quoth the wylie auld wife, "The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he de'il,
Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

* On one occasion, Brownie had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught by an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them. Upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, Brownie exclaimed, "Confound thae wee gray anes! they cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them."

The smuggler did so. He danced a whole hour or longer with her, without being in the least fatigued. He then departed, sold his whisky, and returned home to his wife and children. To his

But the wenches skirled "he's no be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi fear,
And the feint a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

"For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he,
Despair sits brooding aboon his e'e bree,
And unchancie to light o' a maiden's e'e,
Is the grim glower o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir slipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Ist'na hallowmas new, and the crap out yet?"
Sae she silenced them a' wi a stamp o' her fit;
Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum.

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune,
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon;
A word or a wish—and the Brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade ay awa or the sun was up,
He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup;*
They watched—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, and on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide, when they convene,
What spell was him and the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
And sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the *Thrieve*,
Crying "Lang, lang now may I greet and grieve;
For alas! I hae gotten baith fee and leave,
O, luckless Aiken-drum."

* A communion cup, belonging to M'Millan, the well-known ousted minister of Balmaghie, and founder of a VARIETY of the SPECIES COVENANTER. This cup was treasured by a zealous disciple in the parish of Kirkcowan, and long used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons. If, on taking the precious relic into his hand, the person trembled, or gave other symptoms of agitation, he was denounced as having bowed the knee to Baal, and sacrificed at the altar of idolatry; and it required, through his future life, no common exertions in the good cause, to efface the stigma thus fixed upon him.

astonishment he found that his young wife had become quite old, and his children tall and stout. The funshy had detained him with her for a number of years, and so he had missed a good part of his life."

We were again surprised by nightfall, which, on account of the shortness of the days, could not now be avoided. The people we fell in with always led off, as they had done all day, with saying, "Fine weather to-day, sir!" although there was nothing true in the intelligence, except that it had not hailed, nor poured in torrents from the clouds. In no countries have the people so often addressed me with, "Fine weather to-day!" or, "A beautiful day to-day, sir!" as in Ireland and Scotland. So true it is, that we mortals are always disposed to say most about that of which we possess the least. I am convinced that in Persia and other countries, where the sky is always clear, it never occurs to any one to praise the weather.

About seven in the evening we arrived at Doune, just as the bellman was perambulating the village, announcing that the celebrated Dr. John Mac Nab would give a lecture on the preservation of health, in the large room of the Moray Arms. It is a very common custom in England for inns to bear as a sign the arms of some great family; and there is generally in every place an inn or tavern, known by the name of the greatest family in the neighbourhood; for example, the "Glengarry Arms," the "Macdonald Arms," the "Huntly Arms," and such like.

I asked mine host whether he thought the lecture would be interesting. "It is very likely," he replied; "he will be a capital good hand."

Awa! ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi your pro's and your con's wad ye decide
'Gain the sponsible voice o' a hale country-side
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum.

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
And mony a wife and mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe and sneer
At spiritual guests and a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi fear,
And looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

And guidly fo'ks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, and the stars gaed nae light,
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the night,
Wi sughs like Aiken-drum.

After drawing on my slippers, and making myself otherwise fit to be seen, I proceeded to the place advertised, discovered the tallow candles, which flickered in a little by-street, and indicated the entrance to the hall, and ascended the narrow wooden staircase which led from the outside to the door of entrance. As we know nothing among us of a doctor seeking to increase his practice by travelling about among the villages, lecturing to the people on the preservation of health, it will no doubt be interesting to my German readers to learn what I found here.

The lecture had not yet commenced, and the audience was still very small. The doctor, however, sat behind a large table, which he had strewed over with all kinds of papers, the contents of which I was afterwards to learn. He was putting these papers in order, and appeared now and then to be absorbed in reading a letter. He was not dressed fantastically in variegated garments, like those charlatans of Italy, who go about among the Roman and Neapolitan villages, in a little carriage, filled with a multitude of medicine phials, and attended by a companion who makes a kind of palaver, and trumpets forth their arrival, as the bellman with his bell had announced the Scotch doctor. He knew very well that such palpable buffoonery would not be relished by the serious Scots, who would have set him down for a quack on the instant. Hence he was dressed in a suit of black, and had something gentlemanlike in his appearance. Every one in Britain, who wishes to gain the favour of even the commonest of the people, must have a bit of the gentleman in his manners and dress; and I should have taken the doctor for a very honourable man, if I had not heard him speak.

Gradually his audience was increased by the addition of a few working men, farm-servants, weavers, lads and lasses, and old women; and our score being thus made up, he intimated his intention of commencing the lecture. He intimated, however, that it would be necessary, first of all, to elect a "chairman." He certainly had not the least distrust of the proper conduct of those who composed that respectable meeting, and he feared nothing so little as that anything would arise contrary to order. But it was now the custom, and in some measure necessary; it was also a principle from which he never departed, to hold no kind of meeting, or ever to lecture, until a chairman was appointed. The meeting was silent. He again required that they should elect a chairman. At length a person was proposed; and scarcely was the name pronounced, than it was received with loud clapping of hands and stamping of feet. The person named resisted a little at first; but his friends gave him some encouraging pats on the shoulder, and after decid-

ing on accepting the office, he stepped forward and took the chair beside the quack, with tolerable propriety and dignity.

I have always remarked of the common English people, that when called upon to fill any such public office, they are always at first, as modesty requires, a little coy and resisting; but as soon as they have come to a determination, and taken possession of the office, they demean themselves with dignity and propriety, and without any bashfulness. People of the same class in Germany, would have too much of the modesty, and too little of the fearless dignity. It is worthy of remark, also, that even such trifling meetings always exhibit the endeavour to have a government with a responsible minister, or, what is better, to have a self-government by the people. Even this quack did not venture to seize the helm of government in a village meeting, but allowed the people to choose their chief for the evening, to whose orders and decisions they were to subject themselves.

When eight o'clock had struck, the chairman, a working man or mechanic, rose and declared the business to have commenced, at the same time admonishing the audience to give their best attention to Dr. M'Nab, who had come from Glasgow to address them upon the important subject of the preservation of health. Thereupon the doctor rose and commenced his discourse, which was a masterpiece of that peculiar species of "humbug," so much at home in England. Were I able to repeat it at length, the reader would find as many characteristics of English people and English manners, as he would be able to obtain by any circumstantial inquiry into the matter. Unfortunately I can only give a little of it.

He began with the creation of man, as related in the books of Moses, and cited thereupon several texts from the Bible—Bible-texts must be cited on all occasions in Scotland—and said that Adam, through several circumstances, was the "best natural philosopher" in the world. In his description of the human organs, all his comparisons were accommodated to the comprehensions of a manufacturing people. The organs he always called the machinery of the body. The heart he named a "steam-engine," and compared the stomach to the furnace of the machine, which must, he said, be furnished with good fuel, that is, strengthening food, that this steam-engine, the heart, might work well. "Many unskilful and inexperienced machinists," he continued, "have taken hold of this wonderful machinery with unskilful hands, and what they were to improve have often ruined and destroyed. And why? From the want of a proper system! The proper system, that is, the chief thing for life, and the preservation of health! He who

has no proper system ought to leave the body alone! How many instances could I mention to you, of false physicians, in cases where a little matter would have saved the life of a man, suffering everything to be lost. And why so? From the want of system! and what is still worse, from the want of a real practical insight! Only one thing is more important than system, and that is practice,—that practical knack and insight, of which I can give you no definition, which no man can obtain through study and toil, but which is one of the gifts of heaven, which God himself has conferred on a few, and only a few, physicians. How many instances could I relate in the course of my own experience, how many cases adduce, in which physicians have failed, not from the want of knowledge and the right system, but from the want of proper insight, the want of presence of mind, so to speak; as, for instance, the case of Lady Elizabeth K—nor, whom you all know. She suffered from a frightful *Pneumasi pulmonicorum*. But the physicians treated her for *Encheiresis stomachica*." (Here he repeated several similar Greek and Latin compound words.) "Why? From the want of a proper insight! They did not know her complaint. Her ladyship suffered terribly, and from day to day her pain became greater, and her complaint worse. She was on the brink of the grave. Then she thought of me. I have always enjoyed the patronage of Lady Elizabeth K—nor. I was first recommended to her by Lord T—by and the Earl of B—ford, whom I also reckon among my patrons. The father of the Earl of B—ford was well acquainted with my father, who was likewise one of the first physicians in Glasgow, and I hope to bequeath the patronage of these families to my children. How far my skill and talents were prized by the Earl of B—ford, the following letter, addressed to me by his lordship, when his lordship's eldest son was unwell, will show you." (Here he read a long letter from the nobleman cited, adding, as he went on, a number of remarks and explanations.) "But I shall tell you more of Lady Elizabeth's history. She was on the brink of the grave. She ordered me to be called. I came, I saw, I cured. I knew in a moment the mistakes my predecessors had committed. 'My lady! they have allowed you to take too much *Mixtura Wiltenbachii crambuciorum?*' 'Yes!' 'They have given you too much *Aqua prulaix piavivi?*' 'Ah yes!' 'They have made you perspire and vomit, and have taken blood from you?' 'Yes!' 'Now, my lady, this is all false and wrong in your present situation! Take this as a preliminary step towards your relief and strengthening! continue with it to-morrow! and the day after you will be completely cured!' For as much as I valued and loved Lady Elizabeth, my

many engagements and duties would not permit me to call on her immediately after. But I was perfectly satisfied about the matter. On the third day I visited her again. She met me in the garden, came up to me, and, shaking me heartily by the hand, said, 'Doctor, you have saved me.' I could give you ten, a hundred, a thousand such instances! for I am now sixty years of age, and have therefore lived longer, and attained more experience, than most of you. I shall now come direct to the subject, and give you such rules for the preservation of your health as are most essential, and which you must ever keep steadfastly in view for the sake of your life. These are. firstly, 'good food;' secondly, 'temperance;' thirdly, 'ventilation;' and"——(He had a fourth point, which I have quite forgotten.) "If you consider what I said, that the heart is a steam-engine, which forces the blood through the entire machinery of the body, and that the stomach is the furnace of the machine, you will comprehend why I place 'good food' first. It is most important, above all things, that the machinery should be well heated, for without this there can be no activity in the parts. Good, wholesome, strengthening food, does that for the body which Newcastle coals do for the steam-engine. Newcastle coals, however, are not to be had for nothing; neither is 'good food.' We must pay for it. When, therefore, I mention good food as a prime essential to good health, I include with that, as a '*conditio sine qua non*,' high wages and good profits. The poor man cannot live happily and healthily without high wages. I repeat, therefore—'good food! cheap bread! and high wages!'" ("Hear, hear!" and cheers from all sides.)

This the orator spoke very naturally, and the circumstance brought him to the subject of politics, where he showed himself such a thorough-going radical and anti-Peelite, that he earned applause from all sides, and excited my surprise how one and the same man could be such a good patronageman as he had proved himself in Lady Elizabeth's case, and at the same time such a violent radical as he was now proving himself to his audience.

After a long digression on the politics of the day, he went on to temperance, and sang its praises in the same manner, as may be heard everywhere in England at the present time. This was no doubt the most useful and best part of his speech.

The third point, "ventilation," my German readers will not readily comprehend in the sense in which it is to be regarded as one of the four essentials to the preservation and prolongation of life, unless they know that ventilation is one of the fixed ideas of the English. I will not say that it is a bad idea; on the contrary, it certainly contributes to health; but I do say, that it is an English

fixed idea, just as window-cleaning and house-scrubbing is a fixed idea among the Dutch. Summer and winter, the most conscientious and particular care is taken of ventilation, that is, that the windows should be left open for a certain time, to permit a gentle, but often cold and penetrating, current of air to circulate in all parts of the house. In all public and private houses in England, in every hotel and tavern, in every hospital and barrack, the windows are almost always left a little open, and the doors of all sleeping, sitting, dining, and other rooms of a house, (this includes several which cannot be reckoned,) are always found wide open, so that everywhere a fresh current may prevail, and that no dampness may be produced. One of the standing complaints of the English on the Continent is, the want of ventilation they discover; and when they run through the list of complaints on our carpetless rooms, our black bread, our sour-krout, our short beds, and our musty stoves, they terminate the series with our bad ventilation. There are people in England who are constantly preaching on ventilation, who speak, and write, and declare that it is one of the most distinguished benefits which could be conferred upon the poorer classes,—people, indeed, who set all their minds upon it, in order to bring it into practice. And so my charlatan placed ventilation among one of the four things essential to health and the prolongation of life.

After he had properly illustrated all these points, he continued: "Behold, then, the four most important things which contribute to a long and healthy existence. Would you know the effects of following this system by an individual, I can cite you my own example. Come to Glasgow and see me, my house, and my family. I live in George-street. This is the most fashionable and distinguished street in Glasgow, and, I can tell you, is occupied by the *élite* of the city only. I have lived about the middle of this street for the last thirty years. Here is my address." (From a heap of addresses which he had lying on the table he distributed a packet among the audience.) "Come and see me and my family there. Every visit will be agreeable to me; and I assure you, whatever possible may ail you, I can cure you by my system. I would introduce you to my wife and children, and then you would see how fresh and blooming they are by my system. I have five boys and four girls. I know there are fathers of families who have more. But my boys are strong as iron, and the girls bloom like apricots. They are almost all grown up. One girl is married, and I assure you the others shall not want husbands. George-street is two miles long, and for the last thirty years, I assure you, we are the only people that death has permitted to remain. All the houses

around us have met with other tenants. Whole families have been cut off in our neighbourhood, and 'no death at all with us.' Is that a wonder? Believe me, nothing in nature and life is a wonder. All comes of doing what is right. I repeat, it is all in consequence of my proper system, and strictly following the four grand rules I would have you lay to heart—'temperance,' 'ventilation,' 'good food,' and"—(As already said, I have unfortunately forgotten the fourth point.) "I have never in my life yet drunk too much. Whisky never passes my lips. I confine myself to water and small beer; and only when I have kind friends to see me, do I serve out a glass of wine. Everything is airy in my house, and my wife—you should see what a fine woman she is, and I thank heaven who has given me such a partner!—takes care to keep up a constant ventilation. We have 'good food' too. Thank God, I have never known hunger. My extensive practice has always enabled me to have a good nourishing piece of roast-beef on the table. Come and take roast-beef with me—you are all welcome, 'ladies and gentlemen.' The more of you who visit me the better! Is there any one here who has not got my address? Here, there are more addresses. Now, 'ladies and gentlemen,' I thank you for the attention with which you have listened to me; follow my system, and you will live happy. From my heart I wish I could in any way be farther useful to you. To you, Mr. Chairman, I return my best thanks for the assistance you have afforded me. Should you happen to be in Glasgow, reckon upon my friendship; and do you recommend me the best you can to all your friends in Doune, a place of all others in Scotland I dearly love, and will often visit in future. I have here some of the remedies I have discovered for particular diseases. Only by and through me can these remedies be had, genuine and good. Allow me, 'ladies and gentlemen,' to recommend you some of the same." He then distributed handbills among the people, recommending various remedies for various disorders, and always containing the doctor's address, who thereupon, amidst the cheers and noisy stamping of the crowd, arose, and the meeting terminated.

It is not seldom we meet with such lecturers and quacks in the villages of Great Britain, and I give my readers the speech and behaviour of M'Nab as a specimen of the whole.

I returned to mine host, who was a common village innkeeper, and farmed a few little fields, and who had nothing else for me to sleep in than a "box-bed," namely, a recess in the wall, in which a bed is erected. Such beds are plentiful in Scotland, and of the same kind as may be found in Lower Saxony, near Bremen, in Hanover, Friesland, &c., and which are called "kujen," if I mistake

not. Nevertheless, my country landlord had a pretty little library, which he showed me. First of all, I found several copies of the Bible, among others Haweis' Bible, with plates and commentaries, for which he had paid five guineas; then the "British Cyclopædia," which had cost him three guineas; farther, a large geographical work, called "The Earth;" and also several religious works, among others Josephus, which he had read several times from beginning to end. He had a large barometer and thermometer in his room; and as he praised the village smith to me as an "educated man," —a praise which every one in Scotland strives to merit, and which consequently we often hear pronounced,—I visited the blacksmith's library, and the book-collections of several other villagers, all of which they showed me with pleasure. The blacksmith had no less than 200 religious, natural history, and other works, among which again was a Josephus, a work which appears to have a large circulation in Scotland. The smith expected I had only come to make a "bargain" with him for his books. When he found, however, that this was not the case, he desired at least some money for a dram. I must not forget to mention this, because bargaining is something as characteristic in these literary Scots, as in all Scots, and because education has not expelled from among them the fatal love of drink. In bargaining and bartering, the Scots resemble our own mountaineers, the Swiss and Tyrolese, as well as in many other respects. There was once a time when as many Scots were to be found in Germany, with all sorts of goods and small wares, as are now to be found of Tyrolese and Swiss; and that this is no longer the case arises from the Scots, as subjects of Great Britain, having so many corners of the earth opened up to them. The home-sickness is as peculiar to the Albinachs, as to our natives of the Alps. Formerly, the Scots were to be found in the body-guard of every European prince, particularly in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, as we now find the Swiss.

Near Doune are to be found the ruins of a castle, of some note in former days, called Doune Castle. Perhaps the village first received its name from the castle. My people conducted me up the low hill that now contains its ruins. The road is shadowed by beautiful old trees; and from the walls and towers, which are most picturesquely grouped, magnificent prospects are opened up, —forwards, into the Lowlands, and backwards into the Highlands. This castle, Chambers says, was built by the Earls of Monteith, who were Grahams. Now it is the property of the Stuarts, indeed of the Earl of Moray, who derives his secondary title of Lord Doune from it. In the interval, it was long in the hands of the royal Stuarts, and occupied as a royal palace by several regents and

royal personages. "Mary, Queen of Scots," also lived here at times. There is "excellent shooting" in the neighbourhood, and the Queen often came here for the sake of hunting. Two small rooms, towards the top of the ruins, are pointed out as those she usually occupied. The stone doorway, which leads from her sleeping apartment to a little room adjoining, where the "ladies of her bed-chamber" slept, was so low, that, although I stooped, I bumped my head against it several times. If this did not happen to these ladies every morning, they must have been better adepts at stooping than I proved myself.

"His Royal Highness" Prince Charles Stuart—there are Scottish works in which this prince, whom English writers often designate as an adventurer, has this title always most conscientiously awarded him, and which only appear to lament that the Royal Highness was not Majesty,—possessed this castle in 1745. One Mac Gregor, surnamed by the Highlanders "Ghlun Dhu," "the black knee," defended it long for the prince. After his time it fell into that decay in which the traveller now finds it. The "hall" of the castle is large and spacious, and has something royal even in its ruins. Immediately under this apartment was the prison.

The Morays have now built for their residence a handsome country seat, called Doune Lodge, a few gun-shots distant from the castle. "Some readers," remarks a Scottish writer in his description of this lodge, "may find some interest in the fact, that when Prince Charles, on his march to Edinburgh, halted for a moment near the gate of this noble residence, without dismounting from his horse, he drank a glass of wine which was presented to him by a young lady who was related to the then proprietor of the 'estate.'" I quote this as characteristic, and for the purpose of showing how the Scots hand down to posterity even the most trifling tradition of their last beloved Stuart.

Through fertile, pleasant fields, I wandered on to Allanbridge, a comfortable, pretty village on the Forth. On the road I met great herds of "black cattle" from the northern parts of Scotland, Caithness and Sutherland. The animals were nearly all as black as ravens, and on most of them I noticed a white streak on the forehead, or light-coloured feet, as is usually the case with our dun-coloured cows. The herdsmen told me they had been fifteen days in coming from Inverness, the usual length of their journey from that place to Stirling. Their cattle were young, handsome animals, only six to eight "quarters" (of a year) old.

I am convinced had Prince Albert and Lady Victoria—the British often say "Lady Victoria, our Queen," an expression which

we Germans and the French can only imitate by other phrases—I say, had the royal pair had time to observe the fantastic triumphal arch which the villagers of Allanbridge had erected, and under which they passed so rapidly, they would have been highly amused. Upon the arch, which I discovered in all its taste, was an allusion to the mineral well in the neighbourhood of the place; namely, a glass of water was painted, and underneath it the inscription—"Here is heavenly drink for you!" In the centre of the arch a gilded bee-hive was suspended, and thereunder, in fair gilded letters, the following inscription:—

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

Here the question might be fairly put to the worthy inhabitants of Allanbridge, what allusions they found in this verse about the bee to the journey of the royal pair, and how far a little busy bee, taken from the A B C book, could be the mediatrix between them and their Lady Victoria, the Queen, and the bearer of their homage. I have not been able, in spite of all my endeavours, to arrive at the precise idea which the natives of Allanbridge intended to convey on this occasion. Poets often conceal their thoughts so deep that there is no getting at them.

I must confess, I was astonished at the paucity of the inscriptions and poetical outpourings I found on all these triumphal arches on the royal route in Scotland. As far as I can remember, these golden lines about the bee was the only one. People here cannot, on the whole, have so much poetry, or it is of another order to that in our Alpine countries, where, a year before, I found all the arches which had been erected in honour of the Emperor of Austria, during his journey in his mountain-dominions, covered with verses and inscriptions.

I saw again majestic Stirling and its castle, beckoning me, close at hand, and soon arrived in this beautiful place once more, by means of a gig I had hired at Allanbridge; and then hastened to inspect, before anything else, the splendid and celebrated agricultural museum of the Messrs. Drummond.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM STIRLING TO EDINBURGH.

DONALD OF THE HAMMER, ENEMY OF AGRICULTURE—SEEDSMEN AND NURSERYMEN—DRUMMOND AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM—SCOTTISH VARIETIES OF SOIL—MANURES—PLANTS—TURNIPS—POTATOES—RYE—AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS—AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE—SLOW PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE—FARM WAGGONS—BLOUSES—THE FENCING SYSTEM—PROSPECTS OF AGRICULTURE—THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND—THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL—ABBEY CRAIG—SONS OF THE ROCK—ENGLISH AND SCOTS—SCOTLAND'S WARLIKE REMEMBRANCES—THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN—MEMORIALS OF BATTLE—THE BLOODY FIELD—INGRAM'S CROOK—GILLIES' HILL—THE BORED STONE—MORASS OF BANNOCKBURN—GARDEN CUTTING INSTRUMENTS—PUMPKINS—"TO RAIL."

Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Tytler, in their histories of Scotland, give an account of a Highland hero, called Donald of the Hammer. This warlike gentleman was so disinclined to agriculture, that he conceived a deadly hatred against his own son, for the improvements in agriculture he was introducing upon his estate of Inverfalla. At length, one day, as Donald walked on his own side of the river, and looked towards Inverfalla, he saw, to his extreme displeasure, a number of men employed in digging and levelling the soil for some intended crop. Soon after, he had the additional mortification to see his own son come out and mingle with the workmen, as if giving them directions; and, finally, beheld him take the spade out of an awkward fellow's hand, and dig a little himself, to show him how to use it. This last act of degeneracy drove the Hammerer frantic: he seized a curragh, or boat covered with hides, which was near, jumped into it and pushed across the stream, with the determination of destroying the son, who had, in his opinion, brought such unutterable disgrace upon his family, by descending to an occupation so far beneath his rank. He did not succeed in his object, as the son saved himself by flight; but his conduct is worthy of remark, as it shows the great contempt which the ancient Highlanders entertained for the noble occupation of agriculture, which is quite in unison with courageous and warlike manners, as is proved by the example of the Romans, who knew no nobler occupations for a man than war and husbandry.

I know not how old Donald of the Hammer might have conducted himself, in the Agricultural Museum of the Drummonds in

Stirling, which, in truth, is one of the finest and most complete collections of the kind to be found perhaps in any part of the world. Drummond and Sons are called "nurserymen and seedsmen," of which there are several in every town in Scotland, but not always in such an extensive way of business. They have considerable nursery grounds, in which they rear a great number of different plants, for the purposes of trade. They possess besides a large shop in the city, where these products may be purchased in any quantities. It is usual, also, to purchase from such nursery and seedsmen the various implements used in husbandry; and as their shop is naturally visited by many farmers and landlords, the inventors of new threshing-machines, ploughs, and other agricultural implements, have, with the permission of the Messrs. Drummond, made use of their shop for exhibiting their inventions. Hence, since the thunders of war and slaughter have been silenced—since the sword has been turned into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning-hook—that is, since 1746, they have always had such inventions to be seen and inspected. It was in 1831, however, that it first occurred to the Messrs. Drummond of Stirling, to give a greater extension to their small collection, hitherto incidental and fluctuating, and to establish a permanent agricultural museum, wherein the farmers and landlords of the country might find exposed, not only by way of exhibition, but for sale, specimens of every product of the garden, field, and forest, and models of all the implements and contrivances, as well as all the most recent improvements and discoveries, in agriculture. They adapted their premises for this purpose; and, since the year mentioned, have so perfected and extended their collection, that it now occupies three stories of a large house, and contains a multiplicity of objects that it would be difficult to match in any other country in the world.

The Drummond Museum has been found so useful and efficient in the improvement of agriculture, and so profitable as a speculation, that many nursery and seedsmen in Scotland have adopted the same plan, so that now, in almost every considerable town, there is a similar agricultural museum, either already formed, or in course of formation. The most considerable, after that of the Drummonds, is the museum of Messrs. Lawson, in Edinburgh, and that of Messrs. Dickson and Turnbull, in Perth. I found such great and sincere pleasure in these splendid and useful institutions, all of which I had inspected, that I would have been willing to visit still more.

However interesting might be a circumstantial account of this museum to every agriculturist, to every thinking man, and observer of the progress of cultivation in other countries, want of

space denies me the pleasure of presenting such an account. I will give prominence, however, to a few things, which struck me, whilst making the circuit of the museum, either as peculiar to Scottish agriculture, or as denoting the advances which have been made in these matters in Scotland, and the extraordinary advantages which these museums offer to the farmer.

First, and before all things else, specimens are here to be seen of the different kinds of ground and soil the surface of Scotland presents. We see, as it were, the whole country in all its various aspects in miniature—every field, from the heath and turf of the mountains, to the rich black loam of the plains, and the sands of the sea coast. By this means, we have an opportunity of comparing the rough natural soil with that which is artificially prepared, and of witnessing the changes effected by long tillage, careful drainage, deeper ploughing, &c. The thoughtful farmers of Scotland have often furnished the museum with whole series of samples of soil from the same field, to exhibit the same in different years, and under different treatment. How important is such information for the farmer or economist, who has not to travel about from field to field, to be convinced by his own eyes of the consequence of certain modes of treatment.

Farther we may see, agreeably arranged, all possible kinds of manures, in particular a number of new sorts little known, and of whose existence and efficacy the economist may be immediately convinced, as not only specimens of inert manure are there, but also an arrangement of small experiments made with it, and the desired result may be observed in the contrast. Powdered oyster-shells, bone-dust, different sorts of ashes, turnip-dressings, various salts, various kinds of gypsum and lime, are here—things of whose preservation in museums no one ever thought of before, although seeing and examining them is far more profitable than are the rarest conchylia, and the finest collection of the shells of snails.

Next is to be seen a large collection of agricultural plants,—attempts towards the perfection of their species. Where it can be done, some are growing in pots and tastefully arranged, as many fodder-grasses; or dried and brought together in beautiful groups, as many sorts of grain; or such as are liable to be spoiled, exchanged for fresh samples, as many kinds of fruits, roots, turnips, potatoes, &c.

Turnips, which were first introduced into the south of Scotland about fifty years ago, are now generally recognised as the true foundation of a good husbandry, and are extensively cultivated, as the most excellent improver of the soil.

Potatoes—that wonderful "fruit"—were likewise brought very

late into Scotland, but now a new variety is produced almost every month. The preceding year I saw, in the shops of all the Scottish seedsmen, a new Peruvian variety of potato. I know not whether this little monstrosity is yet very well known in Germany. They were of a longish form, and crooked as a serpent. I saw one, three quarters of an inch in diameter and thirteen English inches long. I should say that potatoes have penetrated very lately into Scotland, and there is now a number of varieties of this fruit, which have received the names of Scottish islands and countries, as the Man potato, the Perthshire potato, and so on. Several of the specimens in the museum appear to have been originally brought to Scotland from Germany, as they still retain their German names, of which the meanings cannot be ascertained by a common English dictionary, as kohlrabi and mangoldwurzel, written in Scotland kohl-rabi, mangold-wurzel.

The most striking thing to a German in this museum is, that rye, our principal grain in northern Germany, is here in very small esteem, indeed is scarcely to be found in the rich collections of grain. Messrs. Drummond had, indeed, a few specimens, which they informed me a gentleman had brought them from France, where this kind of grain is much cultivated; but in Scotland, it appears, its cultivation is entirely at an end. In northern Germany, rye is called "the corn" (das korn), because it is the most esteemed sort of grain. In Scotland, oats are called "the corn," and when the Scots speak of corn, without adding anything further, they always mean oats. I have always observed this in the Highlands, where, in general, they have nothing else but oats. In the Lowlands, wheat, which is everywhere gaining the upper hand, must in time be called "the corn." The degradation of our rye appears to us to lie in its being sometimes cultivated by the Scots and English only as fodder for their cattle.

Besides these collections of roots and plants, there is a constant exhibition maintained of those manufactured articles whose production often constitutes one of the objects of husbandry. We see here all possible kinds of meal, sago, shelled barley, malt, and cheese.

However new and interesting all these collections may be, especially where one has such courteous and well-informed guides as the Messrs. Drummond, or the celebrated Mr. Smith, of Deanston, the first and most active agriculturist of Scotland, either with hand or pen, who can immediately inform him how to distinguish the genuine Ayrshire cheese, the most excellent of its kind in Scotland, from the spurious, and who can convey to him such interesting remarks as the following, that good and careful cow-

keepers in Scotland are now sensible that they may have milk of the same flavour, richness, colour, and quality from their cows of the pure Swiss breed, because they have remarked that the mixing of various kinds of milk neither produces a good butter nor a good cheese—I say, however interesting these portions of the collection may be made by this means, yet by far the more interesting, the more useful, and at the same time the more extensive, portion of the museum, is the different agricultural implements, whose number and multiplicity is almost incredible.

I should like to listen to the astonishment of Virgil, could he be shown such a museum, where he might see a thousand instruments for digging, turning, crumbling, and working the soil, of which even he, in his finest pastoral dreams, could not have the most distant idea. We must compare such a museum with the assortment of implements used by most peasants on the Continent, in order to comprehend in what a perfect state of childhood is still everywhere the art of agriculture, indeed like a baby, so to speak, unwrapt, unwakened, slumbering in its swaddling-clothes. A mattock, a spade, a plough, a flail, a harrow, a few pitchforks, are the principal things seen in the hands of most of our continental boors. Their old-fashioned plough, in its national form, ploughs every description of soil. The flail still performs its laborious office, as it did in the days of Adam, whilst machines can do its work easier and better. One and the same mattock, which an entire great nation has appropriated to itself, performs the most various kinds of work, for which there ought to be a hundred different mattocks, to do the work better. Great, wide tracks of provinces may be seen cultivated in a cramped old-fashioned style, and covered with one and the same kind of grain; as, for instance, the whole country from Finland to Holland with rye; whilst it is no doubt agreeable to experience, that each of the innumerable soils and degrees of climate are adapted according to their nature for various kinds of grain; and whilst nature has not only given a multitude of various kinds of grain, but has also enabled man to develope a number of sub-species adapted for every soil and shade of climate. Horticulture is, in this respect, far before agriculture. That has now no less than 1,600 kinds of apples, 1,000 varieties of pears, 30 classes of garden peas, innumerable species of grasses, for instance, 60 species of clover alone, and numberless shades of flowers and fruits. There might be quite as many species of grain developed; indeed they have already, in part, been developed and separated; but they are to be found only in the hands of science, or in the highest walks of gardening. Agriculture helps itself, in general, to an extremely small number of varieties in pro-

portion. Even in Scotland, one of the best cultivated countries in the world, there are only about half-a-dozen different kinds of wheat taken into cultivation. Of 200 kinds of grasses, which are all, one with the other, adapted for the climate of Scotland, which are all found wild there, and for each of which a determinate culture and a determinate use might be discovered, only two or three have generally engaged the attention of the Scottish grazier. In short—for to dwell long upon these matters is not worth the trouble, as the object is still so remote,—in short, I say, the slightest reflection upon this subject, shows that our modern times, which have discovered a rational mode of agriculture, and instructed a class of reasoning and reflecting men, which until now had scarcely existence, have prepared the way for progress and improvement, opening up interminable prospects. Such museums as that of the Drummonds', are eminently adapted to point out, afar off, the objects of those movements which have been begun among agriculturists.

Among the different sowing-machines which I saw here, the following in particular engaged my attention:—A machine, eighteen feet in length, for sowing beans, which plants thirty beans at once, every step the horse takes; another for sowing turnip-seed, which at the same time presses down the scattered seed; and a third for spreading manure, which at every movement forms an immense number of little heaps of bone dust, or powdered oyster-shells. Besides these, there were every description of ploughs, harrows, cutting and threshing-machines, of the most ingenious construction. I saw twenty models of variously-constructed drains, and a multitude of different kinds of picks, spades, and shovels, used in their construction,—numerous little contrivances for catching the various animals injurious to the farmer,—and then, a number of variously-constructed churns. Among the different apparatus for butter, milk, and cheese, I was particularly struck with the "milk-coolers." I saw one, for instance, of zinc, which increases the quantity of butter obtained from the milk ten per cent., and by which the cream is raised, in an entire unbroken stratum, on a zinc plate, into the churn. Finally, thermometers are pointed out, for the purpose of being placed in dairies and cowhouses.

One has not eyes enough to observe everything which the Messrs. Smith, of Deanston, and other distinguished Scottish agriculturists, have already so well conceived. The different carts and waggons used by farmers have also attracted considerable attention, and, like every agricultural implement in Great Britain, have experienced a beneficial change of construction; so, also, as regards the clothing of farm-labourers, a collection of countryman's

blouses are to be seen, adapted for this or that kind of work, and for every variation of season or climate.

Many minor branches of the art of husbandry are little or at all known and esteemed in Germany; as, for instance, the most advantageous mode of enclosing, or "fencing" grounds, as the English call it. I had attended so little to this art, that, at first, I could not make out what the English meant by their fencing, about which they talked so much, and which they said was in such a wretched state in Germany. I afterwards understood the matter perfectly well, when I had seen English fields and parks, and subsequently the Drummond Museum. In Germany, there are some districts, as in Holstein, where the fields are surrounded by high walls, formed of large stones gathered from the fields, which at the same time serve as a protection against men, oxen, hares, wolves, and mice. In other districts we have large wooden pallisades about our fields and gardens, as in Courland and Prussia. In these an infinity of excellent wood is wasted. In other instances, farms are fenced about with great thorny-walls, as towards Poland. Then, again, we have ditches, and mounds planted with trees; here and there, also, growing fences, which have this use, that they serve to keep the boundaries of the fields. All these are, to a certain extent, suited to the nature of the country. But as, in certain districts, certain fences everywhere prevail, and as the same might be applied to a hundred different objects, this excites little attention. In England only, has the idea of a fence and enclosure been properly apprehended, and fences of different kinds been adopted for different purposes. The most esteemed English fences are of growing wood (thorns, quickset, &c.) and of iron. Iron fences occupy the least space, are the most durable, the strongest, and also capable of being produced in the greatest elegance. There are large establishments in London, and other English cities, for their manufacture. In these are made small, light "hare and rabbit fences," "sheep fences," "cattle and horse fences," "invisible fences" of green painted iron rods, which are scarcely discernible in the parks, but which are at the same time very strong and serviceable. These invisible fences are scarcely if at all known in Germany, and we must always enclose ourselves with walls and immense pallisades, which make our gardens resemble prisons or cloisters, and shut us out from a free sight of nature. The whole fencing system of Great Britain is conceived in a progressive spirit of reform.

Let one now consider how many centuries may still elapse, until every field and garden is enclosed in the most rational method, —until every piece of ground, according to its nature and climate,

is planted with the best and most suitable plants,—until the old inconvenient farm-waggons are more suitably constructed,—until the peasants are all clothed as they ought be be;—until every form of soil has its own plough,—until corn shall be beaten from the ear by machines, instead of the horse's hoof or flail,—until the work of bean-planters, who now wearily stoop over their employment, is everywhere performed by sowing-machines fifty times quicker and easier,—until, in every place, the cream shall be lifted unbroken on a zinc plate;—I say, let one consider how long it may be until all these discoveries and improvements have been brought about in every corner of Europe, and he will be amazed, partly with fear at the barbarism in which we are in the meantime plunged, partly with joy at the prospects opened up to us, and at the course of improvement on which we have entered. And the best of all is, that our gigantic age advances with gigantic strides to meet these gigantic undertakings. The farmer begins to rub his eyes, and abuses, which people have cleaved to from the days of Adam, in every direction pass into oblivion.

In the short space of the present century, more "Horticultural and Agricultural Societies" have been founded than in all antiquity and the middle ages taken together.

In Scotland, the soul of all these branch and affiliated societies, spread over the country, is the "Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland," at the head of which are the first noblemen and best agriculturists in the country. The Drummond Museum, and others which are imitations of it, stand in connexion not only with every part of Scotland, but with the whole world. They now send, they told me, most "agricultural implements" to Ireland and Wales, and every year the quantity sent is on the increase,—a new proof of the improvements in agriculture taking place in these two parts of the kingdom, in which hitherto so little progress has been made. To one single Irish landlord only, the Marquis of Waterford, they were about to send 400 large pickaxes for making drains. They also mentioned to me several places in Germany with which they have a correspondence. But the sphere of their greatest activity is in more distant climes, where civilisation has opened up immense territories in the South Seas and Indian Ocean, and where Scottish farmers and "tillers" have now carried the altar and mysteries of Ceres, or, to speak in their own language, their "fencing" and "draining systems." Numerous agricultural implements and sowing-machines are steadily exported to Canada and Australia.

In these Scottish museums, not only is the useful to be found in the greatest abundance, but the whole is arranged in a particularly agreeable manner, and set forth with much taste: busts and

portraits of celebrated Scottish farmers, and views of Scottish landscapes, adorn the spacious rooms; charming collections of rare and beautiful flowers, allow one to do homage to their fair forms and colours, when satisfied with looking on useful turnips and potatoes; Chinese, Indian, Tartar, and Russian farming tools, brought together, satisfy the curiosity in other respects; and as these museums are places of resort for ladies and gentlemen of all stations, one can always enjoy the very best entertainment.

There remained for me now but two things in Stirling to visit,—first, the rock called Abbey-Craig; and, secondly, the celebrated battle-field of Bannockburn. The gig of my hospitable friend soon carried us beyond the city. Abbey-Craig is a remarkably high rock, which has its name from an abbey formerly situated at its base. Craig means a rock; hence Abbey-Craig is equivalent to Abbey-Rock. It is higher and larger than the rock on which Stirling Castle is built, and stands in the same relation to this, as do Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags to the rock on which the Castle and High-street of Edinburgh are built. All these rocks resemble one another in an extraordinary manner, and there are several others in Scotland like them. On account of their form, a Scottish writer has given them the name of "craig and tail," because they all present a great, high, steep crag towards the west, and then slant gradually towards the east, and flow into other hills, or else take the same direction and slope into the plains. This direction from west to east is common to them all, and they are all of volcanic origin, of the trap formation.

There is another "craig and tail" of the same figure as Abbey-Craig, called Craigforth.

These hills formerly stood like small reefs or islets in the surrounding ocean, and if no ships were wrecked upon them, it was only because there were no ships in those days. Less fortunate, however, were the whales. At the foot of Abbey-Craig, twenty feet above the level of the sea, bones of whales were found in the soil some years ago. The people of Stirling, who are most alive to the singular appearance of these dark basaltic rocks, rising in the green plains, and who at the same time inhabit a rock, have taken to themselves a favourite name, from the circumstance. They call themselves "Sons of the Rock." Not only in Stirling poetry, but in the Stirling Journals, have I several times found this poetical designation.

An objection might be taken to the Scottish traveller, who, at the present day, would discourse of the ancient battles of Stirling, of which so much has already been said, and which appear to have only a romantic and poetic, but not the slightest practical, signifi-

cancy, as they lie far more remote than, for instance, those battles by which the single parts of the Prussian monarchy were brought together into one; indeed almost as remote, and in part more so, than those battles by which the different provinces of the French monarchy were welded into a whole. But whilst there are battles between different nations which are soon forgotten, so there are others of which the recollection never fades. The different parts of France quickly flowed into an intimate whole, and there existed there, as little as in Prussia, (Posen excepted,) none of those stubborn national antipathies which prevailed between the English and the Scots. These two nations, it is well known, contended against one another for 600 years, with fire and sword, and the greatest animosity. Edward I. of England wished that his bones might be collected, after his death, and borne on a standard in battle against the Scots. During his life he cherished the opinion that even after his death he would be an object of terror to the hated Scots. On his tomb, in London, may still be read his bye-name—"The Hammerer of the Scots." Even down to the present day, the English of the neighbouring counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, taunt the Scotsmen coming among them, with half jocular, half earnest allusions to their ancient "raids." The English, too, with upturned noses, sometimes allude to a certain Scottish disorder, on account of which, it is jocularly told, the Duke of Argyll erected posts at certain distances along his estate, and so earned the praises of his countrymen. There are also other Scottish peculiarities about which the English tease their neighbours.

In short, one would have enough to do to reckon up all the various points, which still produce an occasional sparring between the two nations. Scotland is not in the condition of a province which has been subjugated by the English; but, after many well-fought fields, and a long and glorious defence of her freedom, she has been placed by the side of England, first by the union of the two Crowns, and then by the union of both kingdoms and parliaments. As the smaller kingdom, however, she has always felt her weakness, contrasted with mighty England, and now and then has had to give up something against her will. The union of the two kingdoms and parliaments, and the suppression of the rebellion in the last century, were not entirely voluntary matters on the part of Scotland. As a smaller nation is accustomed to conduct itself somewhat boldly towards a greater, so the Scots, with a patriotic enthusiasm, are always bringing to mind their successful battles against the English, continually recounting them to the foreigner, making them the subject of their songs (there are even many modern Scottish songs which dwell upon the battles of Falkirk,

Stirling, &c.) and histories; whilst on the other side of the Tweed and the Cheviot Hills, all the battles in which the Scots were beaten by the English are as entirely forgotten.

Last year, when the Queen was passing in the neighbourhood of the field of Bannockburn, near Stirling, a standard was planted, that she might see, if only at a distance, the spot where her ancestors were defeated. This reminded me again of the Emperor of Austria's journey in Steyermark. The people of Steyermark have many fields to show, on which they repelled the Austrian archduke and emperor; but etiquette, I believe, did not permit a similar display there to that which took place in Scotland. England and Scotland appear to stand in the same relation as Sweden and Norway. The Norwegians, too, boast more of their victories over the Swedes, than the latter do of theirs over the Norwegians.

As long, then, as these little jealousies exist between the English and the Scots,—as long as the memories of these ancient battles and victories are daily renewed, so long may, indeed *must*, the Scottish traveller mention, that it was upon Abbey-Craig that Wallace planted his standard on the 13th September, 1297, and from whence he descended to attack and hew in pieces the English who had incautiously crossed the Forth by the celebrated bridge, under the command of Sir Hugh de Cressingham, King Edward's general. So long, also, must he not decline the invitation to walk from Stirling to the field of Bannockburn, that he may see everything for himself, and thoroughly understand the position of the English and Scots, and the skilful operations of Robert Bruce, which, on the 24th June, 1314, were attended with success, and secured the independence of his country and his own crown.

The battle of Bannockburn was unquestionably one of the most important and fertile in consequences ever fought in Scotland; for the Scots had no less than 30,000 men on the field, the English three times the number, and they lost 30,000 soldiers and 700 knights. But in other great battles, that of Leipsic for example, far more troops were marched out, and far more men perished. And yet, I believe, the battle of Leipsic will have great good fortune, so to speak, if all the particulars of the battle shall be as well known in Germany 530 years hence, as all the details of the battle of Bannockburn are known by the Scots 530 years after the event.

It is as if even every single scene of the battle had been indelibly impressed upon the memories of the people. For though these scenes were only the quickly-passing events of an hour, yet have these transient events given names for ever to all the different parts of the neighbourhood. Thus there is one place still called

the "Bloody Field," because a party of English, who had attempted to rally, were cut off to the last man. Another place is called "Ingram's Crook," because Sir Ingram Umfraville, an English general, was slain here. Another is designated "Randal's Field," because here, on the evening before the battle, Randal Earl of Murray and Sir Robert Clifford fought a warm skirmish. There is a hill called "Gillies' Hill,"* because here the servants attending on the baggage, whom Bruce had stationed behind the hill, made their appearance to assist their comrades, and being mistaken by the English for a new reinforcement of Scots, they were seized with panic and took to flight. There is also a large granite stone, known by the name of "the bored stone," because there is a hole in it, in which Robert Bruce planted his standard during the battle. It was in this very stone, that the flag, already mentioned, was inserted on the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.†

It is well known that the Scots, who, like the Swiss, were mostly foot-soldiers, or had only their little mountain ponies, (Bruce himself rode one of these ponies during the battle,) had in all their encounters with the English a particular dread of the heavy cavalry of the latter. As the Swiss against the Austrian horsemen and knights, so Robert Bruce, on this occasion, used particular stratagems against the English. It is said, he laid a kind of iron instrument, termed caltrops, for wounding the feet of the cavalry, in the grass, and caused a number of small deep holes to be dug all about the scene of action. As the battle-field of Bannockburn is at least two miles long, I must confess I have never been able to form a clear conception of the immense number of holes and caltrops it must have required completely to cover such an extended position; and neither have I ever been able to form any proper idea of the object and consequences of these stratagems of the Bruce, as related by all Scottish writers. I hoped the battle-field itself would afford me some elucidation of the subject; but this has not persuaded me to regard these stratagems as less singular, rude, and ill-adapted, than they appeared to me from the first. In that same historically interesting morass, on whose borders

* Servants are still called "gillies" in the Highlands.

† Mr. Kohl appears either not to know, or to have lost sight of the fact, that her Majesty claims lineal descent from Robert the Bruce, and that it is by this descent from the ancient royal family of Scotland, that the house of Hanover derives its title to the crown of England. Scotland is not, as our author seems to think, a mere appanage of England; but, on the contrary, the English throne was attached to that of Scotland by virtue of the rights appertaining to the sovereigns of the latter kingdom.—Tr.

these holes were dug, and which stretches along the vale of Bannockburn, I saw some deep rills and pits which had been dug out; but these have a more peaceful object,—the draining of the morass. Of late years, the greatest part of it has disappeared under the grasping hand of cultivation. I now saw the last portion of this historical morass about to be rendered fertile. The people who were engaged in cutting the drains showed us a sword which they had found under the surface of the moor, and for which no doubt they would obtain a good price, as swords from the field of Bannockburn are tolerably rare, and not less dear and interesting to the Scots. This piece of moor is part of a larger morass, which existed near Stirling for a long time, but is now almost completely converted into arable land. The Marquis of Abercorn is proprietor. He gives the persons who reclaim the morass a life-interest in the fields they form. These fields are produced in a very excellent manner, according to circumstances. Sometimes the cultivators dig the turf quite away, and use the beautiful soil they find beneath; sometimes they burn it away, sow in the ashes, and form on the back of the turf a fertile stratum of earth; sometimes they dry it merely, by means of drains, and can then turn it to use. For removing the turf, they make use of the little brooks and streams. First they cut and hew the turf and morass in all directions. Then the water is admitted, and this, when again let off, carries along with it every piece of turf and moss, and boggy soil. Sometimes they form channels, by means of which the turf and bog is permitted to flow into large rivers.

The stage-coach which would take us to Falkirk in the evening, for the railroad, departed from the door of the Drummond Museum, and I seized the opportunity of returning once more to this interesting place, where we Germans can never return without witnessing something new. I looked over the excellent collection of grafting knives, and garden cutting instruments of all kinds, of whose form, construction, and uses I had not the smallest idea beforehand. Above all things, a garden-shears interested me, which pinch and press like our own, and at the same time cut and saw with both arms. The instrument has hence an immense power in lopping branches, and cuts off the strongest with the most gentle movement of the hand. Then there are little mounted knives, or hoes, with long arms, "for gentlemen to take out weeds whilst walking about;" farther, ingeniously contrived instruments for clearing the turf in lawns and gardens, and cutting off the heads of the little "daisies," that the uniform green of the carpet may not be broken.

Every one of these instruments, which are made at Sheffield in

immense quantities and of the best quality, may not only be regarded as a little illustration of the perfect state of English agriculture, but every one of them affords a glimpse into the domestic life and manner of proceeding of the English people.

English seedsmen have usually a number of choice pumpkins in their shop windows. But it is remarkable that they are not eaten by the people: even the poorest here do not understand how to cook and prepare them. They are cultivated almost entirely for ornament and show. How many poor people, however, might at times be satisfied with a pulpy pumpkin, if any one could only introduce the custom among them. If any one could introduce the cultivation and mode of preparing the pumpkin into Scotland, it would certainly contribute to the support of at least a dozen more individuals. How much does not that tell for—a whole dozen of individuals! Yea, if only one more individual could thereby maintain existence, how much does not that one individual tell for! Gave not the Romans a crown to him who saved the life of a Roman citizen; and ought not he too to have a crown, who has effected an existence for a reasonable being here below?

With such thoughts as these we "coached it" through the gloom to Falkirk, and from thence "railed it" farther. "To rail," "I railed,"—I have often heard used in England instead of "I went by railroad." It is a short and good word; and if it is not already in general use, it will certainly soon obtain universal recognition. We could spare many words in the German language by adopting this species of phraseology. It is singular, that our inventions now proceed so fast, that language cannot find expressions to keep up with them. Thus, neither in English nor in German, have proper expressions been invented for steamboat travelling. In England they say—"we sailed with the steamer from Dublin to Glasgow," though this is evidently incorrect, as very often not a single sail is spread. We (Germans) say, "we travelled by the steamboat," which is not incorrect; but a single word would still be preferable, and then we might say "we shipped it," as, in the case of travelling by coach, we say, "we coached it." We ought briefly to say, "we steamed it."* Properly speaking, it is "rowing," but another kind of rowing to what is usual. Our languages, it appears, are particularly helpless and uninventive at the present day.

I have passed twice through the town of Falkirk, and in the same way I have passed twice through the southern part of the county of Stirling, the county of Linlithgow, and the western part

* Such expressions, as "we steamed it up the Clyde," "we steamed it to Dublin," are not at all unusual in Scotland.—TRAN.

of the Lothians, without being able to look upon anything but night and darkness, indeed without having set a foot on the soil of those counties. There are thousands of travellers in Europe who now, by means of railroads, fly over many provinces, like clouds and the bird of prey, by night, and who bring with them no better recollections than of such dark clouds and forms of night.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EDINBURGH.

THE PREACHING NIGHT—SUNRISE—ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—WHALE-SKELETON—FEEDING A SEA-CALF—SUN-BEAR, AND EAGLE—OWLS—THE BISON AND HE-GOAT—MUSEUMS OF NATURAL HISTORY—BIRDS AND SEALS—COLOUR OF NORTHERN BIRDS—WILD OX, AND WILD CAT—HINTS FOR IMPROVING MUSEUMS—OPENING OF THE SESSION—ACADEMICAL DEGREES—ROYAL INSTITUTION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND—IDEAL OF AN HISTORICAL MUSEUM—A ROMAN CAMP-KETTLE—QUEEN MARY'S GLOVES—INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH—COMB OF CHARLES I.—GENEALOGICAL TREE OF SCOTTISH KINGS—MUSEUM OF THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—HISTORY AND OBJECTS OF THIS SOCIETY—ITS OPERATIONS—ITS PREMIUMS—MODELS OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINES—SCOTTISH WHEAT—INFLUENCE OF COMMERCE ON AGRICULTURE—A MEXICAN PALMTREE—AN ORNAMENTAL PAINTER—COLLECTION OF PAINTED WOODS—SNAP-APPLE NIGHT—CALVIN'S DEATH—THE WITNESSES FOR THE TRUTH IN THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

When at night I returned to Edinburgh, I was surprised to find the Old Town, opposite my inn, not so brilliantly illuminated as before,—indeed, almost entirely dark. "It is a great preaching night, sir!" the people told me, "and all the occupants of these houses, and the occupants of nearly the whole city, are now in the kirk." In fact, I saw only the lofty church windows lighted up.

So much the more brilliant was the illumination of the city next morning. The sun rose behind Salisbury Craigs with a splendour which was certainly very unusual at this period of the year. The sight was most beautiful, just as the sun stood, as it were, on the dark perpendicular side of the rock. The entire dark, black-coloured wall, lay in the deepest shades, whilst beyond the sharply defined outline of the rock poured forth a dazzling flood of light. It requires many concurring circumstances, to have an equal splendour combined with as powerful a contrast as we have here at Salisbury Craigs. It is a question, whether there are any other citizens than the citizens of Edinburgh, who can see the sun so arise every morning. When the sun ascends

above the horizon, the hazy atmosphere of the ground is already filled with the reflection of his light, and the contrast is not so great.

I devoted the fair hours following this sunrise to several lengthy walks in the city and its neighbourhood.

Edinburgh is the only city in Scotland which has a zoological garden; whilst in England, we may find one in most of the large cities or towns. These zoological gardens, with live animals, appear now to be regarded more and more as necessary requisites for civilised cities, in common with museums of stuffed animals, observatories, and agricultural museums. Indeed, the ideas are very closely allied, that there should be living animals as well as living plants for the gratification of citizen lovers of nature and science. But of all the countries of Europe, Great Britain alone is in the fortunate position to realise these ideas in the easiest manner.

The Zoological Garden of Edinburgh has only been established three years, but already contains a number of highly interesting objects of creation, besides a building with the skeleton of a whale, which is, I believe, perfectly unique as regards its size and excellent condition. It shows the smallest as well as the largest bone of the gigantic animal, put together in the neatest manner; and the whole is so excellently suspended in the apartment, that we have here the finest idea of this powerful son of nature. The skeleton is eighty feet long, and I doubt whether there is another museum in Europe that can boast a similar specimen. The whale-fishers, in their voyages in the stormy frozen ocean, cannot undertake a careful anatomical dissection of this animal: hence we must wait until, sometime or other, a storm drives one into a bay, and strands him in the neighbourhood of our museums. And even then it may be that this stranding does not happen so opportunely as to the Edinburgh specimen, which ran upon the sands upon the coasts of Scotland, by which means the minutest bone remains entire.

In these zoological gardens there is always something new to be seen. Thus I witnessed the feeding of a seal, whose cries and whining tones of hunger not every naturalist can boast to have heard. This animal was taken on the north coast of Scotland, and was brought here for the purpose of trying an experiment in rearing it. I never witnessed a more remarkable sight than the feeding of this being, which was hideous as night, and lay like a snake on the ground, in the dog-kennel erected for it. Although it was only a month old, and only three feet long—(it was taken from its slain mother, which it then sucked)—it proved itself as

wild and refractory a suckling as I have ever seen; and there can be no question that suckling lions and bears are perfect lambs by the side of this young sea-calf. The people who were about to feed it, held a thick cudgel against its cage, which it seized on the instant, and drew towards it. The animal snapped if anything approached him, and that with so much violence, that the crash of his teeth and jaws, when he brought them together, sounded at some distance. It was fortunate, that, like a fish out of water, he could only creep slowly and cumbersomely. Although, as stated, it was only a suckling, it was still so powerful, that three strong men had enough to do in feeding it. Two of them seized it suddenly and dexterously by the ears, throwing themselves at the same time with their knees upon its powerfully beating tail, and it evidently required their utmost joint efforts to hold the little monster fast. What I am least likely to forget, is the frightful cries the creature uttered. For its voice sounded exactly like that of a little child, or rather like a little child roaring through a speaking trumpet, that is, ten times stronger and more frightful. The most disgusting things in nature are mimicries of the human face and voice. The third man held a broomstick before its snout, which it immediately fastened its teeth upon. Into its mouth, thus opened, they poured the milk. But as soon as the animal felt the milk, its rage appeared to be redoubled. It dropped the stick, writhed quite pitifully beneath the weight of the two great men, and screamed as if it had been run through with a spear. It was perfectly marvellous, I might say; for it exhausted the strength of the people several times, so that they were obliged to let it go, when it lay like a sack in the grass and spurted the milk up again. I suppose the people had orders to compel it to take some milk, at any risk, as they ever began their work anew until the milkpail was empty. But I did not see that they succeeded in forcing the wild creature to take a single drop; and they began thereupon to despair of success in their experiment to rear it. After what I had seen of this suckling, I could perfectly comprehend the danger to the seal-hunters from the mother who defends such a young one. One may travel long about Europe, before he can witness again, so conveniently, the feeding and wild behaviour of a seal.

A species of bear from Borneo, called by the English the "sun-bear," has also a singular mode of feeding. This animal, when it got its food, immediately rose on its hind legs, and held the piece of meat in its fore-paws, against the wall of its cage, so high up that it could scarcely get at it with its mouth. In this inconvenient position it tore down piece after piece, and, when it had no more to eat, laid itself comfortably down again. The keepers

assured me that it performs this manœuvre every time it feeds. I am not aware whether it is an incident peculiar to this individual only, or whether it is the general custom of its species to suspend so high its bread-basket, voluntarily. Most of the other animals, as tigers and lions, are always accustomed to make themselves very comfortable in feeding.

The eagles are the most disgusting in their way of feeding. As they cannot bite the flesh with their beaks, they pull and tear it to pieces in a most frightful manner. When we drove them from their prey, which they did not in the least defend, there remained long strings of flesh hanging from their beaks and claws, which they draggled clumsily and stupidly in the filth.

The owls excited my surprise. So long as daylight continued, they would not disturb their allotted share of food, although it lay under their very noses, so to speak, and although they certainly had good appetites. Here, in their cages, they remain true to their peculiar wild habits, of only eating by night. The guides told me, that they wait very conscientiously until it is dark, before they fall upon their food.

The Edinburgh Zoological Garden contains the largest, strongest, and finest American bison I have anywhere seen in Great Britain. They had accidentally shut up in the same enclosure with this powerful animal, a courageous, but comparatively speaking, powerless he-goat. The goat was incessantly endeavouring to provoke his powerful fellow-prisoner, and offering him battle; and this battle afforded me one of the most interesting spectacles, as well as a confirmation of that great and universal law of nature, that the strong are always more magnanimous than the weak. The bison merely sunk at times his great hairy head, when the goat sprang forward to attack him. Still he put himself in full battle parade, as if he wished to please the other. Sometimes, indeed, he bellowed and tossed his horns, when the not very gentle blows of his adversary struck him on some tender part of his head. He had, however, as it seemed to me, not a little fear of his eyes, for he always blinked and shut them, when the goat was about to apply one of his shocks. The courage and boldness of the latter surprised me not a little; for he rushed as bravely as a knight in the lists, always from the distance, full in the face of the buffalo, whose countenance indeed might have inspired sufficient terror. Lions and dogs have often been seen engaged in a similar manner; but the combination of buffalo and goat was new to me.

Edinburgh has also a collection of natural objects, dead, stuffed, dried, or preserved in spirits,—one, indeed, so excellent, that it must certainly be regarded as the first in the kingdom after the

British Museum, which it perhaps surpasses in point of order and excellent arrangement. It is the natural history collection of Edinburgh University. Its most distinguished features are, first, a surprising collection of birds; and then another proportionally rich collection of Phocæ, for which, certainly, the Edinburgh Museum is well situated, as it is more in the neighbourhood of the coasts where these animals are found than any other considerable European museums. The finest specimens of sea-lions, sea-calves or seals, dugongs, and walrusses, are to be seen here. Among the birds, a person might revel in natural history enjoyments all the day long. I observed here the finest specimen of an eagle I have ever seen. It was a native of Guiana (*Falco destructor*), with a black nose, a tuft of feathers on its head, and powerful talons. It is excellently stuffed, in an imposing position, and presents the finest and most picturesque expression of all which we imagine to ourselves in designating him by the name of the king of birds.

Museums of a local character are indispensable to the traveller for acquiring a true knowledge of those countries through which he travels; since in them he beholds the rarest and fairest natural productions of a place or district brought together, all of which it would be impossible to search after on the spot. Thus I saw the various pelicans, geese, and ducks, which inhabit the Scottish coasts and islands, collected together; and many a difficult rock must have been climbed to reach the nests of these birds, before a person could examine them here so leisurely. The pale, white, and greyish colours of the northern birds stand here in remarkable contrast with the dark, glowing tints of the southern zones, in which these northern Scots, as colonists, kill as many birds as upon their own rocky islands. Northern nature has certainly in its pale colours a less striking, but so much the more heartfelt and even almost surpassing splendour. Thus a great snowy owl, from the Shetland islands, stands here, whose snow-white feathers, gently besprinkled with brownish spots, are a *ne plus ultra* of delicate colouring and elegant plumage.

Of all the wild animals still nourished in Great Britain, the wildest is the wild-cat, which is to be found in the Scottish Highlands; but the largest is the wild ox. Of both there are specimens here. The wild ox came from the park of the Duke of Hamilton, and exactly resembled those I had seen in Staffordshire. The length of the animal, the shortness of his head, the breadth of his forehead, the fineness and light grey colour of his hair, were the same in both places. The ears of the English specimen, like those of the Scottish, were black; and the black spot that covers

the muzzle of the animal like a plaster, was in this case, as in the other, contained within the same space. This perfect correspondence in detail of two races living apart, in distant parts of the country, for some long centuries, I look upon as very remarkable. It shows that these animals have perfectly retained their old wild nature. Under the taming hand of man, they certainly would soon have been brought into another condition.

Hunting the wild-cat is still, here and there, the hazardous pastime of the inhabitants. A Highlander told me, that he had once wounded both legs of one of these animals, at the first shot. Enraged, and roaring like a lion, it made at him through the grass, on its hind legs, and so inconceivably quick, that he had barely time to discharge his second shot, and kill with it the vengeance-breathing animal.

The Edinburgh Museum is distinguished by many objects. The way in which its fish are shown is worthy of imitation. They are not, as here and there in other museums, nailed against the wall, but fixed upon iron wires, so that they can be seen on all sides. With many animals they pursue the advantageous system of preserving them in a twofold manner, either dried and stuffed, or kept wholly in spirits. There are plenty of museums in which there are nothing but collections of shells and skins. How far removed are most from having the skin of every animal stuffed, from having its skeleton, and, where possible, its stomach and intestines, either dried or inflated, and its heart, brain, &c., preserved in spirits. How much might not be done to improve our museums! How much might not judicious huntsmen do for them! If it would only occur to a huntsman to place a lion's stomach or a tiger's heart in spirits, and send it over to Europe. It might be done so easily! Such an object would create much interest in every European museum: it would find many spectators,—far more than badly-stuffed skins. And yet this never occurs to any one. One might point out a multitude of things near at hand and yet forgotten, if huntsmen would only take instructions.

The sound of a bell called me from the wonderful apartments of the museum to witness a university proceeding,—the opening of the winter session. The bell announced that the professors, headed by their principal, before whom was borne the silver mace of the university, as an emblem of his office, were in motion, to walk across the large court of the university buildings, to the hall. It was the first assembling of the members of a university I had witnessed in Britain. The students, in comparison with our students, appeared as orderly and well-behaved as a society of gentlemen compared to an assemblage of wild, thoughtless, care-

lens, madcap lads. Many were present with their gentlemen papas, who had travelled from the Highlands in order to introduce their sons to this seat of the Muses. The professors were received with more or less applause, according as they were liked. I could see them approaching at some distance, and decided before hand, according to their physiognomy, whether one would be applauded or not, and I generally hit upon the right one, and saw that the taste of German and English students must be pretty much the same. Loudest was the applause bestowed on the well-known professor of moral philosophy, Wilson. The remaining ceremonies, and the orations delivered, contained nothing remarkable.

Edinburgh, though the most important, is still the youngest of the Scottish universities. It was founded in 1583. The oldest, but now the most inconsiderable, is St. Andrews, founded in 1410. It is well known that the most important branch of the Edinburgh University is its medical school, while neither Aberdeen nor St. Andrews is of much note with respect to medicine. The numbers who "graduated in medicine," within forty years, were as follows:—In 1806, only 37; in 1816, 76; in 1826, 118; in 1836, 123. Since the latter date, the numbers have somewhat decreased. In Glasgow, also, nearly 100 have graduated in medicine, annually, during the last ten years. In each of these two universities, more than six new "chairs" have been founded in the course of the present century. It is remarkable that all these new chairs, with two exceptions, have been founded by the crown, which has naturally, at the same time, the right of nominating to these appointments. All the appointments in the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, to which the crown nominates professors, are chiefly of modern date, mostly of the present, and the latter half of the last century. This occurs to me as remarkable. For may we not find in the fact a proof of the growing influence of the English government in university affairs? In many respects this would be of no consequence,—for example, while the universities do not return members to parliament. The patron of the old professorships is either the town council—as in the case of most of the Edinburgh chairs—or the senate of the university, (faculty, rector, and dean,) or a Duchess of Portland, a Sir A. Ramsay of Balmain, or the college of advocates or writers to the signet of Edinburgh.

Among the many fine buildings of Edinburgh, one of the finest is the "Royal Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland." It is situated right in the centre of the city, between the old and new towns, quite isolated from other buildings, upon the earthen mound that stretches across the deep valley, and connects these two parts of the city together. The structure is in the

finest Grecian style, and built of the most solid stone. The collection of objects of art it contains is more considerable than that of the similar institute in London. In the same building, the museum of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries is to be found. If the completeness of our museums of natural history appears tolerably miserable, it is utterly grievous with respect to our antiquarian and historical museums. Nature is always the same, and we might procure most objects and animals as they were with Adam on the morning of creation. And should we not entirely succeed at the present day, our children's children may hope to succeed in bringing them together, for there is nothing, or only a little, lost in nature, as everything is reproduced again in the same manner. The history of man, on the contrary, reproduces again almost nothing. Nearly everything becomes lost: miserable fragments alone remain. Let us consider what a nation's complete historical museum ought to contain,—all those portable things and objects which have any historical interest for the country, and which are at the same time capable of being preserved, and copies of those objects which cannot be kept in a museum. In an historical museum, such as it ought to be, as in part it might be, but as it nowhere yet exists, there ought to be, for instance, a series of models of the dwellings of the inhabitants of the country, from which it could be seen how these at first lived in caves and huts covered with branches,—how afterwards they had houses of wood and stone,—how these houses were constructed in ancient times, in the middle ages, in modern times,—how in the Highlands, how in the Lowlands,—how the houses of the commonalty, how the houses of chieftains. Such models would be far more instructive to the public than all the drawings of antiquarians. Then there ought to be specimens of all the garments, arms, and tools which have been in use in the country from the earliest times, chronologically arranged. In how few so-called historical museums do we find even an attempt at an uniform chronological arrangement of things! Of all the distinguished men of a nation, of all its kings, warriors, legislators, &c., there ought also to be portraits. Where possible, there ought to be preserved a garment worn by each of these individuals, and a weapon or instrument they may have used. Those instruments, weapons, or the like, with which anything distinguished or important in its consequences has been performed, ought to be there, in their natural form; for example, all those daggers, in a series, with which kings have been murdered,—all the war-steeds of Cromwell, Napoleon, and other such heroes, stuffed,—all the seals with which great treaties of peace have been sealed,—all the banners and standards which the generals displayed in the most distinguished

battles for the liberties of the country; also, where possible, phrenological casts of all the great thinking heads which have existed in the nation.

If we consider, then, what an historical museum ought thus and still farther to contain, we cannot forbear finding fault with the historians and antiquarians of all ages, that they have not attended to, and collected with greater solicitude, whatever might be interesting to after generations; and that, even now, they are not more industrious in at least procuring and preserving what it is in their power to procure and preserve. Such an historical museum, I believe, where every room, for example, contains its century, and every table its period of ten years, is nowhere yet to be found. Only with regard to single branches, as arms, statues, paintings, &c., has this been carried out. And yet it is certain, that not only certain individual branches of science and art, but also the general histories of politics and manners, ought to have their general museums as well.

"The negligent antiquarians!" I have said we must exclaim; but we must also exclaim, "the unfortunate!" Envious fate leaves them but a few fragments and wrecks of antiquity, and the storms which agitate the sea of humanity greedily engulf all forms of the past, often to the last remnant. How many millions of individuals of different races, clothed in various interesting kinds of raiment, trod the Scottish soil before the days of the Romans! What masses of woollen and linen materials, of sheep and other skins, of iron, bronze, and other metals, have they not consumed! and if, of all these things belonging to the Scottish aborigines, only an old leathern sandal should be found, preserved in the bottom of a Scottish moss, it would be matter of great joy, and this old sandal would represent to our age, in the historical museum, the history of all those withdrawn from observation.

The Romans, then—how did not they war and riot in Scotland, under Agricola and other famous generals! The uniform of their Scottish legions, a piece of the armour of Agricola, models of their camps, and many other similar things, are essentially requisite for an historical museum in Scotland. Instead of these, what have we here to represent or to illustrate the Roman period? "A Roman camp-kettle," found in a "peat-moss."

All the famous men of Scotland, as in general all the famous men in the world—how many countless things that they have touched or used, have they not in some measure consecrated in consequence! How many rings, how many pins, how many hats, boots, coats, shirts, have they not used; and how happy would they have made after generations, if they had only bequeathed

them here and there single articles of their immense wardrobes! Queen Mary, for instance, that adored queen, what immense collections of things might not her waiting maids have applied, which would have been invaluable to after times, and highly profitable gifts to their own heirs. And what remains of her here? Nothing but a pair of black embroidered gloves, a key from Lochleven Castle, that locked her prison door, and the door of her oratory.

Let us form a lively conception of the field of Bannockburn, as it appeared at the termination of the battle on the 24th June, 1314. On that field lay thirty thousand English slain, and seven hundred English knights, the flower of the English nobles, all in their costly mail and arms. How many thousand swords, helmets, daggers, arrows, were strewed on this battle-field! How many horses remained fast, and were destroyed in the pits dug by Bruce! How many English war-trumpets, how many Highland war-pipes! Had a thoughtful Scottish antiquarian then gone about, at the proper time, what a multitude of costly relics might have been collected for the Scottish "Society of Antiquaries," and for the reliquaries of a number of great English families who had lost their uncles, cousins, or hopeful sons in the fight. But the storms of time have carried away the whole of this immense collection of the historical relics of Bannockburn, even to the smallest bone of a horse. What see we of all those things in the Scottish historical collection? Nothing. At least I do not recollect to have seen anything of them. Of the most important of those battles which are sung and pictured as never-to-be-forgotten events by Scottish bards and historians, we might reasonably expect to find something in chronological order,—a packet of small matters from the battle of Bannockburn,—another from the fight of Falkirk,—a third from the field of Culloden,—a fourth from the affair of Killiecrankie, &c. There is nothing from any of them.

We pass over in imagination all the instruments of death by which men of exalted rank in Scotland have perished,—the daggers, swords, hatchets, clubs, which have entered the skulls, bodies, or hearts of the various royal Stuarts, Wallaces, Bruces, Darnleys, Rizzios, Bothwells, Montroses, &c. What a fantasy-stirring collection would not this present! How solitary and alone, then, stands in this museum a single but certainly remarkable instrument of death, called "The Maiden!" It is a kind of guillotine, brought by the Earl of Morton from Italy, and with which first he, the introducer, and after him the Marquis of Argyll, Sir Robert Spottiswood, and many other persons, were executed.

How many combs were there in Scotland that held together at one time the most interesting hair, and which might have been

here preserved! But they have only one, one certainly of the most extraordinary, 9½ inches long and 6½ inches broad, which held together the long hair of the head that fell under the axe of the executioner—Charles I.

Of course there are so many interesting things in this museum, that I have not been able to mention even the most interesting. Among these, however, there are a few which the Scottish antiquarians might indeed regard as antiquated, and hence remove from this historical museum; as, for instance, a splendid genealogical tree of the Scottish kings, commencing with Fergus I., who began to reign in Caledonia *anno mundi* 3641, and who was a contemporary of Alexander the Great.

The last collection, and the last curiosity I saw in Edinburgh, was the collection of the Highland and Agricultural Society. This society, and its extended activity, is so remarkable, that those of my German readers, who know as little about it now as I knew before I went to Edinburgh, will gladly receive the account I am able to give of it. This remarkable society was founded in the year 1784, at a time when people began to busy themselves more particularly about the civilisation of the barbaric Highlands, which hitherto had been a spot cut off from the rest of Europe. Its more especial object was the cultivation of this part of the country. About the same time (in 1778) the Highland Society of London, and subsequently several other societies, have been brought together, having their eyes directed to the Highlands in other respects,—as the "Highland Missionary Society," and the "Highland Club of Scotland," which last had its own pattern of tartan, and its own "pipers."

Subsequently, when a general stir began to take place in Scottish agriculture, the "Highland and Agricultural Society" placed itself at the head of the movement, and extended its plans and operations no only over Scotland, but throughout the whole of Great Britain. It consists of a president, four vice-presidents, ten extraordinary and thirty ordinary directors. The Duke of Sutherland was formerly the president of the society; but that office is now held by the Duke of Richmond, one of the most influential agriculturists of Great Britain. The original object of the society was the promotion of all kinds of useful industry. But as societies were subsequently formed for the herring-fishery, and other similar branches of industry, it has of late years confined its operations to agriculture, in all its various ramifications, and numerous local associations, formed upon a similar plan in almost every town of Scotland, as well as in several English towns, have entered into union with it.

In order to carry out its object, the extension of better agronomical knowledge and practice, the society has established a museum, which is open to every one: it also publishes a journal, in which its papers appear; and maintains a constant correspondence with similar associations and distinguished agriculturists. Then—and this is a principal matter,—it offers a series of annual premiums for new and useful inventions in agricultural implements, for the cultivation of waste lands, or the extension of the province of agriculture, for improvements in the breed of farm cattle, for the encouragement of certain domestic manufactures which stand in connexion with agriculture, for quickening industry among the lower agricultural classes of people, and for bettering their condition, &c. These premiums are annually made known in a small pamphlet, so that every one may be informed of them. This pamphlet, with the premiums of last year, forms a small octavo volume, of not less than eighty large pages, and is a little curiosity in itself. I cannot refrain from imparting to my readers something more nearly relating to this matter, as they will then be able to perceive to what an extent, and in what a liberal manner, every branch and branchlet of agriculture is regarded and encouraged. I believe the Highland Society is unequalled in this respect by any other in the world; and in order to make this perceptible, it will be sufficient to give prominence here to some of these premiums which go most into detail.

Five hundred guineas are promised to the first who shews how steam-power may be applied, in a useful and effective manner, to ploughs and harrows.

Twenty guineas for a sheep-salve, which will preserve sheep against the cold and dampness of the climate of Scotland, as well as smearing with tar, and which will not spoil the wool.

The gold medal, or ten guineas, to whoever points out the result of crossing the Leicester and Cheviot breed of sheep, or the Eastwold and Cheviot breed. As there are a number of such breeds, and a crossing of all has different effects, it may be seen how very much the society goes into detail here, as no kind of crossing is disregarded by it.

Fifty sovereigns for the best treatise, pointing out the influence of certain manures upon certain kinds of Scottish soil.

Five sovereigns for whoever points out the comparative use and advantage of scythes and sickles in reaping corn.

Twenty sovereigns for the most satisfactory account of an experiment for maintaining farm horses in the cheapest and most serviceable manner.

Fifty sovereigns for the most accurate geological representation of a Scottish county.

Thirty sovereigns for the most complete report on one of the Scottish coal districts.

Forty sovereigns for the clearest and most popular report on the most suitable construction of farm carts.

Ten sovereigns for an instrument by which fattened cattle can be easiest and soonest weighed for market.

Ten sovereigns for the improvement of pasturage upon fifty acres of moor land.

Five sovereigns for the finest bundle of early field-peas.

Five sovereigns for the finest bundle of late field-peas; and in this way there are similar rewards offered for every bundle of the best grain and other kinds of produce. Even so, not only has the best specimen of every kind of cattle its premium, but also every single breed of every kind. Indeed almost every age of every breed has its premium.

Sixteen different premiums for the best fleeces of different kinds.

Certain districts, that are still very backward, are always particularly considered. Thus there are particular premiums for the Orkney Islands, the Isle of Mull, &c.

Two and thirty different premiums for the neatest and best kept farm-cottages and cottage gardens, whose yearly rent does not exceed five pounds, in thirty-two different districts of Scotland. The annual premiums of this class must be very advantageous to the country.

Ten pounds for the best report on the best mode of warming the cottages of the peasants.

A series of eight different premiums for the labourers in eight different districts, who have used the spade most dexterously in a field set apart for emulation in digging.

A series of nine different premiums for different kinds of plantations: for example, for the best wood, of a certain extent, which any one lays out on a piece of ground at least 600 feet above the level of the sea; and another for the best kept nursery of forest trees.

All these things may give my readers a small idea of the extent and circumspection with which this remarkable society regards and promotes every branch of agriculture. We may look into the past, and consider the long, long centuries—say to the year 1745—when no other premiums were offered for competition in Scotland, than the premiums upon bringing in a certain number of prisoners alive or dead, upon bringing in this or that human head, this or that right hand, and the like—and now we may look into the future, and upon the beneficial influence which the present custom of offering premiums must have in Scotland, and we shall surely

be unable to forbear rejoicing in the blooming prospects of coming generations, and in blessing the operations of a society which have been directed in such an efficient manner to the improvement of the foundations of human society, the art of agriculture and the agricultural classes.

The museum of the society, in which are to be found all the inventions in agricultural instruments in Scotland, is full of the most interesting objects. For the sake of the inquisitive reader desirous of information, and who cannot visit this museum himself, I shall mention some of the objects I there saw.

Different kinds of "thrashing-mills," as the English call them. Some of these are worked by horses, others by steam. There are already many farm-yards in Scotland where they thrash by steam.

"Churns," as the English name them. They are to be found on many Scottish farms worked with water, or, as I was assured, with steam.

Very simple and prettily constructed, little "lactometers," which are extending more and more into every Scottish dairy. The simplest are little glass globes, which, according as the milk is heavy or rich, sink more or less deep.

"Reaping machines," which press down the corn, at the same time that it is cut short with a number of small shears, and thrown in heaps on one side.

"Chimney-sweeping machines," whose proper construction the inventive English head is at present busied upon, as an act of the last session prohibits the employment of little boys, who had hitherto been used as machines for this purpose.

There is also a countless number of things to be found here, similar to those I have already mentioned as exhibited in the Stirling museum of Messrs. Drummond; and collections of fruit and country products of every description. The gentlemen who have charge of the collection gave me the most interesting accounts of every object. Of wheat they observed, for instance, that the wonderfully fine and dry year of 1842—a *dry* and warm year is always a *fine* year for Scotland and Ireland—would play an important part in the extension of wheat crops. There was, in this year, much more land under wheat than in former years, as the farmers had taken courage from the weather. For this reason, wheat gains more and more the upper hand of barley. The cultivation of the latter has also diminished in consequence of some alterations in the tariff, and more especially through the limitation of distillation, for which it was more particularly cultivated. They farther told me, that, as the consolidation of an im-

proved Scottish agriculture dates from the union of the two kingdoms (1707), and more so from the suppression of the clans (in 1746), so its last extraordinary development and its newest improvements date mostly from the time of the Reform bill. The great excitement which prevailed in the country, from the end of the twentieth to the beginning of the thirtieth year of the present century, on the question of reform, may have busied the people with politics, and have withdrawn their thoughts from agriculture. Since the settlement of this question, and the quieting down of men's minds, most of the agricultural museums have been established, and those beautiful Scottish collections I have seen have been produced; and the greatest reforms and improvements generally in agriculture have taken place within the last ten years.

Many small branches of Scottish agriculture, again, have attained to greater growth and importance through the extraordinary enlargement and acceleration of commerce; in particular, through steamboats, which now more and more connect all the large and small harbours of Scotland with London and other great English markets, and which render it possible to send to market, from such great distances, many country productions, and even vegetables.

Among the different curiosities which this museum still contains, I was particularly interested with a palm-tree, which, some months before, had been stranded in Argyleshire, on the western coast of Scotland, and had every appearance of having floated over from the countries of South America, perhaps from Mexico. It must, as it appears, have been very long in the sea, for it was very heavy and hard, and in all the angles where the branches had sprouted forth, it was covered with small, deeply-penetrating shells. I was told that, on the coast of the shire just mentioned, there arrive more of these boats from the southern zones, than on any other parts of Scotland. If this is correct, as I believe it is, then a branch-stream of that great ocean movement, which the English call the "Gulf Stream," must be directed towards this part of Scotland. The county mentioned, with its wide-extended islands and arms, stretches right to the inlet of the Irish sea, into which, as I had already remarked in Ireland, an ocean current sets.

So much for the *useful* arts. Of the *fine* arts, saw I few in Edinburgh. The series of excellent portraits in Holyrood-house I have already mentioned; likewise, the hundred kings painted out of one and the same paint-pot. I saw a most lovely little collection of paintings by old masters in the library of the university, which, I believe, contains the finest of the kind preserved in

Edinburgh: there are several Hobbemas and Ruisdaels among them. Next I was conducted to an "ornamental painter," whose collection, they told me, "is allowed to be a select collection." I believe the paintings were all by modern Scottish painters; but, I must confess, the little "knitting girl," which I saw here, deprived me of all sympathy; the painted fruit that was presented to me, tempted me to anything rather than to bite it; the landscapes spread before my eyes, made me in nowise feel the wish arise within me to dwell in them; and I expected not to hear the smack of the kiss of the loving pair who embraced each other. (There are some admirers of pictures who take it as an expression of the highest praise, when they hear all the painted singers sing; all the orators speak; all the painted cannons roar; all the painted waters rush; all the painted kisses smack.) Indeed, I was hard-hearted enough to withhold my meed of praise from the grey-haired old harper.

On the other hand, this same "ornamental painter" had a "collection of painted woods," said to be superlative of their kind. I must in justice say, that I know no country where this branch of painting so flourishes as in England. I saw here rosewoods, various kinds of timber, oak, and fir-wood, so excellently imitated, with all the veins and cellular structure, that they are really excellent patterns, and so deceiving, that it is difficult to distinguish them from nature. What I saw here was the *ne plus ultra* of the kind; but almost every English house-painter understands how to imitate surprisingly well every kind of wood in nature, and this kind of painting is more used in English houses, for rooms, passages, doors, and landings, than in any other country.

Not less interesting were the shop-windows of the Edinburgh print-sellers, in which I found many objects that contributed much to my knowledge of the country: for instance, a pretty painting, representing Scottish curlers, on a smooth surface of ice, engaged in that darling game already mentioned; a print representing the Scottish "Snap-apple Night," or "Hallowe'en, (the 31st of October). The amusement of the evening consists principally in dexterously snapping apples out of a tub of water. This game is pursued in the same manner in Scotland, Ireland, and the north of England. In most shops I found engravings representing the death of Calvin. This man is almost as highly prized in Scotland as in Switzerland itself. There is at the present time an incredible number of such pictures and representations, taken from the period of the Reformation in the Scottish kirk, sold and disseminated among the people in copperplates, woodcuts, and lithographs. It is remarkable with what anxiety anything which, in

the opinion of Presbyterians, contains an allusion to the "superstitions of popery," is avoided in these pictures. For instance, no Presbyterian would purchase the picture of an apostle, or other holy man, about whose head a halo may be found. There are here large pictures for the people, containing groups of subjects, underneath which is written, "The Witnesses for the Truth in the Church of Scotland." These groups represent, by woodcuts, a multitude of scenes from the history of the Reformation of the Church of Scotland, as the burning of Patrick Hamilton, of Robert Lamb, of Thomas Forest, and other martyrs, who denied the worship of saints, and recommended the reading of the Holy Scriptures, for which they were brought to the stake, — the preaching of John Knox, — the prayer of John Welsh, — Samuel Rutherford in prison, and so forth. Have our reformers in Germany anything similar?

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM EDINBURGH TO CARLISLE.

A COMPLETE STANDING STILL OF ALL THINGS—ROADS FROM SCOTLAND TO ENGLAND—THE LADS O' GALA-WATER—GALASHIELS—ABBOTSFORD—THE PRESENT WALTER SCOTT—THE SCOTTS—THE GREAT WELL-KNOWN—WALTER SCOTT'S PRONUNCIATION OF "R"—SELKIRK—INLAND AND MARITIME COUNTIES—THE TWEED AS A BOUNDARY RIVER—THE CHEVIOT HILLS—THE RUINS OF LANGHOLM CASTLE—THE DEBATEABLE LAND—ESKDALE.

I despatched my last fish and scon breakfast in the company of an old gentleman who had arrived from Liverpool by way of Glasgow, the evening before, and was now about to return again. He told me at breakfast, that it was still "very dull" in Liverpool,—"nothing going on,"—"no movement in the docks,"—"a complete standing still of everything." He had come to Glasgow by sea, and had "a very rough night and boisterous sea." "She rolled tremendously," he said. By "she" the ship was intended. He had not, indeed, given the *noun* for this *pronoun*; but so the English always speak, and when they speak of a "she" upon the sea, nothing else is meant than a ship.

This was at five o'clock in the morning. As it threatened to turn out a drizzling, rainy day, we engaged inside places, but remained outside as long as it was fair.

There are only two principal ways of reaching England from Scotland. One road leads towards the east coast, and thence

through Berwick; the second leads towards the west coast, and thence through Carlisle. That part of the Cheviot hills which lies right on the borders between England and Scotland, has seemingly made any direct road through the middle of the country impracticable of accomplishment, just as the Pyrenees between France and Spain have made it necessary to bring two main roads round the extreme ends of the mountains towards the coasts,—one between Bayonne and St. Sebastian, and another between Perpignan and Gerona. One has only to look at a map of Scotland, to find how all the Scottish roads are concentrated towards either Carlisle or Berwick, just as every stream flows into the border-river Tweed towards the east, or into the border-river Esk towards the west.

I believe the majority of travellers between England and Scotland go through Berwick; but I chose the road by Carlisle, because I hoped to find something particular in the famous cathedral of that place, and because I pleased myself with the thought of travelling by railroad from Carlisle to Newcastle, right across the country, by the side of the old Pictish wall. Besides, it is a beautiful tract of country which lies between Edinburgh and Carlisle, and a journey through its beautiful hills and dales, even in rainy weather, leaves enjoyment enough behind.

The road at first goes through the whole length of Mid-Lothian or Edinburghshire, which, with its fair wheat fields, and its excellent "Ayrshire cows," makes it a land of bread, milk, and butter. Through many beautifully-changing scenes of country-seats, manufactories, villages, fields, meadows, and copses, we came at length to the end of the county in the dale of Gala-water, whose lads Burns sets above the lads of all the neighbouring dales, when he sings:

> "There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
> That wander through the blooming heather;
> But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
> Can match the lads o' Gala-water."

The whole dale of the Gala, as most of the dales among the now ensuing Cheviot chain of hills, takes the character of a hospitable pasture and meadow country. If the cultivation is not so great as in the Lothians nearer Edinburgh, yet nature is not so wild as in the Highland glens. Hence an old Scottish song, like that of Burns, sings in praise of the Gala lads—

> "Lothian lads are black wi' reek,
> And Teviotdale lads are little better;
> But the black-eyed lass o' Galashiels
> Wad ha'e nane but the grec o' Gala-water."

Galashiels is a little town, in which resided, in 1836, two individuals, who could remember the erection of every house in the town, excepting two. It is the increase of the woollen manufacture which has so speedily brought this pretty little spot into being. A number of similar places might be named, which, in modern times, have sprung up in the valleys of the Cheviot hills.

Among the other reasons which induced me to prefer the road by Carlisle to that by Berwick, was this, that I might get out at Galashiels, and visit the ruins of the celebrated abbeys of Melrose and Jedburgh, and then Abbotsford. But this wish and plan came, alas! to water. The rain and mist were too intense; and I——how often upon a journey must we not only practise resignation, but learn to practise it easily!——left these beautiful ruins to be wrapped in the mist in which they lay by my side. I shall always repent that I did not visit them, after all I have heard of them; for they are the finest ruins of the kind to be found in Great Britain.

I was obliged to leave Abbotsford behind me also, in order to proceed farther with the coach the same day. It lies upon the Tweed, a few gunshots from the high road. We saw it quite distinctly. At this point, in the neighbourhood of the Tweed, the Gala, the Yarrow, and the Ettrick, and all the beautiful dales of these waters, from different parts of the country, come together. These dales are all famous in the history of this mountain boundary, and this is evidently a kind of central point for all that is remarkable and classical connected with it. The abbeys of Melrose, Jedburgh, and Dryburgh, and the towns of Galashiels and Selkirk, are situated in the neighbourhood. No doubt this determined Scott in the choice of his purchase, and in the laying out of Abbotsford, for which, to his latest breath, he retained an enthusiastic fondness, as well as for all the surrounding country, almost every spot of which he has sung and immortalised.

The Scotts, besides, were and are, what may not be known to all my readers, one of the most powerful, numerous, extended, and distinguished clans in this part of the country. There is even at this moment a famous Walter Scott, who can certainly lay out somewhat more money upon his estate than could the gifted owner of Abbotsford; for he is the richest man in Scotland, and is estimated to be worth no less than £200,000 a year, an income exceeded by that of no other Scottish grandee. The full name of this Walter Scott is, "Walter Francis Douglas Scott, Duke of Buccleuch;" and under the latter title he is known throughout all Scotland and England. It was he who last year gave such a brilliant reception to the Queen of England at his family seat, Dal-

keith, near Edinburgh. I believe he is regarded as the head of the house of Scott. There are other Scotts, however, in the Scottish peerage; as Baron Polworth.

The Scotts have retained the extremely ancient Irish name of "Scots," which subsequently was applied to the whole people. With the exception of these Scotts, the Douglases, and some others, most of the old names of the wild border clans are not, like the majority of the Highland clans, of Celtic or Gaelic, but of German origin. Neither does the Gaelic language prevail any longer in these southern border hills, and only the names of a few places, hills, and streams are Gaelic.

I was much annoyed that circumstances would not allow me to pay a visit to the romantic dwelling of that poetical genius. "You may make yourself easy about that, sir!" began one of our inside passengers, addressing me, after he had taken off his right leg for greater convenience, and placed it behind him in a corner of the coach—he had a wooden leg, to wit—"make yourself easy about that, sir! There are prettier seats in Scotland than this Abbotsford; and if you have seen Taymouth Castle, Dunkeld, and Dalkeith, you may travel past this comfortably enough. Walter Scott, as I know myself, purchased this house when it was a little farm, upon which at first he built only a very confined and small mansion. The greater his means became, the more he extended his habitation, until it became at length the irregular and wonderful little seat you now see before you. Besides, the house is no longer in the condition in which the Great Unknown, or rather the Great Well-known, left it. More than this, I cannot comprehend how people can be so incredibly curious about *souvenirs* and memorials of Sir Walter Scott. Believe me, sir, people have exaggerated the fame and praises of Sir Walter Scott, as they have exaggerated the fame of other celebrated persons, in an inconceivable manner. Who, then, was Sir Walter Scott? He was Clerk to the Writers to the Signet. Haven't I seen him myself, every other morning, coming out of the Parliament-house, or over the hills there? He had nothing of the English gentleman about him, nothing so fine and distinguished. On the contrary, he had a very plain, common, old Scotch face, little eyes, a round, big, thick nose, that always looked as if it were a little swollen. And then, he did not look quite so clever as people represent him. His broad, somewhat hanging lips, gave him rather a somewhat stupid appearance. He had, besides, very clumsy feet, and walked a little lame. If any one accosted him, he usually returned a blunt Scottish good-day. 'How d'ye do, sir?' was his usual mode of salutation, uttered in a gruff tone, and

laying the stress of the accent on the 'do,' just like the common people. He could not pronounce the 'r' properly, and made something like a 'ch' of it, while he emitted the sound from the back part of his mouth. When he wished to say 'rock,' it sounded almost like 'cock.' In a word, if the good man did not happen to be dead, and could you see him there, walking towards you as I have described him, in his coarse, green, old greatcoat, with large metal buttons, which he used to wear at Abbotsford, you would fancy that you were looking at a farmer rather than a poet."

Not far from Abbotsford, perhaps only about three miles distant, we reached the little, hospitable town of Selkirk, which is famed enough in the border-wars between England and Scotland. Distinguished, too, were its shoemakers. From thence originates the old custom, still in use, of the new burgesses of the city, before their admission, being obliged to adorn themselves with a bundle of hog's bristles, which are afterwards stitched to their diploma. The only exemption from this disagreeable duty was made in favour of one of their most recent burgesses, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

From the county of Selkirk we came to the county of Roxburgh, which is an "inland" and not a "maritime" county. The English always use these terms in distinguishing counties that are entirely bounded by land, from those in part bounded by the sea. Roxburgh is an entirely hilly county. The largest colony of Scottish gipsies lives in one of its villages, called Kirk Yetholm. There may be altogether about 100 here. In other parts of Scotland, there are several other, but not such large colonies. They have still their dark colour, and have preserved their nomadic customs and peculiar language.

The rivers of this county (which is called Teviotdale, after the name of the principal stream, the Teviot,) all flow into the Tweed. It will be scarcely comprehended, perhaps, how this river, the Tweed, which only forms the boundary between England and Scotland for a space of about twelve miles, should be so celebrated as the boundary stream of two great kingdoms (the small tract it bounds considered), and so often named in the histories of both countries, and indeed to such a degree, that to the present day we speak of the people on this side and that side of the Tweed, to indicate the English or the Scottish people. If we said this or that side of the Rhine, for Germany and France,—this or that side the Pyrenees, for Spain and Gaul, that would be intelligible, and establishes the relative situation of the countries severed. But never again, I believe, will two great countries be divided by such

a short stream. The whole boundary between Scotland and England is sixty miles in extent. The Tweed, therefore, constitutes only a fifth part of this boundary. The Cheviot hills run along the greater part. It would hence, as it appears, have been much more natural to determine the *hither* and *beyond* from this circumstance. But both people have now, for an extraordinary length of time, and with great caprice, decided on this said short piece of river. It would almost appear, as if all the bad feeling and enmity between England and Scotland had been cast upon the banks of this short extent of river, and especially upon that point at its mouth, the town of Berwick, which was ever the sore part, and an incessant apple of contention between the two kingdoms; indeed, so much so, that when the two crowns were united, King James would not venture to decide to which of the two countries this town should belong, in order neither to displease the Scots, who regarded it as their ancient, good, and lawful possession, nor to excite the English, who had taken it from the Scots, and had held it for many years. This gave the town a certain independence, and all laws made, either for Scotland or for England, in which this town is not specially included, have no reference to it. This may be the reason why Berwick has such a peculiar appearance, compared to other English cities. There are several such examples in history, where the contentions of two great nations have at last turned upon a single point; as, for instance, those strifes between France and England which turned upon Calais. Hence it may arise, that as most of the border strifes turned upon the Tweed, this river came to be regarded so especially as the boundary river.

On the boundary between Teviotdale and Eskdale, which belongs to the county of Dumfries, we pass over the proper central ridge of hills. We are still in Scotland, however. For the middle axis of the Cheviot hills, after forming for a time the boundary between England and Scotland, runs forward into the midst of the latter, and fills up the whole of its southern part entirely. Hence, when it is said that the Cheviot hills make the boundary between Scotland and England, it is with just such a restriction as is understood of the Tweed. The Tweed is eighty miles long, and forms a boundary for fourteen miles. The Cheviot chain is 100 miles in length, and forms a boundary for twenty-five miles.

The Cheviot chain has a totally different character from the Highland chains of mountains. It is formed of rather conical, prettily rounded-off hills, which from bottom to top, and even on the round-tops, are covered with the finest herbage in the world. In point of regularity, and the innumerable repetitions of the same

form, they resemble no mountain chain that I have ever yet seen, and their external form is entirely different from the Welsh mountains, as well as from the hills of Ireland and Scotland. When we had reached the chain, and began to pass it, it presented to me, in fact, an entirely new, and in the highest degree remarkable aspect. It appeared as a cluster of round grassy knolls, of the kind described, standing very close together, every one looking exactly like the other, and the whole resembling a very labyrinth of cones.

Our road wound through the midst of this hilly labyrinth. The sides of the hills were not, as in Wales, covered with masses of loose stones, but the whole with the cleanest, finest herbage. Neither were they covered with wood, but always, where I saw them, completely bald. Nor rose the summits in rocks and peaks, as in Ireland, but always round and smooth. Even so, the sides of the valleys were not beset with torn rocks and stone walls, as those of the Highlands, but all were equally round and grassy.

I have certainly seen the Cheviots only at one point. But it may be presumed, *a priori*, that this phenomenon is not merely local, but is repeated several times in the course of the chain; and then, if any one reads, as I have done, the descriptions of all the individual Scottish counties that border on this chain, he will find the mountains in almost every one of these counties similarly pictured. In almost every description the phrase is repeated—"the hills and mountains of this county are round, smooth, and green to the very summits." I believe, therefore, that in the above sketch, I have given a tolerably correct representation of the characteristic peculiarities of this chain. In particular, the proper middle axis-chain appears to be formed exactly as I have stated. In the great valleys that descend from it, towards the south and north, we may find more wood, and here and there more naked rocks. In the western parts, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright and Ayrshire, its character also changes, as then, once for all, the rule in the whole of Great Britain is, that the western extremities of mountains are always wilder and more rugged than the eastern. If we look now at the names of these hills, we do not find the *glens*, *craigs*, and *carracks*, *Trosachs* and *Ardkenachroeans* of the Highlands. The *Straths*, too, of the Highlands are missing. The glens become "dales," as Clydesdale, Tweeddale, Teviotdale, Eskdale, Annandale; and the singularity of this is, that these names are not given only to the narrow valleys in which the rivers flow, but to entire counties and districts.

The great tracts of heath, the wild moors, do not appear here in all that wildness and extent in which they are met with in the

Highlands; and, with the rugged rocks, fall away also the "forests and wild hanging woods," as well as the "torrents and loud pouring floods." Looking upon these hills, so gently formed by nature, we can scarcely comprehend how such a wild race of people—as the "borderers" were, in barbarism and predatory wildness, not the least inferior to the Highlanders,—should have rioted in these valleys, and have perpetrated such sanguinary and inconceivably savage deeds, scarcely two hundred years ago. Half a century ago even, all the counties among these hills were in such circumstances, as regards agriculture and roads, that no one could have dreamed of their present improved condition.

The songs of Daphne and Chloe and the answering shepherd's reeds ought to have ever sounded among these gentle, lovely, grassy hills. This, I say, one might suppose, after the appearance they present. Indeed, their beautiful pastures were the nourishers of a celebrated and beautiful race of sheep,—the well-known Cheviot breed. Yet these peaceful animals, with which he daily associated, taught man nothing. Singular it is, that now, since men have ceased to war in these parts, the sheep should have begun a war against one another. This Cheviot breed is now spreading more and more in Scotland, and has already taken one part of the Highlands by storm, where the old black-faced Highland breed, already mentioned, is daily supplanted in every glen and hill.

The above-described green, hilly, treeless pasture land, continued almost unbroken to the village of Langholm, where we reach the proper Eskdale. This village lies on the confluence of the Esk and the Ewes, and appears interesting enough in its lonely mountain-bed, among woods and grassy hills. The ruins of the Castle of Langholm are situated in its neighbourhood. This castle was the seat of the family of Armstrongs, who belonged to the most distinguished class of "border depredators." Yet, in the middle of the 16th century, James V. caused one of them, who was coming to present his homage to the king, to be hanged, with all his followers, on the top of the Cheviot hills. In open places, in several of these border and hill towns, I saw recent monuments erected, in honour of distinguished persons. On a hill in the neighbourhood of Langholm, an obelisk rises to the height of 100 feet, in honour of a General Malcolm.* In many such isolated parts of Great Britain, have I seen similar highly pleasing monuments.

* The individual here alluded to is General Sir John Malcolm, one of four brothers whose history and distinguished career are highly honourable to Scotland, and more especially to Eskdale. The sons of a humble but respectable farmer in that district, they entered the service of their country at an

It is remarkable, that here also, on the western extremity of the Scoto-English boundary, a piece of land should be found, which, like Berwick and the surrounding country, was the subject of contention between England and Scotland. This piece of land lies between the rivers Esk and Sark, and has always been called "The Debateable Land." A farther similarity is also to be found in this case, that as Berwick and the surrounding country belongs now to England and not to Scotland, so also does this Debateable Land. In the midst of this tract of country there is a turf-moor, called "Solway Moss," which I shall only mention, because I have already spoken in Ireland of the "moving bogs," and because it appears that similar phenomena are not rare in Scotland. This Solway Moss, from being big and swollen with the rains, broke loose, in the night of the 17th November, 1771, covered the lower grounds, buried beneath its slime 400 acres, tore along with it several houses, like the so-called mud-streams (Koth-Lawinen) of the Tyrol, and, finally, flowed into the sea, like a lava-stream from Vesuvius.

Taking leave of Scotland I found a matter of difficulty in a two-fold point of view; first, on account of the miserable muggy weather; and, secondly, on account of the natural charms Eskdale discloses in wonderful abundance upon the Scottish border. In spite of rains and fogs, I could not resist sitting outside the coach. In fact, I rubbed my eyes, for I could not venture to believe in anything so lovely and beautiful on the barbaric Scottish borders. And in vain I strained my memory to recollect whether I had ever seen a more beautiful dale in my life. Its woodlands are the finest in the world, for they consist mostly of magnificent oaks and beeches. And every one of those trees appeared ancient, but with all its original vigour, and ever young. Among the many thousands there were of them, I saw none that I would not liked to have sketched. Every one appeared to have chosen for itself a picturesque position, and to have unfolded its branches agreeably and conformably to the rules of the best taste. Sometimes the

early age, and each attained the highest rank in his profession, and was further distinguished by the honour of knighthood. Rear-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, well known as the naval commander at St. Helena during some portion of Napoleon's imprisonment in that island, was one of the number; and after his death, a few years ago, a handsome statue from the chisel of Mr. David Dunbar, (a sculptor of whom Dumfries, his native town, has reason to be proud,) was erected by public subscription in the market-place of Langholm, and forms one of the chief ornaments of the town. Two of the brothers still survive, viz. Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, and Sir James Malcolm,—the latter, we believe, an officer of high rank in the Marines.—TRANS.

dale widened, and charming pasture grounds spread themselves between and under the shadowy trees. Here and there lay the ruined keep of an ancient border chieftain. Sometimes grassy knolls looked forth upon the trees and grounds of the dale. It would not be saying a whit too much, were one to call the whole of Eskdale an uninterrupted gallery of the finest paintings of oak-trees, meadows, and streams, as beautiful as if it had come forth from the enchanting pencil of a Hobbema or a Ruisdael. I can perfectly comprehend how these two painters should be so prized in a country where such beautiful dales are to be found. But by no means can I comprehend, that neither Hobbema nor Ruisdael has trod in this Eskdale, such faithful copies of these scenes do their paintings appear to be.

Yet a while—and yet a while opened, then closed the dale. The trees became fewer,—the openings greater,—and at length we found ourselves on the boundary of Caledonia; and the great fruitful plains that encompass Carlisle and Longtown, the most north-westerly corner of England, were spread before our eyes.

END OF TRAVELS IN SCOTLAND.

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